00056972

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
CLASS

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 January, 2019

THE "COLONEL'S" SKETCH OF LAKE HAKONÉ AND FUSIAMA.

OTHER COUNTRIES.

VOL. II.

OTHER COUNTRIES.

BY

MAJOR WILLIAM MORRISON BELL.

56972
ac

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

. . . . "It is that of establishing our common humanity; of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected amongst men, and to treat all mankind, without reference to religion, nation, or colour, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object." . . . .

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1872.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Approach China—Chinese Characteristics—The Islands seen *en route*—Penang—Run on Shore—Re-embark—Cape Prochada—Sumatra—Malacca—Singapore, its History—The Town—Whampou—Baby Encomiums—Whampou's Garden—Climate—Mangostein—On to Hong Kong—Mount Victoria—Population of China—History and Religion—Politics—Home Policy 1

CHAPTER II.

Hong Kong—Coup d'œil—Appearance of Town—We arrive—First Impressions—Hotel—American Barber—Hong Kong semi-Chinese—An Artist's Studio—Cricket-ground—Tea Prince's Palace—Public Gardens—Race-course—Cemetery—Steam to Canton—Opium Smoking—Passengers—Breakfast—General View—Tonnage of Chinese Ships—Whampo—Pawnbrokers—The Pagoda—The Opium Trick—Junks—Boats—Crowds—Food—The Town—Things to see—Off to see Canton—Narrow Streets—Pails—Wares—Shops and Shopmen—A Scene in Canton—A magnificent Law—Five Hundred Genii—Temple of "Longebity"—The Ladies in the Cage—Chinese Idlers—Jade Market—Tartar Town—Chinese Execution—The Pawnshop—Cash—Low Opium-shop . . 18

CHAPTER III.

Purchases—Wallop Hoching—Night in a Sing-song Boat—On Board—Mr. Glover's Presents—Hilsa—R. C. Missionaries—Moomiai—A Journal—Yang-tse-Kiang—Wangpoo—Shanghae—Hong Kong—Canton—Shanghae, Appearance and Dirt—Within the Walls—Shanghae Races—From the Stand—Kinyoon and our Rambles—The "Quarters" of Shanghae—Wheelbarrows—Kinyoon's Dwelling—Alleys—How can we Buy?—Cremorne at Shanghae—Two Tails—Dinner at the Club—A Night Stroll—Chinese Restaurant—Play-house—Six Cow Chilos 39

CHAPTER IV.

History of Japan—Descent of Mikado—Conservative Spirit—Internecine Wars—First Shiogoon—Sinto and Buddhist Religions—Executive ceded to different

PAGE

People—Imperium in Imperio—Descent of Offices—Adoption—Great Men—Shiogoon—Daimios—Koongays—Order of Precedence—Recognition of Daimios—Yoritomo—Hojio—Two Kings—1540-1600—Taiko Sama—Treaty—Jesuits—Religious Sketch—Iyeyas—His Laws—Fifteen Shiogoons—Historical Oyster—Other times other Effects 55

CHAPTER V.

Area of Japan — Papenberg — Scenery — Nagasaki — Modesty — Bathing — Clean Bodies—Tea-houses—Scene at Katoze Tea-house—The Cock's Gallantry—A perfectly undressed Lady—No Apology needed—The Poles of Modesty—Moral Laws—Incident at Meanoshta—Graveyards at Nagasaki—Up to Anything—Coal Mine—A Storm and its Thoughts—Cuttey Sarks—Sewers—Women—Dress of Women and Men—Nine Points of the Law—Japanese Character—Destructive and Protective Half of Nature—Boats—Different Customs—Actors—Tattooing—Hirai—Hasanoiiki—Ship's Rules—Our Passengers . . . 70

CHAPTER VI.

Views up to Simonosaki—Inland Seas—Simonosaki—Maharo—The Scenery—Koby—Artchikowa River—Osaka—Her Merchants—*Sans Culottes*—The Silk Shop—Fort and Palace—Hospital—Mint—Temple Street—Pagoda—Hiogo—Chart of *Origonian*—A Spurt—Volcanic Island—Fusiama—Harbour of Yokohama—Curio Street—Cost of Articles—"One Price?"—Tea—Danger—To Yedo—Mr. Richardson's Murder—Tokaido—Change Horses—Ferry—Miaski . 88

CHAPTER VII.

Size of Yedo and Population—Wood Houses—Fireproof Houses—Sheba—Temples—That at Enosima—That at Shanghae—That at Sheba—They and We—The Hotel—A Night Walk—An Earthquake—Bird's-eye View—Yaconin—Prince Tossa's House—Mikado's Palace—Tako Yama—The Zeta—Osaksa—Weeno. . 101

CHAPTER VIII.

Newspaper Opinions—Divine Right—The Festival—Leading Features of Yokohama—Curio Street and how it looked—Processions—Three Classes—Reception at the Yoshiwarra—Sights from the Hospital—The Drunken Christian—The Play-houses—Toilette—Little Secrecy—Night's Entertainments—Don't sneer—Sunday—Monday—An Introduction—Life of a Party—Trip to the Country—Dead Beggar—Rain and Wind—Luncheon at Yeoso—View across Odiwara River—The Passage—Dr. Ooceroady—Have your Nose shaved?—Castle at Oodawarra—Hutta—Tea-house and Garden—Are we welcome?—Walk to Hakoné—Hakoné—Bits of Scenery—Japs' Appreciation of Fun—Japanese Words—Different Views on Sketching—Asinoyou and its Occupations—Trees Grow in the Valleys—Alcoholic Water—Separate Bath—Boiled Baby—A very dangerous Act—Night Bathing—The Valley—Purchases—"I hate a Person who does what's right"—Japanese Dinner—How Eaten—After Dinner—Syonara—Japanese Fisher—To Tonosawa—Oodawarra—Fusisawa—Kite-flying—Katoze and its Occupants—Shampooer—Enosima—The Cavern—Anata Tempo—Temple of Duckgod—Daiboots—Kamakoora—The Murder of the Officers—The Temple—Hatchemangs—Respect this 117

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

Waste of Waters—The *Great Republic*—Food—Chinese—The Crew—The Log—Eight Days—The Quaker and the Pigs—The *Japan*—Stories—The Far Alones—The Golden Gate—San Francisco 153

CHAPTER X.

The Americans—Our Party 167

CHAPTER XI.

Custom House—The *Alta*—Democrat and Republican—The Chinese—The Church—The Grand Hotel—The Town—The Lecture—Woodward's—The Sea Lions—Lynch Law—San Jose—Almaden—The Country House—Carriages . . 172

CHAPTER XII.

Railway Travelling—Pullman—The Trans-American Line—Luggage Labels—Stockton—Knight's Ferry—Bower Cave—The Ride 195

CHAPTER XIII.

Crane's Flat Hotel—Tuolumne Trees—The Yosemité Valley—Sentinel Hotel—Splendid Views—Bridal Veil Falls—Yosemité Falls—Nevada Falls—Vernal Falls—Mirror Lake—Gold Mine—Mr. Wheeler's House—Heat—Through Tickets—Sacramento. 213

CHAPTER XIV.

Newcastle—Cape Horn—Alta—Snow-sheds and Hedges—Truckee—People of Truckee Chapel—Story of Donner Lake—Independence Fêtes—Tahoe Hotel—The China Chamberman—Tahoe Lake—Nevada *v.* Rocky Mountains—Stations—Indians—Bridge Watchers—Leslie's Indian Attack—The Indians' Future—Winnemucca—An Apology—Battle Mountain—Carlin—The Indians get a Lift—Elko—The Mining District—The Ruby Range—Sudden Wealth . 226

CHAPTER XV.

Salt Lake City—Difference of Opinion—Hepworth Dixon—Mormon Theology—Ogden—Line to Salt Lake City—Townsend House—Belief—Amasa Lyman—Wives—Walk to see the Town—The Cabby—The Tabernacle—The Men—The Women—The Singing—The Sacrament—Mr. Pratt's Sermon—Mr. Lyman's Chapel—Mr. Lyman's Sermon—Mr. Candland's Store—Wives—Morality—Conversation with Mr. Candland—The Why of Mormonism—Visit to Brigham Young—Museum—Brigham's Boy—Different Opinions—The Pastrycook 241

CHAPTER XVI.

Why the Wives submit—Leave Salt Lake—Distances and Elevations—Where are we?—Weber—Devil's Gate—The Second Cañon—Echo—Wahsatch—Echo

PAGE

Cañon and Difference of Opinion—The One Thousand Mile Tree—Wahsatch—Prairie—Bear River—The Shoshones—Carter—Bryan—Arid Prairie—Green River—How to Fertilise it—To Bed—Romance and Reality—Look-out Station—Backbone of Continent—The Night's Journey—Wake on Laramie—Three Sorts of Plain—The Air of Laramie—Contrast between it and Omaha—The Wealth of Laramie—Breakfast—The Murder—Cavalry Encampment—Branch Line to Denver—New Settlements 257

CHAPTER XVII.

Denver—Waiters—Singing Saloons—Danger at Denver—The Colonel's Decision—Buffaloes—Telegraphic News—Cheyenne—Chicago and Sunday—The "Mob"—Antelope Plains—Sydney and Food—Officials arm—Prairie on Fire—Night—Pawnee Station—Grand Island—Dread of Sights—Centre of the United States—Fremont—Sioux City and Two Lines 271

CHAPTER XVIII.

Omaha—The Barber—Church—Council Bluffs—Post Office—Off the Line—Cozzen's Hotel—Missouri—The Chicago and North-Western Line—Boone—Ordinary Car—Scenery—Cedar Rapids—Mississippi—Another Prairie—Tuesday—Chicago Hotel—At home and there—Heat—Restaurant—Exchange—Town of Chicago—Pig-killing—Lake Michigan—Grain Stores—Lincoln Park 282

CHAPTER XIX.

Fare to Niagara—Pullman's Car—Distance to Niagara—Michigan City—Detroit—Comparison—America and Canada—Canadian Prints—London—Great Western—Paris—Ontario—The Canal 297

CHAPTER XX.

Niagara—Brock's Monument and View—American and Canadian Sides of Niagara—Under the Falls—Customs—Bridges—The *Maid of the Mist*—Home-spun Cloth—Mr. Green's Garden—Résumé—Cross Ontario—Toronto—Fare . . 304

CHAPTER XXI.

Ontario—Toronto—Bomonville—Port Hope—The Spires—Cobourg—Berths—Kingston 3 A.M.—Lake of the Thousand Isles—Prescott—Ogdensburgh—The Rapids—Distance, Prescott to Montreal—Long Sault—Cornwall—Second Rapid—La Chine Rapid—Tubular Bridge—Montreal—Victoria Bridge—Protestant Cathedral—River Boats—Quebec—Montmorency—Leave Montreal . 313

CHAPTER XXII.

Expense—Fouquet's—Plattsburg—American Victories—The *Adirondack*—Size of Lake Burlington—Westport—The Yeoman—Fort Henry—Dinner—The Division of the Party—Drive from Lake Champlain to Lake George—Lake George Workpeople—Fort William Henry Hotel—Bad Food—Saratoga—Daily Occupation—Tame Indians—Cardiff Giant—Gaming Tables—Street—Newspaper . 328

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAGE

Albany—Population—General Aspect—Lumber—Sail to New York—Distance—Hudson—Malden—Poughkeepsie—Professor Morse—Newburgh—West Point Nyack—Yonkers—Palisades—New York—Apology—Aspect of Town—Broadway—Fifth Avenue—Mr. Steward's House and Store—Merchants—Honours—Fifth Avenue Hotel—Brevoort's—Squares—Streets—Washington Square—Central Park—New York by Night—Advertisements—Poorness of Places of Business—Unshuttered Stores—Gardens—Jim Fisk—Opera House—Booth's Theatre—Wood's Museum—Newspapers 338

CHAPTER XXIV.

Union Club—Servants—Music Hall—Clams—Egg-Nogg—Sunday—Old Trinity—Blacks—New York Government—Market—Opinions—The Irish—Ferry Boats—Trams—Brooklyn Cemetery—Yacht Race—Steam to Newport—Introductions—Women—Society—Accent 347

CHAPTER XXV.

Massachusetts—Wenham Lake—Capitol—The Common—Different Localities—Comparison with New York—Drive to Mount Auburn—Mount Auburn—First-class Carriage—Good-bye to New York—Strikes—New London—Connecticut River—Yale College—Newhaven—*City of Brussels*—The Fare—The Start . 352

CHAPTER XXVI.

Log—Home—Queenstown—Holyhead—Liverpool—Adelphi—The Train—The Gallop 357

OTHER COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER I.

Approach China—Chinese Characteristics—The Islands seen *en route*—Penang—Run on Shore—Re-embark—Cape Prochada—Sumatra—Malacca—Singapore, its History—The Town—Whampou—Baby Encomiums—Whampou's Garden—Climate—Mangostein—On to Hong Kong—Mount Victoria—Population of China—History and Religion—Politics—Home Policy.

WE are now sailing away to that enormous country and people, whose history, whose associations, past and present, differ so widely from those of our own world. (Have I not even seen somewhere that they are non-Adamic?) And as when approaching a town you get your first notice of arrival from the out-scattered villas, so we, touching at Penang and Singapore, are gradually introduced to that hive of humanity, China.

There are very few Chinese in India, few in Ceylon; but, by the time you get to Penang, and when you reach Singapore, you see proof of the dogged energy and self-satisfaction of this strange race, in works of usefulness of all kinds. If I adopted, perhaps with some lack of courtesy, the motto "Needs must" for the dwellers at Sandhurst, I may assuredly suggest "Material" for the Chinaman.

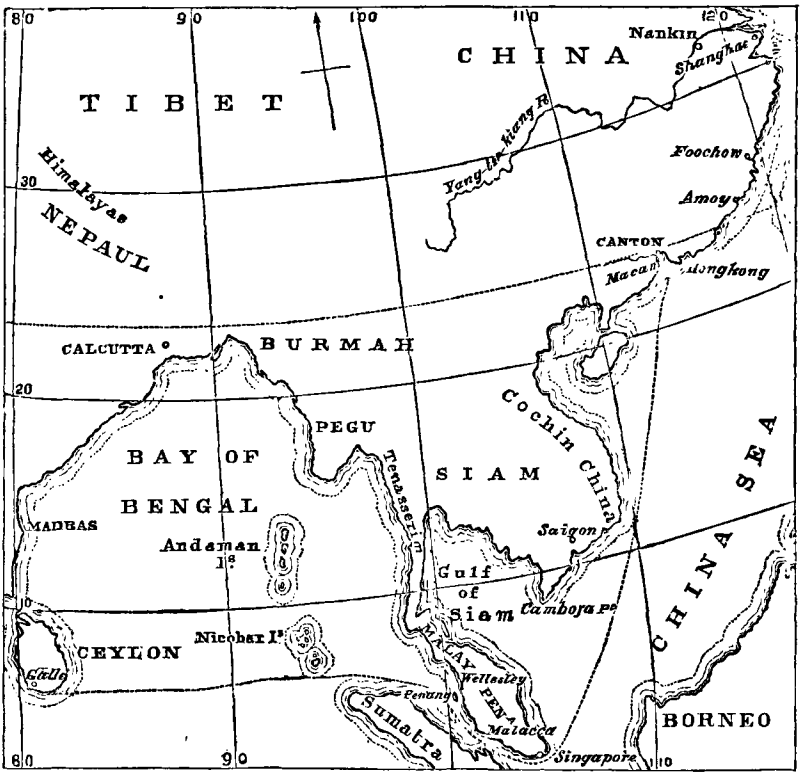
Perhaps, in his own country, passion, fanaticism, or some one or other less practical emotion, may throw a barbaric poetry over his life; but abroad he has but one aim, and that

is to get on. Undeterred by any other feeling, he steadily bores his way like a gimlet among the people where he may plant himself. His aim of success is not high, but it is success to him, and he points for it. Whether it be among the Queenslanders, among the rough men of a mining district in Australia or America, or among the dreamy Malays, he prospers. Hated by half the population among which he has cast his lot, called filthy and foul, and looked at askance for his morals and his sinews alike, he remains. Employed by the other half, he evinces no gratitude, but keeps his eye fixed on the one motive for his being there, material success, and remains till he has obtained his object.

The Americans—the working portion—hate him and fear him, and, holding the fate of their statesmen in their own hands, agitate them to agitate for laws of restriction on Chinese emigration. "Why should these locusts come and eat our food, and go and digest it at home?" they cry. And so this great republic; the god of the *bright* ones of Great Britain, at the sound of whose sackbut senate we are all to fall down and worship—this land of three thousand miles and people of thirty-six million—seeks to shut its door in the face of these emigrants from out four hundred million in a space of fifteen hundred miles, because, forsooth, their steady persistence in self-seeking upsets the monopoly which calls itself free.

We are at Penang. Penang, that Mr. ——, master of a trading vessel, got when he married the Rajah of Quedah's daughter, and then gave it and its one hundred and sixty square miles of an island to the Honourable East India Company. Penang, that then had not a soul "on board," but now has over forty thousand. Just wait a minute, how-

ever, before we land, and tell me what we have seen as we have been steaming from Ceylon here. "An awk and a flying fish." No! That's what we saw when we went down to Australia. On this voyage we have been among islands.



CEYLON TO SINGAPORE, *via* PENANG, ABOUT 1625 MILES.
SINGAPORE TO SHANGHAE, „ 1730 „

Acheen Head, the extreme north point of the island of Sumatra, was just visible on Sunday. Pula Brassé on our right, Pula Way on our left; the former densely covered with wood, but uninhabited. Away, farther on our port, the Andaman and Nicobar Islands.

On Monday we passed the bare rock of the island of Pera,

standing out white in the sun like an iceberg, and covered with countless boobies. These streaming home in ribands and handkerchiefs of black birds spread over the calm sea, fished as they went, they and the fish together, the latter jumping out of the water as the former dived in, causing it to bubble and froth with commotion. On Tuesday we came in sight of the low wooded shores, with a range of mountains farther inland, of Quedah, the Wellesley Province, and of the island of Penang.

This Wellesley Province is only separated from the island by straits two miles broad, is a dependency of Penang, and was purchased from the Rajah after we had obtained the island in 1785. It has an area of two hundred square miles, and a population of over fifty thousand.

I call Penang "hybrid," and I might say high bred, too, on account of the neatness and cleanliness of the town. But I say "hybrid," because it is not exactly eastern (Chinese eastern), much less western; but by reason of its great Chinese population, it presents a sort of mixed Chinese and Indian appearance.

The Chinese are called the sinews of Penang. They pushed off to us in their little sampans (boats), with very broad sterns, and one Chinaman in each boat. We met them in the town hard at work as carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., their light, copper-coloured skin bare to the waist, their bull-dog but open faces, and firm, well-knit bodies, no less than their prettily-dressed women and clean and most picturesquely painted houses, prepossessing me in their favour. But they fight hard amongst themselves, these same Chinese; and the often cause of their great success, their guilds, beget among themselves sometimes such severe rows, that the Government has to interfere. Malays, too, lesser in figure, darker in

colour, more easy going by nature, surrounded the *Travancore*, pulling to her in large boats in which were many hands. The town, composed of low houses, stores for the sale of European goods, church, offices, and the homes of Europeans, Malays, Chinese, Madrasses, and up-country men, is neat and attractive. The kind of house prevalent, I believe, in Burmah is found here—a sort of human pigeon-cot, to keep humanity out of the reach of tigers and floods, but built on many poles instead of one, pleasant to look at, and quaint enough withal.

We landed after breakfast, and proceeded to do as the world does at Penang—the world of boat-landers. We strolled through the town, into the stores, and out to a celebrated waterfall in the outskirts. A little Dellie (a place on the mainland opposite Penang) pony pulled us and our shigarem—pulled us through lovely scenery like to Ceylon; through the luxuriant growth of the heart of the tropics; through spices, coffee, cotton, cocoa, we went; and when, having got out of our carriage, I, tired, sat down short of the fall, I sat under a nutmeg-tree, from out whose dark green leaves I plucked a nutmeg, in appearance something like to an unripe nectarine. It grew in the basin of a beautifully wooded half circle of hills, from whose summit poured the water, the fall of which we had come to see, and which is appropriated by the borough of Penang. Before re-embarking we ate pines and ices at a restaurant. We bathed and swam in a large plunge-bath of fresh water, and brought on thereby a rich smarting of prickly heat, and then we went to sea again. The sail down the coast as we made for Singapore added to our knowledge of the island, and confirmed us in our opinion of its beauty: recurring bays, showing us frequent pile-built villages, sweeping undulating hills,

clothed in palm forest and cleared in places for coffee, delighting the eye.

The higher slopes of Penang pleased more than did the lower wooded shores of the mainland opposite, towards which we gradually steered, saw there dense low bush, and heard of a thickly populated colony of tigers therein. We had not got rid at Penang of our multitude of steerage passengers. Pilgrims some, returning to Singapore from Mecca, who, for their £10 payment, had right to lie about on deck in every form, and amid every scene of confusion, of jack-fruit and curry-stuff—Chinese, Lascars, African boys, Hindoos, and others. What a mixture! What heat! What nasty smells!

It is about 376 miles from Penang to Singapore; and, leaving the former place on Tuesday in the afternoon, we came into the latter on Thursday at nine in the morning.

We skirted along by the coast of Malacca all Wednesday. Cape Prochada, its white lighthouse, its higher than hitherto hills in the backgound, its low sea-shore, and its dense jungle full of wild beasts, were seen and noted.

The town of Malacca lies a little farther on down the coast. Sumatra, as you near Singapore, is visible in the distance, and the whole bosom of the waters is studded with islands carpeted with green forest from the lowest shore to the highest hill, and reflected in the calm sea. From nine A.M. to five P.M., whilst the *Travancore* coaled, we had to spend in Singapore, and were landed at what is called the New Harbour, some three miles from the town and main harbour, which subsequently we passed on our way to Hong Kong. As the drive over the good road to the town is not very interesting, dotted here and there with Chinese and Malay poor people's houses, we shall as we trot along read up

about Singapore. On the south side of an island of the same name, 270 square miles in size, stands the town, 1° 17′ north of the equator. Sir Stamford Raffles took it in 1818, and Sir Harry Ord retains it in the name of Queen Victoria now, A.D. 1870. The Europeans there—who, it is whispered, do not altogether like Sir Harry's government—the Chinese, the back-bone of the place, the Malays, and Hindoos, amount to over 50,000; a population which, despite the threats of Sir Harry, and the objurgations of the Tumangong of Johore, is reduced yearly by 360 people. The tigers eat them!

The Tumangong is the native Malay potentate to whom we pay deference, and who pays deference to us, with whom we are friendly, and whose full-length portrait adorns a wall in the Palace of Government House. He is rich, young, and liberal; but I speak under correction.

Singapore is a bustling, pleasant place. Its inner harbour, lined with "stores" of hides, spices, and the traffic of the far East, and covered with boats, is peculiar and interesting. Its European bungalows, church, esplanade like many others in the East. Its Government House, albeit somewhat of a sore, a credit to builder and people, and a luxury to whomsoever governs; cool, commanding a good view, well built, a real palace, and a proper house for her Majesty's representative. So be comforted, Singaporians; if you have paid for it, you have got a good thing.

But Mr. Whampou is *the* representative of Singapore, and Mr. Whampou's fat pig the representative of Mr. Whampou. I don't say this disrespectfully. Mr. Whampou's pig was the fattest, the cleanest, the best conducted pig I ever saw, and he lived in the best sty I ever saw. Mr. Whampou (member of council) was seen to be a courteous gentleman, albeit a Chinaman with a tail, was found to live in a

lovely house and garden, and was described as being high-minded, clear-sighted, a friend to good government and us, rich, and a most useful auxiliary to the government.

Still he is a Chinaman, and they do say that when his son came back from England without a tail he shut him up till it grew, and made him marry a Chinese woman into the bargain; a safeguard, thought Whampou *père*, against the tricks of any future barbaric Delilah who might wish to cut off my son's tail. None of your land-parcelling-out, socialistic Odgerisings, thought Whampou, but a strict law of *entail*.

We called on Mr. W., who we found above his store of Chinese curios and other more extensive merchandise, and by whose kind permission we got leave to visit his house and garden; and then went to one of the many fair hotels of the place, "Emersons," and were served to some good beef by cheerful, small, clean-handed Chinese waiters.

I think I can see some people sneer at my infantile predilection in favour of the Chinese race, they thinking, whilst they read my baby encomiums, of the scenes of filth of all kinds, moral and material, amid which many Chinese live. I admit their right to remember these undoubted facts, but I insist upon my right to show the other side as well; and I think when one nation tries to judge of another it should always do so by the light of its own worst side.

A drive of about three miles in the outskirts of Singapore brought us to the Honourable Mr. Whampou's formal garden, the white walks of which led up to a house best described by reference to some homely tea-caddy. There was another house in the grounds where Mr. Whampou retired for coffee and cigars, and both wore much the same appearance—bungalows, verandahed, with Chinese adornments of gilt and carving, and paper lamps outside and inside, with the

large centre of the house divided into perhaps one or two compartments, the divisions between which, up-stairs, in one room, were through two, on either side of the centre room, circular rings set in square frames. Objects of Chinese *virtu* everywhere abounded—carved work in wood and ivory, ebony chairs, pictures without perspective, and Whampou's grandson with his thumb in his mouth. *There* is another touch of nature that makes us all kin! Do you mean to deny for your grandson brotherhood with Whampou's, when incontestable proof is found of their kinship by the locality of the thumb?

The garden was paradise for the botanist, and I bored "the judge." "What's this?" "Poinciana." "That?" "Amherstia nobilis." "That?" "Oh! that's a beautifully flowering tree, very rare—Chinopolis-whampoua." There was the sassafras-tree with a green leaf, and a flower something like Gardeenia, from the seed of which the dye is got; lagostremia, petræa, exora (a beautiful scarlet-flowering bush common in the forests of Ceylon), gloriosa superba, butterfly orchids, sago palms; Malacca canes with red stem and long, graceful, green leaf; the yellow alamander, arums, Victoria regia, lotus, China asters, roses. These mingled with bamboo hedges, hybiscus bushes, cisipara creepers from Ootacamund; mingled with larger trees, tanks for the lilies, and straight paths; made up a garden, if formal, rarely, richly, perfectly luxuriant.

The stiffness, not inelegant, of the whole garden, was not relieved, but rather increased, by the quaint cutting of the bushes, myrtle or box, which grew so close as to admit of their being shaped into vases, sometimes prettily sprinkled with little white flowers, dogs, carriages, and boats. From Mr. Whampou's, we drove to Government House, and "in-

terviewed" the Governor. He told us that he thought Singapore possessed the finest tropical climate in the world, the air being freshened and cooled by almost daily rain. Evidently "in medio tutissimus ibis," for certainly you can't get much nearer the line.

We were wishful to purchase plumes of the bird of paradise, but could not. Mr. Little was sold out. Had he had any he would have asked us ten dollars a pair, he said.

Singapore is the place of departure, if you wish to visit the Dutch islands of Sumatra and Java, and some of our passengers left us. Small boys, inferior as divers only to those at Aden, surrounded the steamer, paddling their little boats about, and upsetting them in the water when they needed baling out. A leaping fish sprang along the calm sea as we glided on, the town and main harbour lying on our port, green islands, afar off, on our starboard side, and—but it requires a sentence to itself.

I had a mangostein given me.

By some the mangostein is considered *the* fruit of the world. It is nice, undoubtedly very nice, and has a sweet, refreshing, cool, very slightly bitter taste. The fruit lies like the quarterings of an orange, coloured like white of egg, in a round shell or nut, like pomegranate, lined inside with a fibrous stuff the colour of shammy-leather.

The log marked 171 miles on Thursday, that is from the noon of Wednesday till nine of Thursday, when we got to Singapore; from five P.M. of Thursday to noon on Good Friday 176 miles, then intervened Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday; and on Wednesday, after running, between noon on Tuesday and two P.M. on Wednesday, perhaps 260 miles, we reached Hong Kong. We were now in those seas —and the farther we went the farther we got into them—

dreaded for typhoons and cyclones; but, unless I invent one, I fear I cannot oblige you with a description of the same. On Good Friday we had a slight squall, but it was not a cyclone, and it was not a typhoon. The heat was great, and the nights were passed in fanning oneself to sleep, awaking, and refanning to sleep again. The bare island of Supato was passed on Easter Sunday, booby-covered as usual; the sun was 10° north and vertical to us, the thermometer marked 90°, and the heat was intense. On Easter Monday the stewards gave us a very good theatrical performance, and sung us some good songs, the refrain of one of which,

"Do unto others as you'd be done by,"

still sounds in my ear. On Easter Tuesday a breeze sprung up, which made us rejoice to disembark at Hong Kong on the morrow.

Hong Kong is an island and a highland in one. Mount Victoria is it, or nearly all of it, 1,825 feet high; and the island is one of many at the mouth of the Canton river. It has an area of thirty square miles, length nine, breadth between two and five; population over 70,000 Chinese, which has risen since 1841, when we took the place, to that amount from 5,000 then existing there.

How many Chinese do you think there are altogether? One says 400,000,000, another 362,000,000. Shall we say 300,000,000. Three hundred million breathing, eating, thinking units in creation, among whom we are about to move; to see, to feel, and to hear them. There are, as we saw elsewhere, 350,000,000 Christians in *the world*, here are 300,000,000 heathen in one country. In our "Great Britain" we have a population of 30,000,000 to set off against their 300,000,000. Three hundred million minds, that have been influenced by waves of thought passing over them from

time to time gathered from a history that is walking about hoary with years when Abram is in his cradle.

A century before Solon gave laws, Laotse—603 B.C.—had his soul troubled by the superstitions growing up around him, and set to work (by substituting others) to remove them. He looked back to the past history of his race, and saw that they had first worshipped, theistically, the Supreme Being in the sky as His external object. From judging of Him, or seeing Him rather, in the sky, from the condensation of the mind on one object, it fell to several. The elements were praised, and in their train followed demi-gods, deified kings, heroes, and sages. Was Laotse a Hindoo? It is said he derived much of his system from the ascetics of Hindostan, fortified himself by their advice, and so taught.

"The single Being unlimited, silent, immovable, yet acting, whom—not knowing his name—I call Reason."

"From one sprang two, from two three, by three were all things created."

"Into Reason the human soul after death will be absorbed, unless impurities contracted on earth have rendered it unfit for such absorption."

"Be mild, benevolent, annihilate the passions."

On Laotse, fifty years later, rises Confucius, and he, too, tries to stem the tide of error which flows around him. He establishes the sect of the learned—the Jukyao—by whose help the primitive faith is to be preserved, and the five classical books restored and explained.

These books (their Bible, their authority) teach, and the counsel of the learned explain.

The sky, earth, the tutelary spirits of the soil, grain, hills, rivers, forests, winds, and rain, the Dragon King, the Queen of Heaven, the Guardian of the Borders, the Genius of

Eloquence, are those to whom sacrifice is to be offered; and now to these there is added sacrifice to the spirit of the founder himself.

Confucius bowed his great mind to what he deemed the exigences of the case, and offered to the grosser sort these gods many, so as to fix on them the deeper truths which they revealed and he saw, viz., "the world as one organized whole animated by one Divine Spirit."

"To this Spirit the soul of man ascends after death; and if the mortal has on earth paid homage to his forefathers in heaven, he will receive the same. The honoured soul can revisit the earth."

Such the teachings of Laotse, such of Confucius; and they constrained the Chinese mind undisputed until 81 A.D. At that time "Ming-ti" is Emperor, and he has heard of "Fo," a powerful spirit, in the land of the Brahmins. He sends an embassy to him, therefore, but they find only two of "Fo's" priests, who return with the embassy to China and teach the doctrines of Buddha.

"Fo" had been heard of in China as "a wonderful child, whose early years passed, had begun to perform stupendous miracles, had taught that he (Fo) had become incarnate in order to instruct mankind, make expiation for their sins, and secure for them after-happiness."

"After-happiness," Fo? I thought a fundamental doctrine of thine was that "man came from nothing and went to nothing." There is some confusion. And truly in such confusion we, gaining but a peep through a chink in the theological door of China, must remain.

Have the Chinese any religion? Yes. If not, why the constant fires that burn on their altars sacred to the manes of their parents? Why does, travelling down coastwise in

1871, a Chinese ambassador to Europe, struck by the number of Chinese earning their bread by fishing, implore the Emperor to pay some special honour to the goddess of the sea?

Such "fires," such "special honours," are begotten of religion. True, it is said, that religion is viewed by the Emperor only as a necessary portion of statecraft, and that the material Chinese accept such reading, and are satisfied. The Emperor alone sacrifices directly to T'hyen, the people to lesser gods; and this he does because the custom is interwoven with the whole frame of his government. But he also, to please his Tartar subjects, pays homage to the Buddhist religion. Now the religion of Buddha forbids to kill, but to honour T'hyen oxen and hogs are slaughtered, so that the latitudinarian spirit of the Celestial Emperor must be noted.

Based, as the teaching of the early founders was, on what, default of Christianity, must be considered a pure theology, no wonder that it was soon thought necessary to sharpen the grovelling minds of the common herd by visible signs of spiritual power—idols and gods. Some betray their Hindoo origin, some have reference to the teachings of Laotse and Confucius; and some, together with the forms of worship, so startled the early Romanist missionaries (the Holy Mother, to wit, with a glory round her head and a child in her arms), that they thought surely they were brought face to face with the direct action of the evil one, thus counterfeiting the true worship of the Holy Church.

As early as the seventh century, Christianity was known in China; but idolatry seems to have gained, or regained, entire possession by the sixteenth. Then the Jesuits got a hearing, but no such sect as the Christian was known of. The Jesuits taught, but a pope's "bull" scattered the teachers. It is poor wit, but I cannot resist so to tell it.

The Emperor kept a china shop, and when the bull came he said he was an intruder. The bull said he came to calm a quarrel 'twixt Dominican and Franciscan. The Emperor said he would upset all his china, and he would neither have Jesuit, nor Dominican, nor Franciscan there; no, nor conversion or bull either. So the bull put his foot in it, the work of conversion got a check, and now drags on a slow length wearily.

The Chinese were described to me as being a most democratic people. A conception of them as a nation—seeing they have such an intensified monarchy at their head—that certainly had not occurred to me.

Titles are not as a rule hereditary in China, though the Emperor and his family are considered almost semi-gods. The highest honours are paid to the learned, the next to the military. The system of government is one of minute espionage. The heads of towns, villages, homes are punished for the laches of their subordinates. Co-operative societies to an enormous extent abound, and individual freedom is merged in the general welfare of bodies. Profoundly self-satisfied, intensely obstinate, wedded to ancient customs, "all belong a ole cusom," shrewd, material. As merchants the Chinese excel, and drive Europeans and Japanese out of the market, though in this they are thwarted and aided by their own habits—thwarted by reason of the mulcting which they receive from their own officials and their prying curiosity; aided by the cliquing which as a nation binds them together against other nations.

To Hong Kong, to escape from the supervision of authority, the Chinese like to gather; and partly it is to protect the native from the exactions of those of his own people in power, that our merchants there are opposed to the formation of a Chinese controller of customs at Hong Kong.

In another way the Chinese have the advantage over the foreign merchant. They speak our tongue, we don't speak theirs. Where, in Japan, you will hear twenty foreigners speaking Japanese, in China you will not hear one speaking Chinese. And indeed this is not to be wondered at, considering that a mere intonation in Chinese makes all the difference in the meaning of the word. For instance, we will say that horse means horse in Chinese, but horse? may mean ass; and as for 'orse it might mean earache. *Chwun soja?* means the boat is sailing; *chwun soja*, means the boat is sitting down.

And now, would it surprise you to hear that I am about to ask you how long it will be before we have another war with China? The policy of our Government of late has been to strengthen the hands of the central government at Pekin at the expense of the outlying sub-governments at Canton, Shanghae, &c. It is a policy not difficult to explain. An Englishman gets hit over the head by a Chinaman at Shanghae; he wants to hit back again; but "No," says Downing Street, "you write to Pekin, and they will hit back for you." Now there is not the smallest doubt that Downing Street is right in theory, the only question is, is it right in practice. The merchants at the seaports will tell you it is not; that the extent of country over which China lies, the lack of railways and telegraphs, renders such a system inexpedient, ineffective, and dangerous.

There is one point, however, on which the least experienced may be agreed; and that is, that trimming half measures, and show of weakness on the part of the home Government, will be most disastrous in their consequences.

In cunning persistence the Chinese are far more than our match; and if we attempt any other method of holding our

own (or what we choose to consider our own—viz., the right to trade there unharmed) than that which is summed up in two words, *I will*, we shall fail.

There is one other point on which the least well informed may be agreed; and that is, that the burden of initiative, as amongst other nations and towards the Chinese, rests with the English. They have the prestige there; and with the honour of the prestige rests the burden of guidance.

CHAPTER II.

Hong Kong—Coup d'œil—Appearance of Town—We arrive—First Impressions—Hotel—American Barber—Hong Kong semi-Chinese—An Artist's Studio—Cricket-ground—Tea Prince's Palace—Public Gardens—Race-course—Cemetery—Steam to Canton—Opium Smoking—Passengers—Breakfast—General View—Tonnage of Chinese Ships—Whampo—Pawnbrokers—The Pagoda—The Opium Trick—Junks—Boats—Crowds—Food—The Town—Things to see—Off to see Canton—Narrow Streets—Pails—Wares—Shops and Shopmen—A Scene in Canton—A magnificent Law—Five Hundred Genii—Temple of "Longebity"—The Ladies in the Cage—Chinese Idlers—Jade Market—Tartar Town—Chinese Execution—The Pawn-shop—Cash—Low Opium-shop.

THE *coup d'œil*, as you sail towards Hong Kong, is peculiar and striking. The mainland blends with the numerous Leema Islands among which you sail, from the shores of which rise bare hills, some thousand feet above the level of the sea, sparsely covered with grey grass. The sun was just beginning to set as, amid fleets of junks dotted here and there over the blue water, we passed the "Ass's Ears," made towards the "Green Island," and steamed up to Hong Kong. "Pok-folum," the retreat of the rich during the south-west monsoons, is seen lying on the bare hillside of the island; and then we, bending rather to the north and east, turn into the actual harbour of the place. The view is rather imposing; and as the friends of our numerous fellow-passengers are surrounding the steamer in small boats, swarming on deck, and violently shaking hands, we will look at it. Its lowest houses—the hotel, to wit—part of the barracks, and some government offices, lave the bay; and then other houses rise, tier above tier, isolated

or in streets, up the side of Mount Victoria. Many of these are three-storied, with, on each story, verandahs; and the effect of these large houses is very good. We anchored off an old hulk; and when nearly every one had left the ship, we stowed ourselves and our effects in a junk which, from overcrowding, seemed bound to sink, and made for the shore.

These junks are manned by women as well as men. An entire family lives in the boat, the women taking an equal share in the work, and having the last-born swung on their backs into the bargain.

We did not sink; and as we approached the low quay, that nearly adjoins the hotel and club, we saw it covered with a perfect army of porters.

The Colonel, who had been here before with his regiment, knew our (baggage's) danger. His martial spirit rose to the occasion, and before the boat touched the quay, seizing a piece of bamboo, he gallantly sprung on shore and charged the myriad porters that were waiting to clutch our things. It was as though he was battling with autumn flies round a jam-pot. If a successful onslaught was made by him in front, a more than counterbalancing *détour* was made by the porters; and the Colonel was taken in flank and rear as he swept the invading foe from his front.

Hysterical (it must have been hysterical, for at such an appalling moment what other reason can be assigned for it) laughter overcame me; but my sad weakness aroused the Judge, who sprang to his brother's assistance. The action waxed warm; and a mercenary force, in the shape of a policeman, lent his baton's aid. And now, whilst the fight was going on in front, a skilled few turned the flank of the army of defence and descended on the boat, grasping, with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, different bits of the

impedimenta. This was not to be borne; the boatmen lent their help; the army of defence reversed its front, and the action was moved from earth to sea. Rock went the boat, in soused the Chinamen, and the luggage seemed destined to meet a watery grave. In vain I tried to warn the commander of our forces of the peril of the moment; the fight grew hotter and more furious, the effects wetter and more in danger of drowning. But a glorious victory was at hand. Collecting all its energies in one final struggle, the brave army cleared not the steps only, but the whole quay, in a grand and triumphant charge, and saved all but one half of one portmanteau from the sea.

First impressions are often true, generally vivid. My first impression of Hong Kong was that of a clean, clear-atmosphered, smelly town. There was a sort of open place where the boat landed us, on which were ranged quantities of covered or open chairs, and which, carried by two Chinamen before and behind, plied for hire. Why a couple of little, stalwart, cobby, big-calved, blue-dressed, pig-tailed Chinamen should think nothing of picking you up and running off with you in their chair at a sort of double, half run, half walk—why, I say, the Hong Kong coolie should think nothing of this, whereas at Canton and Simla it requires four to do the same thing, I don't know; but it is a fact. Of course there was a crowd at Hong Kong. Some say the idea of the enormity of the gross population of China is exaggerated; but, be that as it may, the population of the seaport towns in China is vast. The crowd seemed a clean crowd. The women, though only those of the lower orders, were clean and neat, and looked tidy in their well-starched, blue-cotton dresses and their most elaborate coiffure. Not a hair out of place—starched, I should say, like the dress; at any rate, so essentially

oiled and greased that it lay up over an invisible frame smooth as the side of a teapot. Very neat, very beautiful, but too precious-looking rather—too suggestive; a sort of harbour of refuge, a place that unamphibious animals would like to find at flood times, a covert well preserved.

The hotel is a large place, a club being mixed up with it, and an American barber's shop interwoven with both. It is just like a big French inn, because the double windows have all German shutters, and open to the floor, which is of stained planks slightly polished. Mosquito curtains are on the beds, and a couple of tables and a chair in each room. The barber was a great barber, an American barber, a black barber; and though it is a shame to keep you dawdling about when you want to see the Chinese and not the American hair-cutter, yet, as you will have to submit your head for "tonsurial" purposes before you leave "the States," you may as well do so at once, particularly as you will never have it better done in America than here. I don't think a man would have the least cause of complaint if an American barber cut his (the man's not the barber's) head off. The moment you have placed yourself in the sort of dentist's chair with which all barbers' shops are armed, and have cocked your legs up as high as your nose, from that moment your head belongs to the barber. When he pulls your nose, and makes minute research into the ear, you may not be offended or hurt; it is not your nose he pulls, it is his. He will wash you, and wipe you, clip you, sprinkle, powder, scent, and fan you, talk to you and turn your head about as he talks. Your hair, your chin, your eyes, your cheeks, your ears, your nose, all belong to him, and he makes use of these ceded articles of yours for the purpose of eventually turning you out smart.

It is a lengthy process, and some parts of it (such as the scented face-cooling process, which is reduced to a science at Hong Kong) are not disagreeable; but though more energetic and exhaustive than that in use at Truefitt's, it lacks his refined delicacy of touch, and has a tendency, until you have fully realised your obligation, to feed a spirit of rebellion.

You will agree with me, I think, that when we have gone so far together, and moved among so many different peoples, we have got to be astonished at nothing. We take it, therefore, to be quite natural and proper that the man who attends to our wants should be dressed in a long blue loose robe, have white gaiters and thick-soled velvety sort of shoes on, and have his head shaved all but his tail, which reaches probably to his knees; that the kind of sound which reaches us, as they talk to one another, is "Ong-a-wong-wong-gluck-wong;" and that we are spoken to thus—"Yes, piecey toast, copee, milky, yes."

Hong Kong, as far as being emblematic of a Chinese town, may be said to be but the introduction. From the main street, which is narrow and long,—neither European, nor Indian, nor Chinese, but a sort of polyglot edition of all, containing large, white, high houses, stores, offices, and Chinese ware-rooms,—there open up, on either side, still narrower streets; these present to the eye a more truly Chinese appearance, in a crowd of people, much variety of colouring in pendent sign-boards and painted verandahs, and a considerable traffic in all sorts of wares carried on almost in the open street.

After sorting out our "piecey for washey," we strolled down the town, lounging over the bird-shops, the china-shops, and the English stores; and seeing some pictures offered for sale at the foot of a narrow staircase, we mounted

to see what the artist's studio would produce. At the top of the wooden stairs we came on a cooking-stove, and, within a small room, some eight Chinese seated round two tables. They were at dinner, and were unmoved by our visit. Before each of the eight was a small bowl of rice, and in the centre of each table three little plates, bits of meat in one, and vegetables in the two others. Each man had a couple of chopsticks, with which he nipped a piece from one of the three little plates in the centre, and also scooped the rice into his mouth. The pictures were daubs—accurate copies probably, but daubs.

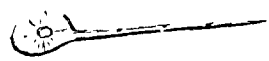
We visited the cricket-ground, a pleasant green spot at the end of the main street, and then went to dine at one of the great tea princes' palaces. We found a party of six or seven. Lofty halls, large rooms, billiard, drawing, dining, fire-places, beautiful cabinets and furniture, excellent dinner, choice wine, half-a-dozen noiseless, clean, well-serving, pig-tailed servants, and bad tea. We were the guests of those who protected their great wealth of tea and £100,000 worth of opium, not only in huge store vaults barred and doored with iron, but by an army of their own, a sentry over which presented arms as we crossed the outer gate; guests of merchants, the names of whose older partners fall like household words of wealth on the London ear, but whose palmiest days are perchance gone.

The next day there were the public gardens to see. Gardens pleasantly situated on the hillside, and commanding a beautiful prospect of the bay, studded with innumerable boats, ships, and steamers; gardens where Norfolk pines, intermingling with many shrubs and flowers in pots, grew from out green grass and by climbing foot-paths. There was the race-course to drive to, sunk on a plain in a circle of

rather attractive hills. There was the cemetery to see, and the record there to be read, on a tombstone erected to his memory, of the loss which the inhabitants of Hong Kong had sustained in the death of William Morrison. There was money to be changed, and eighty-eight dollars twenty-nine cents to be got in exchange for two ten-pound circular notes of Coutts's. There was a gang of convicts, in small chains and wheeling barrows, to be met; and a straw weaver, damping his toil by squirting water from his mouth over it in a jet of spray, to be passed. There were the handsome exteriors of Government and other houses to be noted; then dinner to be eaten; bed to be sought; and Canton looked forward to on the morrow.

It was on board the American steamer *Kew-Kiang*, 350 or 400 horse-power, paddle, drawing eight foot of water, Captain Bening, that we started on the 22nd, a Friday, for our eighty-five mile sail to Canton. The fare was five dollars.

We stayed in the saloons on deck, the Chinese in the decks below, down to which a flight of stairs led, and which ran the whole length of the ship. On these decks hundreds of Chinese lay about. Not a few were smoking opium. This is a painful thing to see, more so than drunkenness, though opium can be used as harmlessly as wine; but it is disagreeable to see a man under the influence of opium. His prostrate, listless body, his glazed, lustreless eye, his emaciated hand, alike with his face, cadaverous, gives you the impression of a living, smoking corpse. They did not mind being looked at, and I watched several. We will take any one Chinaman as an example of all. He first lies down, indifferent, seemingly, whether his head rests on a cushion or the corner of a hard box, turns over on his side, and begins, in a sort of list-

less, limp way, his lengthy process. He has a long pipe, a lamp, a thin wire, and a little bottle of stuff like treacle, which is the opium. The pipe has, instead of bowl, a thing like this—  All the top part is covered, with the exception of the little hole in the centre. He dips, as he lies, the wire into the opium, which clings to it like treacle, and then turns it round and round over the little spirit-lamp till he gets it into the shape of a cone. The point of this cone he inserts into the small hole of his pipe, draws the wire out and inhales the dream-giving drug. These necessary preparations seem to be a great trouble to the smoker, and are done for him in the opium houses. Other Chinese were eating sugar-cane, sucking oranges, smoking tobacco, sleeping, reading, or talking. A Chinaman is often naked to the waist, but not on a journey like this, when he wears many coats; the rich even often carefully preserving the best by wearing the worst over it. The women were in a separate part of the boat by themselves; their hair wonderfully neat, as usual, their dresses starched, and their faces painted, really sometimes quite artistically—rich rose cheeks and scarlet lips.

We had our breakfast at nine o'clock. It cost a dollar and a half (six shillings), but it was a wonderful meal. Beginning with fish, it took a playful canter through many different kinds of meats and curries, plentifully interspersed with four separate dishes of hot breads; rice cakes; wofful, a sort of cake eaten with treacle and sugar and butter, very nasty, I thought; hominy, boiled Indian corn, &c., &c. And then Captain Bening made us a champagne cocktail. Half a tumbler of champagne, a little brandy, a little bitters, a little sugar. This cocktail was to prepare us for a sight of the

captain's pistols—a curiosity shop of minute weapons of defence, half-a-dozen of which you might have about you and no one find it out. It used to be a fashion for the Chinese to rise and take possession of the boats; and certainly, if comparative numbers could ensure success, they might have risen on the 22nd. But the cocktail or the pistols, the march of intellect or the steam hose that could be turned on them, the battening down they would get or, *possibly*, the total want of intention on their part to rise, kept them down. From eight o'clock to eleven we sailed in the wide bays and inlet seas made by the numerous islands, each much like the other, near to Hong Kong. The general effect was that of a panorama of still blue water; of high hills scarcely covered with herbage, fit only to be burnt for charcoal, and showing every now and again their sandy nature; and of flotillas of beautiful Chinese junks*—beautiful alike from the heterogeneous mass of cordage and tackle with which their decks were covered, and from the graceful cut of their sails. About eleven o'clock we entered the Chookiang, passing through the wide entrance, by the disarmed Bogue forts, by Tiger Island, and so up the river.

As we approached Whampo we saw the sort of scenery that I expect prevails largely in China. Flat, unwooded plains, here bounded in the far distance by a range of low hills, carefully tilled fields, villages, rice stacks, buffaloes, and Chinese with big hats and big tails. Whampo itself owns boats, a few small docks, a fairly built small town of light-coloured, sun-dried bricks, a vice-consul's house, numerous pile-houses built in the water, and some pawnbrokers' establishments. These

* Mr. Boura, of the Chinese customs, told me that the aggregate tonnage of ships in China was greater than that of any other nation. The individual ships, however, are small.

houses abound in China, and do not, as with us, represent the poverty, but the wealth, of the place. In summer the Chinese deposit their winter, in winter their summer garments with the pawnbroker. With him they leave their valuables, secure from fire. Thus it comes that often their houses are the best in the place, and they the richest men. At Whampo the chief pawnbroker has a smart campanilla surmounting his house, protected against robbers by small windows.

Leaving Whampo, we passed farther up the river, already crowded with boats, and saw what is said to be one of the finest pagodas in China, on our left hand. It has nine divisions, and is surmounted now by a bush growing at its apex; in colouring, red and white; age, six hundred years. Still we steamed on through the low, paddy-bound banks. A village or two, somewhat homely in appearance from being half embedded in trees and built of brick, is seen; a huge boat, with a numerous crew and a red umbrella, the sign of an official; a very pretty guard-boat—all are passed, and we near Canton. Splash! Something has tumbled into the water. "What is it?" "Oh, that's some opium which the intelligent John Chinaman has pitched overboard, to be picked up by three confederates in that small boat there, and thus duty avoided."

Junk now follows junk in endless succession. Fleets of salt junks (the salt a government monopoly, and, till customs were established, the chief source of revenue to the State, is made along the coast by the power of the sun's rays) come in sight; and each junk, beside having a most picturesque jumble of cordage, sail, and deck furniture, and a numerous crew, has got two eyes painted on either prow. "No got eye, how can see? no can see, how can walkey?"

John Chinaman says that. Will you make a note of it, please?

"No got eye, how can see?" . . . . I want to refer to it at Salt Lake City; but now we require all our eyes to see Canton.

Boats—boats on boats, and again boats—boats loose and packed. In lines by the banks, in lines mid stream, clinging to one another, streets of them; roofed some, beautifully adorned as to the interior with carved wood and gilding—in every little harbour and inlet—boats. Boats in twos and threes making their way amid the confusion; or, alone, threading, by some known rules, the intricate mass, and boring a hole in the close-packed junks, so as to get a feel of the shore, and there moor. Flower boats, dwelling boats, big boats, little boats, stationary boats, movable boats; and on the boats, and on the shore, crowds—and again crowds. Crowds that you could sweep by scores from the quays into the river, and they not be missed. How they live seems marvellous—on fish greatly, a murrain among which would cause a famine; on dogs and cats and entrails. Not all. No; but some. A restaurant of the first two we visited; the last, clean washed, is ever met at every meat shop.

When our eye, weary of boat, seeks relief on shore, we see that the town covers a large space. We see bits of a large fortress wall that seems to stand in mid-town, on a somewhat higher elevation; we see the large unfinished Roman Catholic Cathedral; we see farther up the river, on the same side as the main part of the town is situated, a group of isolated, good-looking, many-windowed, white houses. We shall go to one of these, divided as they are by a small canal from the town, for we hear they are the residences of the foreign merchants.

Who among the many Englishmen abroad can beat the China merchant for luxury of house and food? Our house at Canton, though but the agent's house from the central house at Hong Kong, was a little palace; and the cooking, the wine, the furniture, and the food accorded with the house.

I cry your mercy. I have to tell you what Canton is like. I, who got there at three P.M. on Friday, and left it at nine A.M. on the following Saturday. I, who considered it by far the most extraordinary place I ever saw; the least like—be it people, or houses, or stores, or temples—anything I can think of to compare it with.

Think of a Chinese screen—of the willow-pattern plate, that always leaves you with a sense of unfinishedness. Think of anything whereby you will be able to put yourself in sympathy with me trying to describe to you what I could not grasp myself. Read the list enclosed, and think of three P.M. and nine A.M.

SIGHTS WORTH SEEING IN CANTON.

Western Suburbs.	Old and New Cities.
Pawn Shop.	Gold Beaters' Shops.
Opium Smoking Saloons.	Embroidery Shops.
English and Chinese School.	Jade Stone Shops.
Chinese Restaurant.	Ivoryware Shops.
Chinese Tiffin Shop.	Chinese Furniture Shops.
Dr. Kerr's Hospital.	Chinese Convicts.
Chinaware Shop (Yu-sing.)	Five Genii Temple.
„ „ (Po-hing.)	Flowery Pagoda.
„ „ (Yee-cheong.)	Brilliant Pagoda.
Dog and Cat Meat Restaurant.	Temple of the Sleeping Buddha.
Paper Joss Shop.	„ Horrors.
Curiosity Shop.	Water Clock.
Tobacco Cutting Shop.	Pill Shop.
Drug Shop.	Prefectural Examination Hall.
Wedding Chair Shop.	Emperor's Temple.
Temple of 500 Genii.	Execution Ground.
Glass Manufactory.	Examination Hall.
Temple of Longevity.	Heights.
Silk Weavers.	Five Storied Pagoda.

HONAN, &c.

Lee-Sing Silversmith.
Wo-Hing Ivoryware Shop, Hoaching.
Yuen-Hing Lacquerware Shop.
Theatrical School.
Honan Temple.
Coffin Shop.
Duck Hatching Establishment.
Flower Gardens.
Yeh's Temple.
Poon Ting Kwa's Garden.
Lee Ming Koon.

OUTSIDE OF EAST GATE.

Old Men's Home.
Foundling Hospital.
Lepers' Home.
City of the Dead.
White Cloud Mountains.

But this apology will not help us. We must suffer ourselves to be picked up, popped into a couple of black funereal-looking sedan chairs, and whisked away by four China boys—a list of the lions of Canton in our hand, and a bewildered sense of novelty in our eyes and heads. We cross the drawbridge over the canal which divides the Chinese town from the Europeans, the former swarming with people and small houses; the latter showing only a few good isolated houses, but hardly one human being. And now we two Englishmen—for the Colonel had not come—in two sedan chairs, are amid a population of some say one, some two million Chinese. Disabuse your mind, my co-traveller and reader of everything European; idealise everything Chinese. See a network of such narrow, narrow streets that, as our chair passes along them, the people we meet have sometimes to flatten themselves along the wall to let us pass; and when we have to turn a corner, it is only by some dodging on the part of the chair-bearers that they can get the chair round at all. See no beast or carriage, but people, people, people, at every step and turn. This multitude of people are Chinese. They have the long pig-tail, the thick shoes, the bare head, the skull-cap, the white straw hat, that belongs to them and their pictures. The women—"oly Tarta oomen"—have the neat starched dress, the elaborate *coiffeur*, and the big feet which seems in the European eye to raise them as high

in the social scale as it lowers them in the Chinese. "Oly Tarta oomen," of course, and only a few of them; the pure Chinese are either locked up in their houses or shrouded behind the curtains of their chairs. If we do come on one, stotting along on her poor goats' feet, she must belong to quite the lowest of her race. It is chiefly men we meet, and they in shoals. They sit indifferent, their tawny skins naked to the waist, behind, or on rather, their counters; they, slowly, with the point of a sharp pen and Indian ink, make heavy characters on a sort of parchment roll; they count in their extraordinary, accurate, rapid way on their counting boards (a method of calculation that has been accomplished by hardly one foreigner); they meet you carrying two pails, like milk-women's, but open.

Ah, heavens, what a stench! Fate preserve us from a splash! Yes, these narrow streets are clean. Food is fetched from filth; the living live because nature in part dies, and these buckets are the means which the Chinaman uses to meet the two ends of cleanliness and fertilisation.

But have we realised where we are as we step out of our chair and jostle our fellow human beings, albeit Chinese? These narrow, narrow streets, so gaudy in colouring and gilt and carving, looking down a vista of which seems to us like looking down a street in gala dress; the narrow strips of painted board, their sign-boards, and probably telling their trade and recommendations, to us looking like a series of flags. Their open shops, like loose-boxes, or big three-sided rooms, the front open, perhaps twenty feet high, fifteen deep, and ten broad, showing a multiplicity of effects, a crowd of shop people; and surely a small altar, a light burning thereat, sacred to the manes of their forefathers or some special god. Silk goods, vegetables, perfectly unknown bits of food, from

inside and outside the fish or animal. Clock-workers, smiths' shops, money-changers' shops, pawnbrokers' shops, jade stone

STREET IN CANTON.

sellers (the smallest bit of which costs two dollars), china merchants, furniture sellers, curio sellers (whose whole shops I should like to have bought), fruit sellers, fan and nick-nack shops, hat shops (round one of which an amused crowd assembled to see me buy a mandarin's red buttoned hat and peacock's feather).

The frame, if I may say so, of each shop is probably elaborately carved, and gilt, and coloured; and hanging

from each is the long pendent sign-board. If the half-naked, huge-spectacled Chinaman sitting at his board, with nails as long as the first joint, showing his superiority over work, and *ergo* his good breeding, is good-humoured, perhaps he says "Chin-chin;" but if he is not he takes not the least notice of you or your possible custom. In his shop probably some half-dozen men are, and the little joss-house which almost invariably forms part of the establishment, serves either as a convenient light for the pipe or as an ornament to the shop.

They said it was the birthday of the young (he was then about sixteen) Emperor Toong Chee, when we were running through Canton, and the birthday of the god Chin How also. At any rate, birthdays or not, offerings of fire and crackers, "to makey luckey," were being let off in the streets, stifling still more the stuffy atmosphere.

Near to the dog and cat's meat restaurant—a dirty, scrappy, entrailly, skinned-rabbit looking shop—we found ourselves amid such a scene of, perhaps to the Chinese ordinary, but to us extraordinary, life, that I would fain describe it if I could.

The place was what in Canton is most rare, an open place, at one side of which were several temples. These temples, open in the front, lofty and Chinese-shaped, showed us as we looked into their one large hall, a mass of dark light, in which rested gods, javelins, battle-axes, flags, mid which flitted figures of men and women offering fire, and which, as you passed from them, left you with a sort of confused feeling of a show and a church, a reality and a farce, and with a certain small feeling, drawn from the gods and the fire, the noise, smoke, moving figures, and general dim light—a certain small feeling of awe. Outside this serio-comic wor-

ship-house, we came upon half a dozen orange-dressed priests, who were accompanying a young mandarin in his round of joss-house offerings. As they walked before and behind him, they sang a sort of chant, beat cymbals and other clanging instruments, and surrounded him when he stopped at a small joss, there offering up, I presume, prayers as he presented his gift. Everywhere there was crowd, but the most perfect good humour.

A magnificent law prevails! If A complains about B, A is put in prison till B is caught and the charge proved; and if A or B is found guilty of any wrong, not only the wrong-doer but his family is punished. In addition to these incentives to keeping the peace, I fancy Cantonese are apt to live peaceably with Cantonese. Not so, however, with Northerners. Chinaman can't understand and hates Chinaman. "Number one bad man dat Canton boy," says the Northerner; and, *vice versâ*, "He no goodey can be, number one bad."

Unsatisfactory to a degree this description, you say. I know it—who better? I know I ought to have seen what I did not, to say that I saw what I only thought I saw, to know what I don't, and to tell you that I know what I never did. I know I ought to instruct, and, like a master who has got up the boy's lesson himself, with a translation, should teach the boys—that's you—as though this knowledge was his own. I will not, however, read up about Canton, but ask you to come with me to the Temple of Five Hundred Genii. Five hundred genii, and each genius with figure, face, and hands expressive of some different emotion—generally a pleasant one. Ranged round a long room, in wood, in bronze, gilt, they sit or stand some four foot high, and attest by their presence the genius, still living, of the dead man now deified. That is what I gather of these genii. As though we filled Burlington

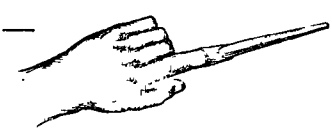
House with busts of Sydney Smith, Joe Miller, Shakspeare, Wellington, Newton, Mrs. Fry, Charles Mathews, and "Doke-terr Martin Luterr." To make, however, a fair copy of the Temple of Five Hundred Genii at Burlington House we should have to give a pre-eminence to the genius of good humour and wit; at least most of the genii at Canton seemed cheerful. It would be necessary, too, to give more than the busts—indeed to toss in a few extra hands on the figures, and to swell out the paunch. We should further find it incumbent to invent gods suggestive of the seasons—an English 1872 summer god, for instance—and we should have to hold in reverence, if not actually to worship, these our genii.

From the Temple of the Genii it is no long distance to that of "longebity" (longevity). This temple, or temples rather, for there are three, has for itself space—as I said, a rare advantage in Canton. Within the precincts of the temples are tanks, chickweed covered, the food of ducks; and it seemed as though "longebity," besides being where by propitiatory offerings you might gain it for yourself, comprised an almshouse.

As we passed through the large gates leading into the open space beyond, we unexpectedly caused great confusion of face to two ladies who were making their votive offerings to two large guardian gods just within the gate. These gods, themselves ten foot high, and raised on something, were enclosed within high railings. Within these railings, and at the feet of the gods, the ladies were. How they had got in I know not; but that they could not get out was evident, for as soon as they saw us they endeavoured to hide. To hide! As well might a tiger attempt to hide when his back den door is shut against him. As it was, they ducked their heads in the corner, like the ostrich does in the sand; and, seeking to

conceal themselves, proclaimed their presence. A crowd of Chinese that accompanied us still further, by their shouts of laughter, calling our attention to these two poor unprotected females, we gallantly moved on.

The three temples present big, quaint, rude ornaments in their high dark halls, flags, figures, gongs, and abortions of wood carvings, or natural oddities. In one are three huge statues of Buddha, and some smaller ones of genii; some silver vases quaint in shape are ranged on a sort of altar before which sandal-wood incense is offered, and barbarous music beaten on gongs and bits of wood is heard; a dim obscure prevails, and flags hang from the roof. In another temple the presiding genius of "longebity" dwells, and is excessively fat. The priests, if they were priests that we saw about, were dressed in grey, and had the true aristocratic contempt of work — nails so long:—



Through the open gate of the third temple only we saw, for the key was missing, but it seemed much like the other two, which now we turned and left.

Passing through the jade stone market, and by numerous idlers of Chinese who were industriously vying caged larks one against the other, we turned on to the high old walls that enclose the Tartar town and barracks. These walls, that run in the town, enclose an open space where are the Tartar barracks, the home of the imperial two thousand foot and thirty horse; the spotted ponies—I beg their pardon, horses—of which latter we saw caracolling about in a field outside the barracks, their riders knees up to their noses. A gateway on the broad walls gave us access to the Tartar district, whereat a bland old lady and a pretty painted girl gave us a polite chin-chin.

It must be, I think, somewhere at the foot of this wall, divided as it is on the Chinese side only by a narrow path from a range of ordinary open shops, that the executions take place. "Yeh" killed seventy thousand! Some say that by that he saved the lives of a million, others that he was an inhuman murderer. A gentleman told me that his brother-in-law saw two hundred and fifty beheaded. The victims were brought up in baskets. The shops that fronted the blank wall were shut during the few minutes of execution, and the beheading began. Four executioners, each followed by a man with spare swords, did the work. The victims were put down on their knees, and when the executioners were ready they cut right, cut left, and cut off their heads. Only one out of the two hundred and fifty puckered in his neck, but stretched it out again obedient at the word of the swordsman. After the execution a scramble among the friends of the deceased took place for the bodies—a scramble, for it was not altogether easy in the general *mêlée* of corpses to join the right head to the right body. This is a horrid story, but I have no right to disbelieve it; and if true, why should we always trench ourselves behind the agreeable, when such facts are being enacted among our fellow-men.

Coming down off the walls, we visited a large pawn-shop; and up through the many stories, packed with shelves and goods, I climbed. At the bottom men were engaged in weighing bits of broken silver, which I in vain endeavoured to get (though it would have been in comparative value by no means a fair exchange for me) in exchange for a dollar. Copper coinage, "cash," alone exists as money in China, though the dollar is universally used in dealings between foreigners and Chinese. But among the Chinese, I believe, copper (twelve hundred copper

cash make a dollar) is only used; if the article wanted exceeds in value the amount of "cash" held by the purchaser then a system of barter is begun, so much broken silver being weighed out against so much meat, or so many cabbages. A good housewife therefore markets with her scales, so as not to be done by the vendor's weights and balance.

A better sort of opium-house we did not see at Canton, though I did at Shanghae—a sort of place where a couple of respectable Chinese might retire, and, lying down on the slightly raised boards, enjoy a pipe together;—but into a low house of opium smokers we did penetrate; a place by the borders of the river, around which were what looked like booths at a race-course, made of bamboo and matting, and from out which sounds of gambling came. The opium-house itself was like a very dirty, smoke-begrimed, dark mixture of an Irish cabin and the hot-room of a Turkish bath. When the eye had got at all accustomed to the thick atmosphere, what it saw was a lurid fire, a few standing figures, and more recumbent ones lying on hard boards round the bare hovel. It was a most uninviting sight. It conveyed the feeling to me of the absolute sacrifice of the mind to the body, or rather of the whole mind and body to the opium. Anywhere was good enough for the body to lie. A suffocating atmosphere and a deadly stillness rested in the place; and I feel now as I write of it that sort of creeping feeling, unexpressed by the word horror, which the sight of a human being absolutely vitiating all his powers of body and mind begets. I speak of the abuse of opium.

CHAPTER III.

Purchases—Wallop Hoching—Night in a Sing-song Boat—On Board—Mr. Glover's Presents—Hilsa—R. C. Missionaries—Moomiai—A Journal—Yang-tse-Kiang—Wangpoo—Shanghae—Hong Kong—Canton—Shanghae, Appearance and Dirt—Within the Walls—Shanghae Races—From the Stand—Kinyoon and our Rambles—The "Quarters" of Shanghae—Wheelbarrows—Kinyoon's Dwelling—Alleys—How can we Buy?—Cremorne at Shanghae—Two Tails—Dinner at the Club—A Night Stroll—Chinese Restaurant—Play-house—Six Cow Chilos.

OUR stay at Canton, as I have endeavoured to explain, was a move; still it was a move that required us to linger a moment or two and buy: From Mr. Pohing thirty-six plates, five dishes, &c., for—no, no, when you have gone to China and bought your ware, then I'll tell you; not till then, if you please. From Mr. Hoching, whose little shop of carved ivory-work we found on a smelly canal on the other side, the right bank, of the river, many things, and gave orders for more. More *carved* ivory, which came to England inked instead of carved. Oh! you old sneak, Mr. Hoching. I wonder if I ought to be charitable, and invent an excuse for you with regard to this mistake. But what excuse? I commend you to that lady that we saw as we landed near to your filthy canal walloping her great big blubbering son. Wallop Hoching, ma'am, please.

They say when you go to Rome you must do as the Rum 'uns does. If that is true, what we ought to have done, instead of just going and having a peep (which I don't think was altogether appreciated by Mr. Holeangfou, or whatsoever the gentleman's name was who gave the feast) at the sing-

song boat, was this—we ought to have sent and engaged one of the numerous sing-song boats that in a long line, away from the bank, are moored together. We ought to have invited our friends and had a feast. For the delectation of each of our guests we ought to have provided two ladies—sing-song ladies—whose special duty it is, by their songs and conversation, to distract (it's "vulgar" to quote French, and yet that's not the meaning of *distraire*, which is the word I would like to use instead of distract) the guests. Had we done all this, and looked at ourselves when it was done, we should have seen ourselves in the cabin—if we may call it so—of a covered boat. We should have found ourselves lounging by a round table, a coolie fanning us; our he-friends by our sides; our and their satellites a little in rear, cuddled in as it were, or standing up and singing. The time consumed in the feast would be very long, and the amusements, seemingly, very wearisome; but tastes differ. Our table would be covered with confections of different sorts, condiments and vegetables, and we would be assisted probably (as we saw those we looked at were) to a something that seemed like a bit of roast sucking-pig. We should pledge ourselves, our friends, and our sing-songs in little tiny cups of samchoo—spirit made from rice. We should wake the echoes with facetious bursts of wit, but we should sit very still for a very long time. We should have a band, of course, which would soothe the savage beast, or breast—I forget which it is—if the savage b—— was likely to be soothed by music begotten of tambour, banjo, and cymbal. Now you know what we should have done. That we did not do so was, no doubt, because we were pressed for time.

I know that is what we should have done, because that is

what we saw some one else do. I do not like to be too positive, but I suggest a doubt whether Mr. Holeangfou would be permitted to take as long a stare at a supper in the Haymarket as we were at his supper on the flower boats at Canton. Whether it was approved or not I cannot say, but it was uninterrupted, and it enables me to describe what we saw. Mr. Holeangfou's was the feast of that evening; for, as we passed along the planks in front of the other flower or sing-song boats, we saw no feast so great as his, at which, or I am mistaken, a European was assisting. Perhaps he will kindly tell me if he did. I don't swear the host's name was Holeangfou, but the evening was that of Friday, the 22nd of April, 1870.

On board; a live four-legged duck also, which prudently only uses two out of the four, and Mr. Glover. He, leaving Canton's Imperial Customs after a sojourn there of ten years, shows us his beautiful presents; one of carved ivory and silver, the other of silver flowers and birds; both valuable, both works of art, both tokens of the good-will he has earned, and of the good wishes of the Chinese who have given the presents to him.

Our boat has, as when coming, a similar cargo of Chinese, but a special one of live fish (hilsa, I think), that, carried down from Canton to Hong Kong in the troubled waters of large tanks, are, when they get there, baled out into open boats full of water, landed, sold, and eaten. Among the Chinese are three who I could not have told were not Chinamen, except for their eyes. They are French R. C. missionaries; and when speaking to them, they tell me their greatest difficulty is to get over the belief on the part of the Chinese that they (the missionaries) gouge out children's eyes for charms. How sadly this belief has since

worked at Tien-Tsin we all know; and, apropos of this gouging, get Shaw's "High Tartary," and read about the "Moomiai."

Variety is pleasing; and I don't see why, to attain such, I should not here adopt the journalistic mode of reporting progress, thus:—

Saturday, April 23, 1870.—Caught the *Diomed*, Captain Crompton, Steam Navigation Company, 1,200 tons, 170 horse-power, burns seventeen tons of coal per day, steams eight or ten knots an hour, built at "Canny Newcastle."

Fare, Hong Kong to Shanghae, 85 dollars.

I find (but this is a private memorandum, and I don't know that it is quite fair to read it) that out of my £1,000, with which I started from Calcutta, Tuesday, 26th October, 1869, I have spent £480; but I have paid my fare to San Francisco, and that was 300 dollars.

Sunday.—Mr. Gilmore, a young independent missionary, read the service, and left out the bishops. He is going to Pekin. Another nice young fellow is going somewhere into the heart of China to cure others, and kill himself perhaps. I wish them both well. Thermometer about 80°, sea calm, breeze from S.W. Numerous junks in sight, but as we are taking the outer passage we do not see so many of the countless islands that line this coast as we should had we taken the inner one. These seas are often foggy, wild, and dangerous. A poor white paddy-bird, hard pressed, tried to light on the ship. Passed "The Brothers," two rocks. The Southern Cross (seen almost for the last time) on our starboard; the north star on our port. Lat. at noon 23° 7′, lon. 117° 14′, distance run 183 miles.

Monday.—Saw a bit of the island of Formosa in the distance. Some Europeans live on Formosa. The sea last night

beautifully phosphorescent. Lat. 26° 5′, lon. 130° 30′, distance run 254 miles, wind N.E., thermometer 73°.

Tuesday.—Boats from the many islands, fishing. These islands much like one another—low hills rising out of the sea, covered with a sort of coarse grass; a little rice and yams grown; that is for the fishermen; they live there. Fishermen equal to five things—fishing, wrecking, pirating, robbing, murdering. Lat. 28° 42′, lon. 122° 17′, distance run 183 miles, thermometer 63°.

Saw the *Windhover* signalling. Tea clipper. How beautiful she looked. Counted twenty-six sail set, and she had not her sky-sails up, or down, or whichever it is that means unfurled.

Mem.—The wind is over for the *Windhover*. That's a joke. It means the Suez Canal; and this very *Diomed* has by steam taken the wind out of the sails of the clippers. The days of sailing ships are over.

Wednesday.—Been doing half speed all night. Picked up a pilot at another "Brothers." This picking up cost £25. Dull cold morning; sailors got mufflers on; thermometer 61°. Have passed the Leucoma Islands; that is, where our friend Lodge is going to look for the dollars. Pass the Saddles at ten o'clock, Gutzlaff at two. See loads of fishing-boats. Fifty-nine miles from Wosang, which itself is eight from Shanghae. We lie-to all night. Lat. at noon 30° 52′, lon. 122° 24′, distance run 160 miles.

Thursday.—In the Yang-tse-Kiang River! Scores of miles of muddy water. From the mainland on our left to the low horizon of the Wempo Island on our right, fourteen miles. It diminishes to seven farther on; diminishes where the Wangpoo, the river that passes Shanghae, flows into the Yang-tse, coming down from the north.

We steam up the Wangpoo; pass a ruined French forti-

fication; pass Woosung, a rather wretched collection of wood houses, and of course innumerable ships. The scenery homely; like what I can imagine a river flowing from Lincolnshire to be; flat, thatched-roofed villages, hid in willow, poplar, and peach trees, that now just breaking into the young green leaf of spring give to me, for two years accustomed to non-deciduous trees, a pleasant, home-like, fresh feeling. Rice represents grass. Canals open up the roadless —at best, if any, a small bridle one—country. It is cold. Thermometer about 60°. Yet cotton grows here, and they get four crops a year of different sorts off the carefully-tilled fields. The river is about one mile broad. It is eight miles to Shanghae. Reach Shanghae eleven A.M. That is the journalistic style of writing. How do you like it?

Shanghae is quite different from either Hong Kong or Canton. Hong Kong is so essentially Eastern European, that the Chinese element there makes only a sort of addendum. Canton is so essentially Chinese, that the European element there makes only an infinitesimally small and unnoticeable proportion in the whole. But Shanghae possesses Chinese and Eastern European characteristics, both equally marked. By its quay, by its intramural town, by its different "quarters"—the English "quarter," the French "quarter" —Shanghae is hermaphrodite. It is Chinese-European; that is to say, the great isolated houses of the merchants, the large club-house, the many stores (shops), are essentially European; built by Europe, for Europe, look and mean Europe, and Europe's wants. (Europe in China includes America.) Stretching out though from this peculiarly European element are streets of China; not, perhaps, quite so truly national in their characteristics as the "bazaars" that adjoin every English settlement in India are, and yet

certainly not European: whereas, inside the walls of the native town, you are at once in the very heart of China, its people, its customs, and its streets. I said Canton was clean. Shanghae, intramural, is dirty; dirty, filthy dirty. Every abomination you can think of is met with there. Filth is either met carried for manure, or it is heaped up manure, or it lies accidentally manure. If it was not that I don't believe in the waste of that article on the part of the Chinese, I should say that Shanghae, within the walls, was the most disgracefully wasteful city in the world. It lies about, at any rate, in such indescribable confusion and profusion, that it is only one's firm belief in the economy of the Chinese that prevents one thinking it is left out to waste.

I believe there could be merchants found at Shanghae, extramural, who have never been within the walls. I have; but they have the bliss of ignorance. As soon as you cross through a gate, which has certain restrictions placed on it as regards ingress and egress, enacted chiefly to insure the safety of Europeans, and perhaps also partly to hide away the foul blots of Chinese rule—as soon as you get within these walls, you find yourself by the borders of the deep banks of an almost dry ditch; yet a ditch that is not dry, but possesses a residuum of something that I presume is water. A ditch—to dirty, ignorant, or idle people, at home or abroad—seems to condone for all disgusting sights. If on its banks or in its water the accumulations of years are heaped, are they not in a ditch? So there is a ditch at Shanghae; and by the borders of this foul open drain lie many of the most respectable shops, themselves as clean and neat as their locality is disgusting. Here are the curio-shops, the china-shops, the toy-shops, tin-shops, sweet-shops; and to these we repaired. When we had exhausted them, we passed, by means of one

out of many planks, over the open drain, and found ourselves in a labyrinth of the narrowest and most tortuous alleys, we might call them, though they are main streets there; and here were more shops, and more shopping, helping to fill up the time between Thursday and Saturday.

We must have been at Shanghae on some festive occasion, for there was a "chin-chin-joss" going on inside the walls, and races out. I propose that we go to the races first, not because they are the most interesting, but to get them over.

Races are the same all the world over. "Coomero Gland" (such was the name, I think, or something like that), a little thirteen-hands-three-inches Tartar horse, won; won with ten stone on his back; won after galloping over one mile and a half in two minutes forty-six seconds; won for his owner one thousand dollars, and for himself the value of two hundred pounds. All the horses, whether on the course or in carriages, were about the size of "Coomero Gland." Wonderful little Tartar ponies, almost worth their weight in copper: and if you will come up to the top of one of the grand stands with me, we will take a comprehensive glance at them and the country. The stand we shall select shall be that which is reserved for quite the uppermost uppers of the Shanghae aristocracy, and there shall be few—none, I think —Chinese present with us. We will first look over the country, and, turning our backs to the race, biped and quadruped, look over a flat plain. Dotted over this are villages with the peculiar sloping roof of China, a good road (but that is of European construction, or the effect of their presence, at least), and fields sprouting oats, rice, and green crops. From this not peculiarly inviting scene we can turn round towards Shanghae, its low-lying houses, its four or five churches, and its shipping in the distance; and then we can narrow our

glance to the course. There are several hundred Europeans in and about it, several thousand Chinese around it. Many small broughams, the owners driving the same out of the front windows, or low open carriages with white tops, are waiting their masters' orders. The wind is cold, and from the north. The mass of Chinese are dressed in blue, and for almost the extent of the course line it. A band from the Prussian man-of-war, *Bertha*, plays under the grand stand; and, lest it inadvertently should play "Home, Sweet Home," and thereby make us melancholy, we shall leave the races of the quadrupeds and the company of that portion of the human race we acknowledge kin, and make our way among the Chinese.

We shall secure the services, as guide, of Thompson, *alias* Kinyoon, *alias*

(for so, or something like that, he signs his name in my note-book), and go with him amid "that heathen Chinee." We shall pass down, first, this broad street—in the "English quarter"—which leads from the course towards the quay, where the main body of Europe houses, offices, and stores, are, and towards—a little to our right, the west of the quay—Shanghae, Chinese proper and intramural. This broad street is lined with Chinese houses, and is alive with Chinese on foot, on horseback, on velocipede, on wheelbarrow, on chair. Every one is neat; the men with long plaited pig-tails, I regret to say, for the honour of my sex, sometimes false; the women with a coiffure elaborate and neat, but

somewhat different to that at Canton; perhaps with a short tail plaited something like a horse's at an English fair.

The houses are low, two-storied ones. There are many tea-houses; and there crowds, up-stairs and down, are seated watching the traffic, eating, or drinking samchoo or tea. Women are seen, Tartar women chiefly, but some Chinese, painfully stotting along on the withered and compressed bone of the leg and foot, which they are pleased to call beautiful. Children intermingle with men and women, and all seem cheerful, peaceable, and good humoured.

These "quarters" owe their existence to the pressure which foreign nations have brought to bear on Chinese authority. Here are the traders who, directly or indirectly, owe their livelihood to foreign invasion; and each quarter being under the protectorate of the particular nationality to which it is attached, order and cleanliness is kept there by it, and ours is the best.

We shall come back to our quarter in the course of the

CHINESE CAB.

evening, but at present we shall pass through it on our way to the old town. On our way thither we meet a sporting

Chinaman, in blue trousers and carrying an umbrella, on a yellow velocipede. We meet many others riding ragged ponies jangling with bells, whilst aristocrats, men or women, are wheeled along in wheelbarrows. Like all barrows, these have but one wheel and two handles. On either side of the wheel two can sit; but when one only wants to ride, I really forget how the balancing is arranged, but I know it is accomplished. A lady, her head decorated with flowers, looks very passable on a wheelbarrow; and if a grand mandarin seigneur passes you in enormous spectacles, and having an umbrella held over his head by a coolie, who walks alongside, you are impressed and he is unmoved.

As soon as Kinyoon got me inside the walls, he said, "Can go changey all same one piecey dress—more handsome one," and so I was carried off through the very narrowest possible of streets, to where, within a small door in a still narrower alley, Mr. Kinyoon's more handsome dress and family resided. There was little astonishment evinced at my unexpected visit; the most shown was by a diminutive Kinyoon. He viewed me with amiable contempt; discovered I was stupid—wonderful astuteness on the part of so young a child!—and bawled louder and louder the less and less I understood him. Mrs. Kinyoon and Mrs. K. senior were gracious, and offered me tea; but a party of male K.'s, who were engaged in the exciting game of, what seemed like, dominoes, did not allow my presence to have the smallest effect upon them. It was rather galling not even to be looked at.

The house, one-storied, seemed like the back parlour of an upholsterer's shop; at least, there were so many cabinets and things in it, and so little room, it gave me that feeling. But then it was also like loose-boxes, for the partitions that

made the rooms were merely wooden screens that did not go up to the ceiling, or roof, as it more properly should be described.

Provided with a more handsome dress, Mr. Kinyoon and I left this alley and went into others; for they were nearly all alleys, except where by their close proximity one to another they almost formed a covered way. Shops of all sorts abounded—toys, clocks, curios, china, meat, vegetables; and we penetrated into many curio and china stores, but bought little. It was so difficult—not having any basis whereon to go—to know what price to give. China dishes that would be five dollars at this visit, would be three at the next. How, then, did we know if their value was not one?

The place was crowded with pleasure-seekers; was it not a "Chin-chin joss" day? And when we came to a sort of open tank in the centre of the town, we came to where the pleasures of Shanghae culminated. I suppose this green tank, crossed by several wooden bridges, and in the centre of which stood a large tea-house, was a sort of Cremorne; but certainly, except for the clean tea-house, a more smelly, uninviting place of amusement could not well be conceived. Round the borders of the tank several different kinds of objects of use or amusement were ranged. There were several tubs ranged in a line. There was an old woman with a board, on which were many hideous dried asps and adders—phylacteries, charms, or medicine—which she was trying to induce people to buy and to swallow, and which Kinyoon told me were very wholesome. There was an old man who showed the curious the like to their own internal organs through a peep-glass. There was a perfect crush of people on the bridges leading to the tea-house, and a crowd soon collected round any interesting object, such as me; particularly when I bought an opium

pipe, and got a man to fit up a drum for me. We did not pass the huge massive coffins in the undertaker's without notice; nor were the singing showmen seen unheard. We came on two unfortunates chained, their heads passed through two holes in heavy square boards. We came on an industrious man, who, borrowing a youth's head, was engaged in a quest, the particulars of which I forbear to give. We came on much to tempt one to buy. Two large blue enamelled vases, I remember, seven hundred and fifty dollars—the dollar here the tael, that is, six shillings. We came on a barber combing out a customer's tail—a beautiful black tail that reached to the waist, and that took very long to weave into a narrow plait. I wonder how often it is done. Once a month? Or is it brushed out and plaited at the same interval of time as an acquaintance of mine (she was a cook) used to allow to intervene between her baths. She took slightly ill in the spring, and the doctor suggested a bath. "That's nonsense," she said, "for I had one last autumn when we were at the sea."

A bright fire blazed in the large room of the handsome Club; and dinners, served on *English china*, of course, helped to prepare us for an evening stroll. "I have not tasted such good butter as this since I left England," said I; "the beef too is good, but the tea bad." "You may as well go to Brighton to buy fish as to China to get tea," was the reply; "and as for the butter, it is salt butter come from America." However, the fish—"samli," I think—was good, and the "leechees" were nice; and we were soon ready to go out again. Permission had been got to go into the old town by night, and we went. It was not altogether a profitable journey. We were rather too late starting. The streets were almost deserted, and the small light that our paper lamp threw over the dark lanes served hardly to show us any-

thing. We came, however, upon the fag-end of the day's amusements or worship in a joss-house. Here, in the midst of that indescribable jumble of dark colourings, people walking about and talking, fire burning, flags hanging from the beams, and (within railings) unnatural gods lending facetiousness or awe to their temple, we saw the last of intra-mural Shanghae on a Chin-chin joss-day, and came out among the Chinese without the walls, where later hours and more liberty were allowed.

The first place we went to was to a Chinese restaurant. The lower hall was crowded with people, and we passed up a ladder staircase to an upper floor, wherein was a kitchen. Could we have eaten, we should have been served from this in some of the many cabinets that were above the lower main hall. We should, I believe, have dined cleanly and well, but we might have been bothered by the chopsticks. Then we went on to a better sort of opium-house, not nearly so repulsive as that at Canton; and where it seemed as though, on the sloping boards, a not disagreeable hour's *tête-à-tête* might be passed: and we finished the evening at a Chinese play-house. The place was like one of our concert-halls. The 'rchestra and actors were on a raised platform in front; the audience seated at small tables in the body of the hall. An (with us) unusual luxury prevailed of handing round jugs of hot water, into which you dipped a piece of cloth or flannel, and therewith wiped your face and hands. Oranges, pistachio nuts, and cakes were on the tables. Tea was served at command, and no doubt other things if you wanted them. The piece that was being acted was of thrilling interest. There was an injured lady. I think she was injured by the groundless suspicions of her husband. At any rate she was injured. Boys often take the part of women in

these plays, but here they were really women. The injured lady was most gorgeously dressed; and whenever she spoke it was in the shrillest scream, accompanied by increased energy on the part of a drum, cymbals, a gong, and a shrill sort of bagpipe: indeed, these melodious instruments sunk into comparative quiet chiefly when the actors were not speaking, so that it required a practised ear to catch the dialogue. But Kinyoon had that, and frequently—wondering at our extraordinary dulness—explained to us moments of absorbing interest. There were some half-dozen actors in all, and not much scenery. A screen acted as a wall, "through" whose "wall's chink, poor souls, they were content to" bawl, and we to see it represent different epochs in the eventful life of the injured lady. The business of the play would go on for many hours, if not carried on through successive nights, and we thought it kind of Kinyoon not to compel us to sit it out, but to let us go home alone on a wheelbarrow. By the way, that is a "happy thought." Take a play-house; advertise "wheelbarrows in waiting; play to go on from Monday till Saturday."

On Saturday we went on board the *Origonia* with a prospect of a six thousand mile sea journey before us, and only a break at Japan.

"He ho, he ho," said the coolies, as they ran our baggage on to the boat.

"Too mush y ti y," said the boatman as he pulled hard against the current and all but missed the steamer.

"You go catchey all same one piecey, warm, put mornin, go baf; savey?" said Mr. ——, when explaining to his compradore (head man) to go and buy me a warm dressing-gown.

"You go catchey all same one piecey that man catchey,"

said a gentleman at dinner to the Chinese waiter, when he wanted the dish somebody else had had.

"Dat compradore hab catchey largey chancey. Hab catchey two piecey bull chilo, 'long two piecey wifeo, all same day."

There's luck! For that means that a certain compradore had had two male children (a female child is a cow chilo) by two different wives on the same day. Blessed monogamy! Reflect. If it was not for one wife, you might have three. Straw might be laid in three piles at the same door. Three doctors might go into three different bedrooms, and three nurses might come out of the same, on to one passage, bearing six cow chilos:—yours!

CHAPTER IV.

History of Japan—Descent of Mikado—Conservative Spirit—Internecine Wars—First Shiogoon—Sinto and Buddhist Religions—Executive ceded to different People—Imperium in Imperio—Descent of Offices—Adoption—Great Men—Shiogoon—Daimios—Koongays—Order of Precedence—Recognition of Daimios—Yoritomo—Hojio—Two Kings—1540-1600—Taiko Sama—Treaty—Jesuits—Religious Sketch—Iyeyas—His Laws—Fifteen Shiogoons—Historical Oyster—Other times other Effects.

AS we steam across the three hundred miles which divides Shanghae from Nagasaki, we shall take a glance at the history of Japan, culling the same chiefly from Dickson's work; and his pardon for our bad gathering is here craved —ours, not his, if any, the errors.

It appears as though Japan had been peopled from the very earliest times, and that the original inhabitants, who have now taken refuge in the north island of Yesso, were then, as now, mild and easily subdued in character, hairy and well made in physique. Into Japan to the north from the north of China, to the south from southern districts of the same country, came inhabitants destined to become Japanese. The language, the customs, the appearance, the religion of the Japanese, are more or less Chinese; and yet they are a distinct people.

Authentic history of Japan dates no earlier than the middle of the seventh century. Long before this, however, there is what, for the purpose of gaining a general idea of the country, is available. Tradition tells us that, as early as B.C. 667, Zinmu began the descent of the present Mikados.

Perhaps Zinmu was a Chinaman. Certainly (for so it is written) he was the child of the goddess Ten-Sho-dai-jin (or, as her name was printed in the papers, Ten-Sho-ko-dai-jin-go-Sama), that is, the great spirit of the celestial spirit of the sun. The present Mikado says that he stands between his holy mother Ten-Sho and his people. Probably Zinmu overcame the original inhabitants known as "Ainos," which means "between"—"between a man and a dog."

Much as I should like to carry you, step by step, down from B.C. 667 to A.D. 1870, I fear I must ask you to put on centenary boots, and to descend with me to more recent times; but it will be well, before starting, to recognise one or two of the peculiar features of our route. One marked one is the intensely conservative spirit of the Japanese. This shows itself at the outset of our march. Once Zinmu started a line of Emperors, he and his descendants must beget Emperors or Mikados. So, amid all the social convulsions of the island, from whensoever you like to place the actual date of their commencement, the Emperor has always existed, though at times divested of almost all power. Another peculiar feature is that, in consequence of the isolation of the country, almost all the wars of Japan have been internal. Lacking an external foe, the Japanese, when they fought, fought with themselves.

We shall divide our historical run into marches, and our first halt shall be at A.D. 1540. A pretty good march that, from B.C. 667 to A.D. 1540. We do not rest before 1540, because at that date we find the direct ancestor of the late deposed Shiogoon (we say Tycoon), whose official career came to an end in 1867.

From the time of Zinmu, to a time when lack of foes produced apathy in the ruler, the ancestors of the Mikado really

governed. Gradually, however, the act of fighting was ceded from *the* head to the relatives of the head, and from them passed to whatever strong hand came uppermost in the ferment of existence.

In the earlier times there existed a religion called Sinto or Shinto. This religion, which means "way of the gods," is described by Dickson as "all prayers without any idea of a being to whom to pray beyond white paper or a mirror as an emblem of purity." The Buddhist priests sought to reform this religion by introducing their pure faith of a life of self-sacrifice, and in A.D. 552 alarmed the Sinto priests by their inroad.

These religions were of interest and are of interest; the Buddhist, because the priests, departing from the pure tenets of their founder, grew rich and powerful, and greatly influenced political questions, fanning wars and intriguing. This religion was the religion of those in power, and waxed fat. Now it wanes. It waxed when fostered by the subverters of the power of the Mikado: it wanes since the Mikado, breaking from out the mists of generations of seclusion, comes actually into the exercise of power. Whatever may be the ignorance veiled by the Sinto religion, the Mikado is inviting his subjects back from the reverence of Buddha to that of his own mother, Ten-Sho-dai-jin; and when we were in Yokohama, we assisted at a festival in honour of the great goddess Ten-Sho. The Sinto religion is no religion; it is a political move to bring prominently before the people the divine origin of the Mikado, and to instruct them in the fact that all religion is contained in obedience to him. The Buddhists made gods many. Like the neighbour churches, they saintified any powerful man of olden days. The consequence is, the people will go and clap their hands before and fee the priests

of any particular god whom they have been wont to worship; but the instinct of religion unsatisfied, they are prone to drift into that channel the Mikado most desires, and which is expressed by faith in him as of divine origin. I fear me that there are troublesome days in store for the Mikado. When people will believe a lie, they are easily ruled; but when they won't..... If Humpty-Dumpty had not been on the wall when he fell, perhaps all the king's horses could have put him up again. It was the wall that did it. Still the Mikado starts with a tremendous prescriptive right, and I wish him well. *If*, if only he can judge how to rule wisely. But can he? In my note-book on the 11th of May, 1870, I see a rough entry, "Change of coinage probably will cause distress." In the *Globe* of the 8th of May, 1871, I read, "Serious disturbances, says the *Patrie*, have taken place in Japan. The central government having resolved to destroy a large quantity of paper money without issuing the corresponding value."....."Insurrection."...."City burnt." ...."Troops defeated," &c., &c. Ah! son of Ten-Sho, it will require more than a mirror and a piece of white paper to enable thee to see clearly to govern wisely, as thou wishest to do, thy thirty million subjects!

The yielding of the actively executive power of the Emperors into other hands arose from one or two causes: incapacity; the frequent abdication of the then Emperor, sometimes at the instigation of the priests, sometimes to get rid of the trouble, sometimes because he, whoever he might be, gave signs of too much independence of character. But whatever the cause, the effect was to produce an *imperium in imperio*, sometimes down as far as four people. For instance: In 1282, the "Kwanrei," fourteen years old, succeeds his father. In Japan the baker's son carries the basket. Well,

the "Kwanrei" is the minister of the Shiogoon, who is the minister of the Mikado. Now, as the Kwanrei on his succession was only fourteen years old, it followed that he required a minister to guide him. Therefore the country was really governed by A, who governed B, who governed C, who governed D, who governed (*i.e.* was Emperor of) the country. For A is the governor of B (the Kwanrei), who is the hereditary first minister of C (the Shiogoon, "Tycoon"), and C is the hereditary first minister of D (the Mikado or Emperor). I said the incapacity of the Mikados brought this about; and the capacity of the mighty men who worked their own way to power led them to use the conservative spirit of the Japanese to their own benefit. They hedged themselves in with laws, and secured the succession of their office in their own families.

Such laws were, that the Mikado must be selected from out one of the four royal families; that the Shiogoon must in like manner belong to one of (I think) four families; the Kwanrei —which office does not now exist, I believe—be taken from one out of eight families. Into these families (with the exception of the four imperial families, though marriages into the imperial families are permitted) children may be adopted, and obtain all the rights of birth. As they say a cat likes the house better than the householder, so the Japanese seem to prefer that the office should descend, rather than it should fail through lack of heirs. I expect, however, that class distinction is so strong in Japan, that though there may be a heel bare in the perfect armour of descent among Japanese princes in the shape of adoption, a prince will take care only to adopt the child of a fellow prince, and so the two hundred and sixteen noble families will not soil their pure blood by intermingling with the thirty mil-

lion, minus two hundred and sixteen, by whom they are surrounded.

Among the earlier great men of Japan, not Mikados, there appear such names as these: "Ten Mang," or, rather, "Kan-sio-jo,"—the former is the name under which he is now worshipped on the 25th day of each month; "Yoshi-iye," A.D. 1057, now worshipped as "Hatchi-Mang-taro," or eldest son of god of war. Now, as the Mikado has, since 1867, been brought into actual instead of fossilised power as heretofore, it is not wonderful that he should look askance at the worship of these demigods, the original human subverters of the power of his ancestors. Their worship was sanctioned by the Buddhist priests; his worship is approved by the Sinto religion; therefore everywhere you see government support removed from Buddhist temples and they falling into decay; therefore the rejuvenescence of Lady Ten-Sho ("dai" means great, and "jin," god).

Even as recently as the time of Lord Elgin, who said, "We visited his Majesty the Tycoon of Japan," the greatest misapprehension has existed as to the position of the Tycoon. In the first place, it is not Tycoon, but Shiogoon. Shiogoon means commander-in-chief; "Se-i-dai Shiogoon" means barbarian-quelling great commander-in-chief, and this is the special title of the Shiogoon. The Mikado calls him "Taijin" (large tree); the Daimios, or Shiogoon's nobles proper, call him "Rioo Ay" (green tent); whilst we unluckily stumbled on the word Tycoon, two Chinese words meaning great prince, which gave the Mikado much umbrage. The Shiogoon, as soon as ever he had established himself in power, hundreds of years ago, began to make nobles of his own, called Daimios, the Mikado having already a select nobility of his own, Koongays. It was all very well to be

ennobled by the Shiogoon, but the hearts of the Daimios yearned for Mikadoic distinctions, and often the poor and neglected Koongays were fawned upon by the rich Daimios so as to obtain some crumb of distinction from their rightful sovereign.

In order of precedence comes the Mikado; then the Shinwo, or four royal families; then the Kwanbakku, or head of the fifty oldest families of Koongays; and then princes (among which the Shiogoon) according as they may rank. So you see that our Tycoon (now no longer in existence), far from being "His Majesty the Emperor of Japan," ranked neither by birth nor officially first, unless he were made so by the Mikado, who sometimes made the then Shiogoon Kwanbakku as well as Shiogoon.

Patrician Japan is, alas! venal, and the Koongays have sold their birthright. At least, Daimios and Koongays have so intermarried that the Mikado has at last, but only quite recently, recognised the Daimios as his nobles. The Mikado recognised the Shiogoon's nobles as his own much in the same way that the Queen did the medals which (I was told) not long ago Sir George Bowen gave for New Zealand service. "Medals!" said her gracious Majesty. "You give medals! It's absurd; you can't. Nevertheless, as you have given them, I will; and you may tell the recipients they are from me."

If I have now at all brought "His Majesty the Tycoon" into the light of facts, you will the more readily take an interest here in Messrs. Yoritomo and Hojio—great men and founders of lines of what I may call middle men. The former, 1198; the latter, 1250.

We may think it strange that from out the cotton wool, in which the Mikado has lain for so many generations, he should

emerge, in 1867, a youth of seventeen, puissant and sole ruler, whilst his cousin at Pekin, only a year younger, still lies under his mother's petticoat. But it is stranger to reflect that the same instinct of succession should not only have kept his office alive, but also that of a subverting and almost illegal power, such as the Shiogoon's; that too even when, as now, in 1250, the actual executive had passed from out its hands to that of the Kwanreis, for Hojio was a Kwanrei.

In 1312 the Hojio family, Kwanreis but king-makers, had unwarily selected from out of the four royal families one Go Daigo to be Emperor, and he was thirty-one years old. It is only natural that the elected Go should forget who got him his crown, and should object to be ruled by the minister of his minister, especially as that worthy lived at Kamakura, many score miles away from the imperial city of Miako. So they set on to fight, and, like the Kilkenny cats, after the "fit" there was nothing left but their *tales;* and here they are:—The Hojio first beat Go Daigo, and sent him off to an island, putting Kogen in as Emperor. This happened "on or about" A.D. 1331. In 1332, however, the Hojio party are completely routed. Go Daigo thereupon comes back, and, alack! in a mentally weak state, for he takes to friend Ashiganga, who founds a line of Shiogoons for himself. On both sides now there follows an unusual sight in Japan—a short succession of two Emperors, one reigning as Emperor of the north, the other of the south, and neither really governing. At last a pacificator arises, O-ooji, lord of the provinces in the west part of Nippon, who arranges a peace. He induces the descendant of Go Daigo to accept the title of Dai-jio-ten-wo, and to live amicably in the same city with his cousin the descendant of the false

Emperor, Kogen, to whom he gives the actual title of Mikado. Not, however, until the new Mikado could get from his cousin, the descendant of Go Daigo, the insignia (the holy insignia given by the gods) of Mikadoship, could he reign with any degree of comfort. These insignia are a mirror, a grass-shaving sword, and a crystal ball (of this last there is some doubt). Endowed with these, however (thanks to O-ooji), Go-ko-Matz (1408) can sit quite comfortably on his throne, and the war between the two Emperors is finished. We are nearing the end of our first march; indeed, we shall finish it now by saying that, though we know that Ashiganga formed a line of Shiogoons, they are an uninteresting lot; and so we will pass them by, and drop in upon A.D. 1540.

About the period of from 1540 to 1600, there arose, collaterally, three eminent men, in speaking of whom we shall bring our second and last march to an end in 1867. These three were—Nobunanga, whose peculiar policy it was to patronise the Jesuits and persecute the Buddhists,—he died in 1582; Taiko Sama, whose peculiar policy it was to patronise the Buddhists and persecute the Jesuits,—he died in 1598; and Iyesa,—he died in 1616.

Hide Yoshi—the same as Taiko Sama—said to be of lower origin than Nobunanga, of whom we shall not further speak, rose to be Kwanbakku (the white boundary line), and on his retirement from office assumed the title of Taiko Sama. He also was Dai-jo-dai-jin, *i.e.* great minister of the whole government; and, before he set off for whatever happy hunting-grounds are allotted to great ministers, married Iyesa's family into his own, hoping thereby to secure Iyesa's favour on behalf of his (Hide Yoshi's) dynasty. Iyesa had other views. Taiko Sama, in his capacity of commander-in-chief,

urged so successful a war with the Corea, that he made the following treaty :—

1. Eight provinces of Corea to be handed to Japan.

2. The Emperor of China to give a daughter to Taiko Sama.

3. Free trade, and a yearly tribute from China to Japan.

I expect this ancient defeat of the Chinese by the Japanese is now forgotten at Pekin, where the Mikado is looked down upon and feared.

The Chinese are not a military nation. The people China delights to honour are—first, literati; second, soldiers. Japan reverses this.

During all the period of Taiko Sama's power, the Jesuits, as representing Christians, had been first prospering, then failing. Many Japanese princes had become Christians, and there seemed promise of great success. The Jesuits had, by order of the Pope, a monopoly of the islands. When, however, a party of San Franciscans, having got into Japan and having disobeyed Taiko Sama, were killed, in 1597, their fall only heralded that of the Jesuits. Of their growing power and command Taiko Sama got alarmed, and orders were therefore issued to ship them out of the island. This order seems to have been rather ineffectually obeyed. According to Dickson, that Taiko Sama gave this order was not only natural but right.

To those not examining too deeply into the theology of the two religions, there is a painful similarity between the modern Buddhist and Roman Catholic. The latter has thought it right to sanctify so many dead pieces of humanity, to represent the same by so many puppets, that really, externally, there does not seem very much difference. Internally, either history belies some propagandists, or they have too often sought for *power*. Taiko Sama had the late power of the

Buddhist priesthood forcibly impressed on his mind, and he feared the growing power of the Christians.

I can imagine no more dangerous road on which to set out than that of believing that it is the duty of a missionary to *protect* his flock against the laws of the land. Was there not too much of this feeling in the minds and consequent actions of missionaries in New Zealand? Taiko Sama, at any rate, judged it well to endeavour to suppress the power of the Jesuits.

In 1598 he dies. In 1599 the East India Company is formed, and in its formation tends to drive "Adams," a Dutchman, to the shores of Japan, where he, a Christian, but not a Jesuit, aids the overthrow of those whose teaching he abhors. "Adams" gains the ear of Iyesa, who succeeds Taiko Sama, and in 1604 we read there are only one hundred and twenty Jesuits in the island, though they declare in 1607 that all Nagosaki is Christian.

In 1611, Canzugedono, King of Fingo (Toronosqui), dies. He has been a great persecutor of the Christians during his life, and at his death is canonized, becomes "Dai-sho-go-Sama," and is in great requisition in 1858 as a protector against Christians and other evil spirits.

In 1614, we read of more persecutions against Christians, borne with fortitude even to banishment and death, and all Jesuits except eighteen are shipped away.

In 1639, the Dutch traders are confined to the Island of Desima, and then it is, I think, that a sad massacre of Christians takes place, they being hurled from a rock into the sea.

In 1666, no more churches are allowed to be built.

In 1709, one bold, large-hearted abbé, Sidotti, gets himself landed *alone* on the island, hoping to re-introduce the banished and forgotten faith.

In 1870, we find a few American, and they the only, mis-

sionaries, and a proscribed religion, from the contamination of which the people must be protected.

We find this people indifferent to true faith, but with the superstition of it clinging to them. I did myself the honour to visit Dr. Herdman, head of the American Mission in Japan, from whom I gathered his no very high estimate of Japanese character, and a comparison rather to their disfavour when speaking of them in connection with the Chinese. He expressed some astonishment that the English had no missionaries in Japan. Should any be sent, may they be faithful gentlemen.

However, I must tell you further of Iyeyas. In 1542, To-Sho-Shingku, better known as Iyeyas, was born, and died not before he had consolidated power and the descent of it in his own family. He continued what to us bears more importance than to the bulk of the Japanese, to whom it was a matter of minor interest—the persecution of the Christians. He said he came of good stock; but they say there is a pedigree-maker in Japan as in some other countries, and that though the families of Koongays are of unsullied purity, those of the Daimios and Shiogoons may be questioned. Whatever his breeding, he himself was a man of many excellent qualities. If we can admit that his sole object was his country's good, then we may possibly justify the death of Hide Yori, Taiko Sama's son.

A sort of David, Iyeyas had been put in the van of the fight, that there he might die, and not doing so, he awed both Nobunanga and Taiko Sama. His acts were unselfish, patriotic; his head clear, his hand firm; evidently an awkward customer, a sort of nightmare to Taiko Sama. In such mischance, there is nothing for it but to win him round; so, on his deathbed, Taiko Sama induces him to marry his

grand-daughter to Hide Yori, and to swear fealty to this budding Shiogoon.

It must have been perplexing to Taiko Sama so soon after this oath to meet his boy (about whose birth there was some doubt, by the way) where necessity, not choice, had led him; and perhaps even more perplexing and vexatious for the *three* to meet so shortly after the ratification and the breaking of the compact, for Iyeyas died not long after he caused the death of Hide Yori. But Iyeyas really did govern well, and made a code of laws—good laws—from which, rather unfairly, I gather the following:—

"No one is to act simply for the gratification of his own desires, but he is to strive to do what may be opposed to his desires, in order that every one may be ready for whatever he may be called upon by his superiors to do."

An excellent doctrine, but one which, carried out in its entirety, might involve the professor in certain difficulties.

"Singing and dancing and music are not strictly military occupations." Note that, O army reformers! "But if the military heart is heavy, perhaps it had better sing;" and Iyeyas names a song and tune. He says, "You should not pay your doctor too well, because then he gets idle." He says, "Every man and woman ought to be married at sixteen." And he founds his good advice on the sayings of "Yoritomo, 1147, one of the Minnamoto family, of which I too am a descendant."

Iyeyas dies in 1616, and from him have descended in one unbroken line fifteen Shiogoons, the last abdicating—if you can use the term for a prime minister—in 1867. It is strange, in this long descent of ministers, to see the incapacity, or, at least, acquiescence, of an equally long line of Mikados. It suited the Japanese better, however, to have

an Emperor too good to do anything than to change the dynasty. The last Shiogoon came to be in direct descent from Iyeyas through the law of adoption, but he was really a son of Prince Mito—the ninth son of the twelfth Shiogoon was adopted by a Prince Stotsbashi, and he, this ninth son, adopted a son of Prince Mito's, who succeeded to the last Shiogoonate, and was often called Stotsbashi.

Such is your historical oyster before your dinner of Japanese travel! You see that as long as the march of progress left Japan to itself, the *imperium in imperio* there existing mattered little; but when steam brought back the inroad of barbarians in numbers far exceeding what had been there before, and with different objects, the weakness of such form showed itself daily. To put the case in a colloquial form, we will say, the English and the American ministers go to the Shiogoon and ask this, ask that.

"Can't do it," says the Shiogoon, "without consulting the Mikado."

"We'll go ourselves to the Mikado," say the ministers.

"Oh! that's quite impossible," says the Shiogoon.

"Look at that Shiogoon," says Satsuma, says Choshu, both powerful princes; "he's opening up ports in the north, and not in the south. Who is he to dictate? We'll go and tell the Mikado." (Choshu wrote a most admirable letter on the subject of proper rule in Japan.)

"You keep quiet," says the Shiogoon.

"You be 'blowy!'"—(that word will be subsequently explained)—says Choshu, says Satsuma.

"Oh! that's your game, is it?" says the Shiogoon. "Well, come on."

So they came on. But, alas, for Stotsbashi, the princes ran up the Mikado's flag. "Who's for the Mikado?" they

cried. "All!" shouted the people, or almost all. So poor Stotsbashi cried peccavi, went to the wall, asked pardon, got forgiven, but was put out of office, and the Mikado took the reins.

This change, no doubt, was very advantageous, but it required self-sacrifice—the sacrifice of individual power on the part of the separate princes to the general weal and the support of the central power of the Mikado. This support the princes, in 1870, seemed inclined to afford the Mikado, and when we were at Nagasaki, Mito, I think it was, who had just got out a man-of-war steamer on his own account, steamed up with it to Yedo and presented it to the Mikado's government. At least we heard so.

Who can foretell the future? The member for ——, did you say? Very well; go and ask him, whilst we land at Nagasaki.

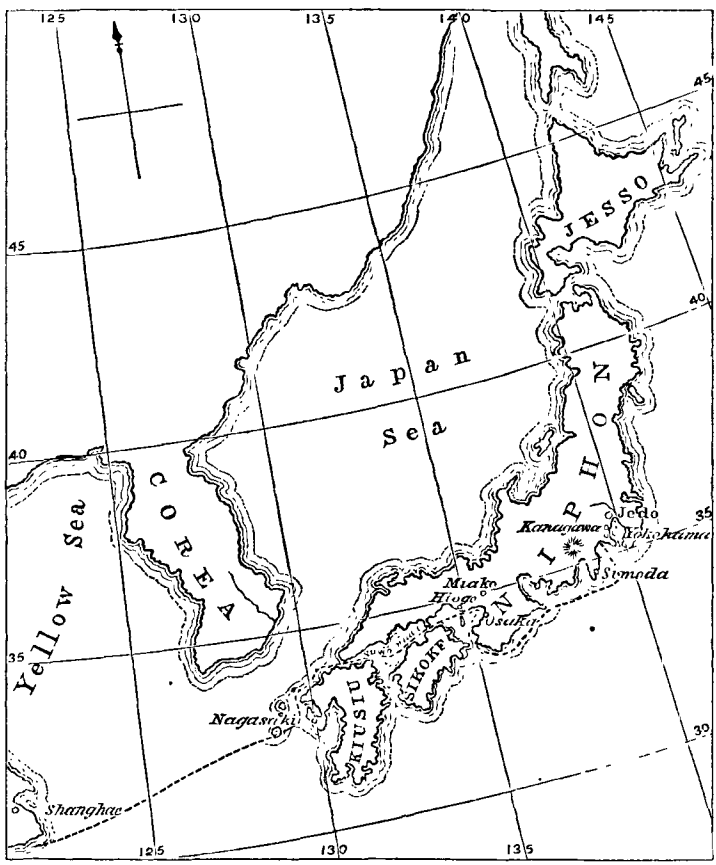
Just one word before we do. I think it possible there may be some who may be—may be—well!—just a little astonished at what they read in Japan. But you must know that, "if a man travels, he must not look queer if he sees a few things that he does not see here;" and it is better to call a spade a spade than to be like the American lady—now long since dead—who was unable to provide herself with a piano because she could not bring herself to explain to the upholsterer that it must have trows—s on its le—s.

CHAPTER V

Area of Japan—Papenberg—Scenery—Nagasaki—Modesty—Bathing—Clean Bodies—Tea-houses—Scene at Katoze Tea-house—The Cock's Gallantry—A perfectly undressed Lady—No Apology needed—The Poles of Modesty—Moral Laws—Incident at Meanoshta—Graveyards at Nagasaki—Up to Anything—Coal Mine—A Storm and its Thoughts—Cuttey Sarks—Sewers—Women—Dress of Women and Men—Nine Points of the Law—Japanese Character—Destructive and Protective Half of Nature—Boats—Different Customs—Actors—Tattooing—Hirai—Hasanoiiki—Ship's Rules—Our Passengers.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, you see, Japan is a group of islands longer and narrower than Great Britain, but with probably about the same superficial area. Nagasaki is the first town touched at by the steamers plying between Shanghae and Yokohama per inland seas. The entrance to Nagasaki from the ocean is by a long bay, broken as to its mouth by three outlets, themselves formed by small islands. Toward the mouth of this bay, there broad and wide, several islets are met, one of which we hope to visit; and farther down the bay, as it begins to narrow before reaching Nagasaki, where it opens out into a large basin, closing in again to the dimensions of a river when it has got past the town, the rock island of "Papenberg" is seen—the rock from whence the Christians were hurled, and thus, as it was hoped, the "crooked sect" banished for ever from the island. Vain hope! To convey to you some idea of the scenery of Nagasaki, and of the inland seas generally almost up to Hiogo, where the hills are less wooded, I must ask you to picture all that is beautiful in the shape of hills, which, in cliffs, in sweeps, in broken

peaks of fantastic shape, irregular in height and form, line the water's edge. Nature in her throes of volcanic birth has robed herself in a bouquet of exquisite and uncertain beauty. And she is aided by art. Minute, carefully cultivated



MAP OF JAPAN.

fields intermingle with bays, inlets, creeks, gorges, narrow valleys, and lie on the slopes of the hill-sides in the midst of a parterre of forest of the richest and most varied greens. I know few kinds of scenery more attractive, presenting more

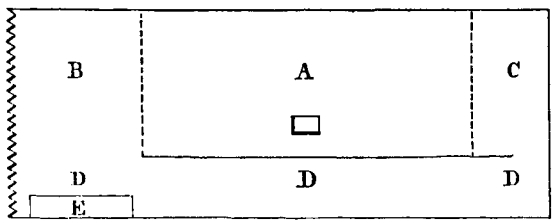
constant change, and more refreshing to the eye. There is enough of nature to give zest to art, or rather of art to give flavour to nature. It is a mingling of Killarney and the Trossachs; not so much one large whole, as small recurring bits of beauty. The town of Nagasaki lies in the basin of the long entrance bay, on a narrow plateau or slightly rising plain at the foot of a circle of high wooded hills. It is made up of regular streets running at right angles to one another—narrow streets, of low, two-storied wood houses. I think it is the most characteristic Japanese town we saw; but Japanese towns fall short of Chinese in attraction. The Chinese are such wonderful people to adorn their shops with colours, carving, and gilding. Their sign-boards, their names, all add to the general effect. This is wanting in Japan. As there were—I might almost say, there are—no carriages in Japan, the streets are so narrow that if you meet a pack-horse you have probably to stand aside to let it pass; though in Yedo there are one or two carriageable streets. The foreigners have constructed a quay or bund at Nagasaki, and along it have built their plain, unpretending, two-storied wood houses and offices. A few gentlemen have houses also on the slope of the hill that overhangs the town; and one, Mr. Glover's, commands an exquisite view, and is surrounded by a beautiful garden.

Of all things, the thing that strikes a stranger most in this country is the different idea the Japanese have of modesty to what their European cousins profess; and as my *entrée* into some sights of national peculiarity took place at Nagasaki, I intend to take you as witness. The streets, as I have said, are very narrow, and we were strolling through them, looking at the different shops of not very enticing looking articles, when we came upon a house shut in (if you can call it so) from the

street by open wood lattice work. Lattice work is not opaque, and, moreover, the door, which was wide open, opened on to the scene of operation. There was a steamy vapour within, somewhat obscuring everything, a dark floor of stone, and washing. The washing was that of the body; the method, water and a small flannel rag; the entire body being cleansed; and the persons, male and female forms, Japanese; but we might have assisted. It is a somewhat novel idea to us, to them a mere matter of everyday occurence—a washing of the hands; and you, "Theassia," would not be annoyed if you saw me doing that. I believe there is a growing "barbarous" feeling springing up that there should be a distinction in the bath, that there should be a veil thrown over the process of rubbing down; but at present the cleanliness of the Japanese form is evident to the most unobservant. We were convinced of it at Nagasaki, at Yokohama, at Meanoshta. If we had had any doubt on the matter we had an opportunity offered us of removing all hesitation, and the circumstance which proved it, which I shall here relate, occurred on the 19th May, at Katoze. We slept there that night at the tea-house, and reached it towards dusk. My companions went up-stairs to the upper room where we had to have our food, but I amused myself by wandering out and sitting in the large common entrance hall, room, or kitchen.

Tea-houses in Japan are all of much the same form. Built of wood, two-storied, they are placed by the side of the main road, and have a great open hall as their front, just as if you took away the glass from our shop windows, and raised the floor about two feet, so that if you liked you could sit down on the floor and have your legs in the street. Let us take the "Honjen," or high-class tea-house at Hutta, as a type of

others, though that tea-house is said to be one of the best in Japan. Certainly I do not want to forget its splendid entrance-hall of dark polished wood, its clean screened-off partitions of other rooms, or, its crowning beauty, the lovely garden. Suppose this to be a rough ground-plan, the zigzag



line representing the street. All the floor, with the exception of the passage D D D, which is on a level with the street, is raised about two feet. A is the kitchen, which is one with, or divided by, sliding screens from B, a wide verandah, or C, a room or rooms. The square in the centre of the kitchen is the fire-place, let into the floor an inch or two, on which logs of wood are placed and the cooking done, the smoke escaping where it likes. E is a sort of small room where the "resais," sleeping things, &c., are stored, and all round the outer walls are presses with sliding doors, so that nothing is seen lying about, no litter of any kind being visible, the very cocks and hens seeming to have a due regard for the proprieties. The kitchen A is lofty and heavily timbered with black wood, both as beams in the roof and pillars the support of it. In a box half way up the ceilingless, black-rafted kitchen is the house shrine—a pretty object; its frame dark wood, its screen lattice light wood covered with paper. This latter pushed back there is seen a sort of house inside, at the door of which is hung a votive offering of fruits, but I saw no image. Other than the black

rafters, the black pillars, the dark polished wood floor, the moving screens rolling back of white paper in frames, the matting of clean, finely-platted straw, the brass charcoal fire-urn to keep the tea in, there is nothing; and passing strangers are served, according to their rank or purse, in the "outer" verandah, the kitchen, or within the screens. When you feed you sit on the floor, when you sleep you lie on it, and mattresses and thickly-wadded dressing-gowns are brought in for your comfort. The colouring of the framework of the screens, different to that of the beams, is like to (possibly of) cedar, and not only scrupulously clean, but apparently oiled and polished till it shines again. No neglect there in that mysterious little room, its walls all wood, a mat on its floor, a frail rail in an inconceivable position, and a slit in the floor an inch or two wide and a couple of feet long. Nor there, where a beautiful bed of mosses, ferns, or grasses arrests the attention of us gentlemen. No! no neglect, but the most shocking system of drainage, and consequent smells, possible. A regular making clean the outside of the cup and platter. You are always expected to take your shoes off in the outer verandah or in the wide passage that cuts into the main raised floor before stepping on to it, so there is no mud. Such is the description of the tea-house at Hutta, and pretty well of that at Katoze and most other places in Japan.

It is there in the great outer kitchen at Katoze I must bring you back now; there where a passing cup of tea is being served to an humble stranger, and where by aid of the dark light of minute oil lamps I must guide you. The household work is going on around me, and there are bustle and noise and many people stirring as I sit down, boots on—but they in the street—on the ledge of the raised floor. The little light is enough to show me everything, and everything amuses. Three or four

men, bare from the middle upwards, come in and sit down near me, knocking off their sandals, smoking, and being served with tea from the ever-ready pot, talking and laughing to the girl that serves them. Then they call for warm water, and, bathing and wiping their feet, pass, shoeless, within the screens beyond. Then there is much doing with the barbarians' dinner in another corner of the room; and, though I anticipate here, I cannot forbear speaking of the foul proceeding that led to that dinner.

The Judge had become much distressed in his mind, and more in his stomach, that for the last few days the dole of food had been limited to rice, pickles, and a *pâte de foie gras;* and, I regret to say, that not all the respect which he ought to have had for the Buddhist religion, which prohibits the taking of life, prevented him from outraging the feelings of the natives by capturing a hen. We were driving through a village on our way to Katoze, when he, ruminating on his sad state, suddenly saw a chicken. "Stop," he cried. "*Quai hai.*" "Hy! Will you stop? Hy, I say, you fellow, here, catch that chicken. Here, how much? I will have it, I tell you, it's no use talking." . . . . . And the most ludicrous capture began. The village was roused. The chickens belonged to a deaf old woman, who was so on the principle of none so deaf as those who won't see; she never took her eyes from the caldron, or took the least heed of our shouts. She was a good Buddhist; but there was a wicked old man in the village who sided with the Christians, and took the chief part in the capture.

At first the chickens did not seem to apprehend their danger, and the she-chicken, the wife of the cock, was secured without much trouble. Her husband, however—perhaps from the sudden ceasing of his favourite cluck—got

alarmed, and flew for protection to the deaf old woman, to the out-house, to anywhere from the pursuit of the wicked old man and a few attendant imps. There was a gallantry about that cock, however, which very nearly proved fatal to him, for no sooner had the heat of the chase subsided than he returned to see why it was that the darling of his harem did not cluck.

It was evident to the wicked old man that the rooster could not be caught by speed; the way he doubled, and got under your legs, and just wasn't caught, forbad that hope. So it occurred to him that perhaps strategy and the extraordinary influence of love might effect what force could not. He begged on this account the hen from the Judge. Miserable fact! by this time she was speechless—she had been crammed, examined, and was being plucked! But nothing daunted by her incapability to woo, that wicked old man attempted the lure of seduction—all but successfully—on the disturbed husband. The scene was utterly ridiculous. I believe, though, that the only one of our party who understood Japanese was getting just the least little bit desirous to conclude the farce lest a two-sworded believer should come up and stultify his own creed by cutting our heads off, to keep the cock's on; so we moved away. It was this hen that was being gutted and roasted in one corner of the dark kitchen by our West Indian coachman, who had been improvised as cook by the Judge.

He formed one group in the whole, the men another, the tea-girls flitting about talking and laughing a third, and the whole of the dark kitchen was alive with people and sounds. As I said, I sat on the ledge, my feet in the street, occasionally going out into the dark night outside. As I had not my feet on the floor, I could not think why one of the

tea-girls exercised so many blandishments at my nether end to induce me to remove my boots, but I resisted and sat till they began to put the outer shutters up,—which are carried, then put up with a great rattle at night, and taken down with a great rattle in the morning,—then finding there was nothing more to see, and that the cause of the blandishments was lest I should wander away to a neighbouring tea-house and be lost to profit, I gave my high-lows up to the maiden. A short flight of steps led up from the spot of my unbooting to the upper regions, where we dined and slept, and it was at the lowest step that I ungallantly allowed myself to be unlaced. This naturally was a process of some short time; and as my eyes were free, and my conversation could only be monosyllabic, it gave me more time to see; and what I saw was this: a *perfectly* undressed lady (I scorn to use the dissyllable that has the same meaning) and two little children similarly attired! The trio were within a foot or so of me, and a little more lighted up than the rest of the kitchen as they were near to the shrine, which had a special light for itself.

The lady's occupation was dressing, but I had caught it in its undeveloped stage. The mamma—for I fancy that was her status—I believe, sincerely desired to get dressed, but the dear children had other views; so when she asked for her dress they did not bring it, but went through a pantomime on their own account. It was a great bit of fun for the bairns, and as I positively, merely a spectator, counted for nothing, in amusing them it amused the mother, who, when she did get dressed, came and sat down beside me, and we had as much conversation as was possible with our limited means . . . . "Qui mal y pense?"

I knew a gentleman once who hardly ever employed a

doctor, but if he ever did, and that doctor recommended him to take one pill, he invariably took two. As he lived till he was nearly a hundred, I need no apology for acting on his advice and offering you here two doses of Japanese eccentricity.

You may say if you like that the Japanese are an innocent race. I won't contradict you; but I don't believe it. I say they are, as regards our view of modesty and immodesty, simply at the opposite pole to what we are. They have moral laws. It is right to have a wife and to live with her, and if it so happens that she goes off the straight road you have a right to kill her; *but only*—if you kill both (her and her paramour): you may not make a selection. But though they have a basis of moral law on which to stand, I either got very erroneous notions, or the superstructure of custom which has been built on that is very different to what ours is. What can more fully prove this than the following incident, which I must merely etch. It happened at Meanoshita, where, strolling through the exquisite woods from one hot bath to another, with a friend who talked a little Japanese, we chanced to meet a native gentleman.

This gentleman was a little the worse, or better, for saki; at least he was amusing, and nothing would serve him but that we must rest and be entertained by his wife and family. Cushions of honour were placed on the floor of the open tea-house where they were staying; and there seated, our feet in the main road, we became the guests of a group of about six people. They were seated—squatted—in a half circle, and consisted of an old lady, possibly the mother-in-law, a young, exquisitely fair wife, a couple of male friends, a beautiful boy of twelve or fourteen, and a servant maid. Nothing in courtesy could possibly exceed the grace of our reception;

there was a combination of ease, of welcome, of cheerfulness which it is impossible to describe, the more so as they never rose, but remained squatted. Cake and tea were handed to us; the wife, like to alabaster, helping us to bits with chopsticks, and on squares of paper as plates, with a grace Queen Victoria —whose perfect bow on the second step of the carriage at Aberdeen (a not easy position to bow from) I well remember— could not surpass. During the period of tea-serving our saki friend remained outside talking and laughing. He put on my helmet, strutted about, and made the ladies "die with laughing." He informed us with the most expressive gestures that the young lady was here for her confinement; and this allusion to impending events was received with a sort of pleased anxiety, albeit the pantomime from which we drew his augury of the future was *very* precise. But the amusement he caused the whole party by this was as nothing compared to the burst of hilarity which he produced when, seizing hold of my Penang lawyer, he treated us to a Japanese view of a very old subject in a very novel manner. These people, my friend—who had some experience of Japanese folk and spoke their tongue—said were gentlefolk. And indeed their wonderful grace and ease of manner proclaimed them high-bred, if the extraordinary latitude of their jokes placed them completely out of the range of our judgment to condemn or acquit.

How has not that open lattice-work bath-house carried us away from places to customs, from customs to peoples; and from peoples where better to go than to their bourn? Surrounding the town of Nagasaki are numerous graves, small obelisks chiefly adorned with flowers, lining the side of the hills, neatly and tastefully kept. The harbour was full of ships, though the trade, they said, was not very

brisk. An English built screw man-of-war lay in the bay, sounds of factories were heard from the other side of it, and the Japanese seemed ready at least to try and get on. For *trying* they are wonderful fellows. They inquire, they attempt, and then they think they have succeeded. A story exists that once some Japanese bought a steamer. "Shall we come on board and show you how to work her?" said the English present. "Oh, dear, no, thank you!" said the Japs; "we understand all about it." So in they got, and off they set. Round the harbour once went the delighted purchasers, twice, three times. Would they ever stop? Round again. And then it began to be seen that though they had thoroughly mastered the starting process they had forgotten the stopping, and had it not been for the brilliant invention of some one on board who raked out the fire, they might have been going on to this day.

It was on the 2nd May, a Monday, that we got to Nagasaki, and on Tuesday Mr. Glover took us in a small steamer of his to visit the valuable coal mine which he was working at the Island of Kagoseema, near the entrance of the harbour. We went down the mine by a shaft of some 160 feet, and found a splendid seam of coal eight feet high, very good for steam purposes. The colliers were chiefly two-sworded men, who, when we arrived, bowed in the peculiar manner of the country, rubbing their knees with the palms of their hands; and when they came up from their grimy occupation took a hot bath in open day. The sail up and down the harbour was lovely; but as we steam up it for the last time in the evening of this Tuesday, the 3rd of May, 1870, one of those sudden squalls come on, so dangerous and severe in the Chinese and Japanese seas, and Captain Dearborn is glad to avail himself of the shelter of the outer harbour of Nagasaki, and lie-to there all

night. How better then can we employ these waiting hours than in running back mentally to Nagasaki. The wild crashing of the wind, the driving of the thick rain, the lashing of the sea against the sides of the *Origonian*, aids one's thoughts, and we think.

How odd it is that that boat-load of "cuttey sarks" should arrest their only garment short of the mark. Why, that gentleman in bandages and a pocket-handkerchief is over-dressed! My friend, "The Innocent Abroad" might be tempted at first "to look through his fingers;" but he would quickly recover himself, especially when he remembered Madame de Staël's celebrated reply anent Venus.

The Japanese are a cleanly people in their persons and houses, but their common sewers are common indeed—exceedingly ordinary and primitive, equally offensive to eye and nose.

The women are dairymaid-like, cheery, chubby, rosy-faced, fat-handed; the men fairly grown and proportioned. The men and women alike average fair. The latter wear one dress, a long dressing-gown, and have wound round the waist a heavy girdle of cloth or silk; besides, they often wear a neat handkerchief on the bosom. Their hair is dressed elaborately, far too much so to describe.

Japanese men, when they are dressed, which is generally, remind me of the history of England. You remember the pictures of our old ancestors, the serving-men, halberdiers, or whatever they were, who had their master's crests or their own occupations on their backs. The Japanese are like these. The stonemason, the baker, Choshu's, Satsuma's serving-men, have on their backs their calling. Some a short loose coat, wide trousers, or none. Others—the generality—long petticoats, a loose coat over, a breast handkerchief, two

swords, and a head. The head is noticeable, as it is so much like our clowns' heads in the circus. Did we borrow a Japanese head for our clowns, or did they borrow our clowns' heads for their people's? There is the same bald place at the top, the same hair all round, turned up, and brought into a wonderful tail, short, compact, united, lying on the top of the bald place. On board our vessel we have a load of these quaintly-dressed heads, and it is half-amusing, half-grieving, to hear us abusing the "Co." for giving them such latitude.

I am quite certain that nine-tenths of us travel among "barbarians" (fault of a better word), with the idea that we have, or are entitled to have, nine points of the law over them; and those nine are superiority. If these are conceded, we go about with a very fair stock of Christian humility, which we bring to bear upon the remaining tenth point. However, there is this to be said of our common fleshhood, if we think and speak of a "barbarian" as "that beast of a fellow," the barbarian is quite equal to returning the compliment.

The Japanese are bolder, more conceited, perhaps less thorough, certainly less obstinate, than the Chinese. A Chinaman will peep at you, a Japanese speak to you. Long isolation seems not to have injured them, unless, perhaps, in giving them too high an opinion of themselves. They will attempt everything. They—the Japanese—have no idea that they are inferior to a European. The tradespeople don't seem to be honoured by your custom; the servants even, instinctively polite, yet will begin a conversation.

I believe the Japanese owe a great deal of their charm to the fact of their not being a conquered race; the Chinese, on the other hand, have been rendered sullen by conquest.

You must forgive me if I am a little discursive here, for remember our position, tossing about in the outer harbour of Nagasaki, waiting for the storm to blow over, and filling up the time; but the thought of our too often rude assertion of superiority, the keynote of which is one-half—the destructive half—of nature, brings me to the other half—the protective half—which is found in a common equality and expressed by sound. I would I had been able to catch all the boat songs from Aden to Suwonada, all the cries from Toowoomba to Trakseloween, put them down, and sing them as proof of our common brotherhood. How lovely, too, are some of the boats from which float the songs!—these Japanese boats, silken-sailed, scrupulously clean, gliding into the sun's light, gleaming and shimmering as they lie on the calm blue seas.

Alongside, however, of the poetry of thought of a common kinship, how wide apart are the customs of the different races! Where, with us, a man, his naked—but for a loin rag—body so wonderfully tattooed that the absence of clothes is forgotten in the sight of a very picture painted—or pricked rather—all over his body? And see these actors, too, though they come nearer to our ways in their performance. There are five—one a girl—and their stage is a small piece of carpet laid upon a broader bit of one of the narrow streets of Nagasaki. There is a chorus, in the shape of an old man, who intones from a parchment scroll, and makes the recitative of the play. The girl does most of the acting, speaking her part with much kneeling, small, short steps, a good deal of weeping, poses, and a little gesticulation. There is a band; and sometimes the actors turn musicians, and play on the bits of wood that, together with a droning fife, compose it. The faces of the actors are much painted; and the per-

formance and the crowd of spectators not so unlike to our own.

Could not these Japanese have got on very well without the introduction of us "barbarians"? Have they not done without us for years and centuries? Do not their neat, clean villages, their cheerful, happy natures, the deer and the duck unharmed coming down to feed with their fellow-creatures of a Buddhist creed—do not many things in Japan teach us how good we should be, if we will go where so much seems to say we are not wanted? Is the fanatic, who strives to extirpate the pest-producing barbarian, so very worthy of blame? Echo answers, Yes, because he is a Buddhist. But if we must go—and we must—we ought to be Christians indeed, and we are not.

"Hirai," a Japanese gentleman, scholar, English-tongued, and interpreter, is on board with us. He gave me much information, and in the course of it happened to mention the name of some prince. "Who was that fellow," I said, "you mentioned just now?" "I don't think," said Hirai, in answer, "that that is the proper way to speak of a prince, to call him 'fellow.'" I apologised, I explained, and he accepted. There is a little prince-boy on board with us also, a small Hasanoiiki, a minor noble of Hiesen, of which "Sarga," often called "Hiesen," is the head. From out the kind familiarity of his attendants—an old bald Buddhist and some young companions—little Hasanoiiki rarely ever comes. He feeds in his cabin, which is on deck, sleeps in it, squats in it. But the ship's company have rules. The ship's servants are Chinese; and if there is one thing more delicious to a Chinaman than another it is to be put into an office of authority, be it ever so small, and no matter over whom. The rules of the ship ordained that at one particular moment,

when the tickets had to be collected, all the Japanese had to be arrested on the particular spot where they happened to be. By some awkward arrangement of the heavenly bodies at the moment of arrest, little Hasanoiiki's attendants were absent from their lord. It was, of course, not the least use for the bald Buddhist to explain to the Chinaman that he would only go up to the prince. A match-girl might as well have tried on that memorable day A.D. 1871 to explain her object to the minister. I think the little Hasanoiiki had not been arrested, he was too small or too great. At any rate, he appeared in the neighbourhood of the bald Buddhist and demanded his release. His poor little eyes were nearly full of half-timid, half-indignant, half-defiant tears. But he might as well have appealed to Mr. Lowe as to Chin Low in charge. The rules of the house—I mean the ship—could not be broken, and little Hasanoiiki was no match for the Chinese guard.

The storm is abating. We shall soon be out on the first of the six seas which make up the whole Suwo Nada (*nada* is sea), and could, but for the whirlpool of Kii, get to Yokohama by a route shortened by sixty miles. As we cannot, let us take one more look at our fellow-passengers. Most of them are soldiers, little men, dressed like seedy acolytes of the Ranter school, or waiters out of place. Why they should be got up in this semi-European style is more than I can say. Perhaps they are recruits. Perhaps it is a fancy dress. Still I think it is uniform. It is unbecoming, at any rate; and the sooner they adopt that which we saw later at Osaka the better. The officers dined with us, as did the civilian upper ten. They had the same food, and sat at the same table, or rather in the same cabin, at the same hour as we. They managed very fairly considering; as well, at any rate, as we do with

chopsticks, though they were not clear on the subject of plates, soup, and other, and clawed a chicken. The steerage part of the vessel had a host of the minor sort to itself. These turned out on special occasions, gorgeous in blankets, red, green, blue, brown; very picturesque, but with a touch of the Indian in it I thought. Three of our lot were musical —two officers, one a private—and these three used to walk up and down the deck, up and down, up and down, in step, linked, keeping time to the cheering notes of a small fife that the private, and probably their servant, performed on. They were easily amused.

CHAPTER VI.

Views up to Simonosaki—Inland Seas—Simonosaki—Maharo—The Scenery—Koby—Artchikowa River—Osaka—Her Merchants—*Sans Culottes*—The Silk Shop—Fort and Palace—Hospital—Mint—Temple Street—Pagoda—Hiogo—Chart of *Origonian*—A Spurt—Volcanic Island—Fusiama—Harbour of Yokohama—Curio Street—Cost of Articles—"One Price?"—Tea—Danger—To Yedo—Mr. Richardson's Murder—Tokaido—Change Horses—Ferry—Miaski.

IT is time to get up. The *Origonian* has been ploughing her way mid the rough seas outside the harbour since 4 A.M. The day is breaking, the storm lulling, but, alas! the distant country lies too much shrouded in mist. There is comfort though in most misfortunes, and to us there is that of seeing that, though the lifting of the mists from off distant peaks would enhance the beauty of our prospect, yet what we do see is especially lovely.

It is not till near 6 P.M. that we actually enter, at Simonosaki, the inland seas; but up to them our way has lain, anxiously perhaps for our captain, but pleasantly for us, through numerous islets—islets, rocky, woody, cultivated. Villages nestle by the main shore or on the islands; bays and creeks, hills, rocks, forests, carefully cultivated fields climbing up the wooded slopes, succeed each other, and the sea is dotted with the silken-sailed junks, now running swiftly before the strong west wind.

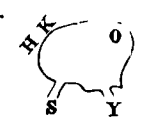
Two hundred and forty miles of inland sea; two hundred and forty miles of lake-like scenery; two hundred and forty miles of six seas—one, and yet six, by reason of the narrow straits that divide sea from sea.

Simonosaki, the entrance, a town, and though not a treaty town, yet celebrated as the spot where Chosu, I think to bring matters to an issue, fired on an English ship, and a naval engagement ensued.

Maharo, another town with a large sea-wall and a prince's residence. Other towns, built of wood, on account of earthquakes, but neat, imposing, and, as Maharo, lying on the shores of beautiful sealakes, isleted. On we go by scenery more lovely than the Trossachs, more bewitching than Killarney, for miles, and scores of miles, and hundreds of miles. Sometimes our way is narrowed to a strait, sometimes widened into a lake or sea, sometimes we steam amid island shoals, but always amid beauty.

Numerous villages nestle by the bright sands that fringe the shores, or cuddle away in pleasant valleys. Cultivation every here and there, amid the bright green garment of nature, in forest or grass. Village clusters, wooded peaks, silver shores, vistas of mountains clothed in wood, pensive valleys or wilder gorges, a bright sun, a blue sea, silken-sailed junks, their crews singing in monotonous harmony. *Ecce !*

Hiogo and Koby are towns lying on one shore of the largest sea, the farthest from Nagasaki and nearest to Yokohama. Koby is the foreign settlement, Hiogo the native town, a little separated from Koby. On the other side of the sea lies Osaka. Thus it is roughly—



H is Hiogo, K is Koby, O is Osaka, S is the way from Simonosaki, Y is the way to Yokohama.

It was towards the evening of Thursday that we dropped anchor in the bay of Koby, amid much other craft of steamers, sailing vessels, and native boats ; Koby to our right, Hiogo

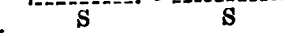
to our left, both lying on the plateau, or slope, that divides a range of not inconsiderable hills from the shore. These hills have become somewhat barer of trees, but the frequent villages that dot the plateau, the careful cultivation of the fields that intervene, the life of Hiogo compensate for the somewhat lack of exceeding beauty. On Friday we were up early, and off under the care of an Italian captain across the sea to Osaka. Osaka, one of the largest towns in Japan, the seaport of the imperial city of Miako, is approached by a narrow, short, muddy river, "Artchikowa." Up this sweeps, from off the sea, the south wind dangerously, stranding on the shallow bar of six foot of water at high tide the thatched junks, and causing the less daring to unship without the bar. Up through the low swampy shores, carefully tilled and growing corn, we steam. Pass the well-built fort at the entrance, where one of the Mikado's soldiers, in loose petticoat, cocked-hat in hand, is blowing his own trumpet, and thereby, as it seems, interesting no one. Up by the wooden houses so noticeable for their neatness, overgrown with creepers, windows with cross-bars, perhaps paper pasted thereon—more like Cashmerian than Chinese houses, but most like Japanese. Past these, and then to Osaka. Arrived there, we go to a low one-storied wooden house, where a Frenchman gives us not a bad breakfast, and under the shade of whose pretty wax tree we loiter whilst it is preparing. Then we start on our cruise, a Japanese gentleman courteously undertaking to be our guide.

I don't think I should care to be a foreign merchant at Osaka—to feel, as you must, that you are there only on sufferance—that you "may not go here, and must not do that." It struck us that there was a want of life about the place. It seemed as though paralysed by the fall of the

Shiogoon. The narrow streets were beautifully clean, neat, and swept, and smelt abominably, but many of the wooden houses were shut up.

There were plenty of tea-houses; in one a gentleman *sans culotte*—but that here means everything—and some ladies bowed gracefully. The shops disappointed us, but one is Marshall and Snelgrove's—a silk-shop, and I must try and describe it.

Suppose S S is the street, R R the shop, C a court let into it with trees growing. The whole floor of R R is raised some two feet from the level of S S and C. Banners or curtains, let down if needed, divide the open shop from the street, which (the shop) is itself very low, made up of many dark wood pillars, and of beautifully clean straw-mats covering the floor, from which is a staircase leading to a floor above. The place is large, there is a great deal of life in it, a brazier with burning charcoal is placed by the open court, and tea is always ready. The customers come, and, leaving their wooden clogs in the street, or carrying them in their hands, squat cheek by jowl with the shop people on the clean mats. There is a deal of "jaw." I presume either it indicates great activity, or it is the absolute duty of the vendor to scream out to the cashier. Perhaps it is on the principle of our friend at Sydney, "Sold, sold, sold again." The rank of our guide is at once recognised by the shopmen, who, if standing, bend till the palms of their hands touch their knees; if squatted, till their foreheads almost touch the floor. Our purchases are small (fault of knowledge). There was a "gist" lacking in the cranium. None of us were millinerogists, so we could not say how many yards there ought to be in a black silk dress, or if one of unknown quantity was



dear or cheap at £12. We were thus reduced to banner-screen purchasing at 12*s.* each.

From the silk-shop we went to the last Shiogoon's palace fortress; were not allowed to go inside, but were much impressed by its exterior. A wide, deep fosse; a massive stone wall sloping down into the fosse, and up straight, as a battlement, at the top; pagoda-shaped forts, or guard-houses, at each corner; large gates; drawbridges (I think), and a wide drill-ground outside.

Near to this palace was a well-built hospital, and not far off the site of the Mint, the new English governor of which and his sister we had had the pleasure of having as fellow-passengers from Ceylon to Hong Kong. From here two of us hurried away to see a splendid pagoda. To reach this we passed through a street of temples. But "temples" do not give you the idea they gave us when seeing them. To us they presented more the appearance of villa residences in one of our suburbs; separated from one another, enclosed in walls, standing in gardens, and, I believe, used as dwellings alike for the living and the dead. The pagoda was a very splendid one, rich in ornamentation and colouring—green, grey, white, brown, red, gold. It commanded an extensive view, too, from its summit, of the flat country, and the large town with its queer admixture of clean streets and dirty customs.

And now the Italian captain is whistling for us. Chosu's seedy band of waiter-looking soldiers, with German-band caps on, are anxious to feel our clothes, and ask innumerable questions as best they can. The water won't wait on the bar—indeed, we stick as it is; so we must be off back to Hiogo.

The next day we strolled up to an indifferent waterfall, through a splendid forest of fir and bamboo, carpeted with

azaleas; and though we could not see far into the interior, we had fine views of the lovely inland sea, jewelled with the glittering junks, and lying within its frame of mountain, plateau, village clusters, and cultivation. Then we wandered through the narrow, lively streets of Hiogo, saw a sort of "Billy Purvis's" booth with some grand acting, and re-embarked on the *Origonian.*

Captain Dearborn showed me his chart with the line of his passage, straight as an arrow, from San Francisco to Yokohama. Now he plies betwixt Shangae and Yokohama; and when he likes to put on a spurt—a spurt of seventy miles in six hours, at a cost of thirty ton of coal—he can make the porpoises canter. We had such a spurt as we neared Yokohama, because there was some old dampschiff, two or three mile ahead of us, that was spluttering and blowing away, making believe to get in first; but it did not. It required all our eyes to watch the coast line; thrown up in peaks and cones, rounded, irregular, valleyed, forested, verdured, fantastic, attractive.

Not far from the end of our sail we passed the still active volcanic island of Breeze, or Freeze, and saw the great feature of Japan, the sacred "Fusiama," on our left. Fast asleep with its night-cap on—which, indeed, at this time of the year it had drawn well down over its ears—it lay high above the surrounding mountains, but rising in a pyramid rather too uniformly and evenly for great beauty.

There is not so much to attract in the actual harbour of Yokohama as elsewhere; but there we were very glad to make one of some half hundred other craft, and drop our anchor in the evening of Monday, the 9th of May. The town stands on the crescent of a bay, and is entirely the result of foreign commerce. "Quoth the raven never more"

will the Japanese be able to drive the barbarian from his shore; but before he came "Kanagawa" was the town, which lies a little north of Yokohama by the sea, and on the main road between it and Yedo.

Yokohama is too modern to be as amusing as other Japanese towns; in fact it is not Japanese, it is the European abroad. Square boxes of houses, probably two-storied, separated from one another, verandahed. But it has one noticeable, enjoyable, "goloptious" peculiarity; it has "Curio Street!" No other town in Japan has got Curio Street. They may have got curios to sell, but here has been collected all that is likely to tickle the covetous propensity and reduce the will. Bronzes, silks, china, lacquer-work, ivory-work, pictures, toys, and the less said about these last the better; there is an ingenuity of astonishment, an unexpected development about them, which would certainly upset the calculations of the most wary purchaser.

The japan-work, the bronzes inlaid with silver, the ivory carving, however, make your eyes sparkle; your hand feels for the great motive power, and, exhausted with your futile attempt to obtain all, you agree with Mrs. Brown that it's "rubidish." The fact is, though, that it is not; the work is beautiful, but it is not peculiarly cheap. There is a Japan tray I have seen, one of many, the subject merely three fish, the price £8; a small box of japan-work, price £50; bronzes £100, £150! Notwithstanding, I believe a thousand pounds wisely invested in Japan would fetch two in England. Perhaps, though, like the jade-stones in China, the ivory carvings are here the most expensive purchases. A little carved stained ivory cabinet £16. Then there are more than two prices, considerably more, and that makes it puzzling to buy. A step from 45 to 30 dollars is nothing. However this is greatly

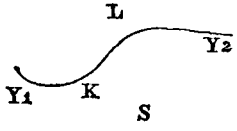
our fault, for we first "did" the Japanese, and now the Japanese "do us," if they can. I believe they really desire to sell fairly; at any rate, I have no cause to complain. When I said to Mr. "Moosashya," looking very firm, "One price," he said, "One price?" "Yes," I said, "one price." Then he, "One hunder an twentee-fi dollar." You can come and see the purchase if you like, and judge for yourself if it was a fair sale. "Shobey," the silk man, is a very good tradesman, and his silk dressing-gowns, at 8 dollars each, are cheap. Mr. "Moreea" sold me a cabinet, and I'll buy any number more he likes at the same price delivered here. But it is difficult to get them home; it is expensive to get them home; it is risky to get them home.

Do you like Japanese tea? The Americans do. It is very light in colour and of the flavour of green. The best, called "Oojee," or "Yamosheera," is sold at 5*s.* per lb. in America. Here, in Japan, it is double the price of the second sort, and, as it grows on the same plant, its increased value is gained simply in its preparation. The tea is cultivated in the country districts by small farmers, on the mounds or divisions between the crops, or wherever a bit of otherwise waste land can be found. It is then collected by native merchants from the different producers into one village, bought, resold to American merchants, and shipped. Before it leaves Japan it has undergone a preliminary drying at the hand of the producer, and is again, as at the warehouse of Mr. Walsh, re-dried. Placed in open ovens over a slow fire, it is there turned round and round by native women receiving a few "pies" a day, and is then ready for packing away in "catteys," holding one pound and a third each.

For a £50 note, paid into the Oriental Bank, I got 222 dollars 22 cents, and by the aid of these dollars we will,

if you please, take a trip first to the capital and then into the country; and I see you want to know if there is any danger. Well, there is danger in Japan, and there is not. If a two-sworded man gets a good cut at you, he'll cut your head off with one blow. There was a man that we met on our way up from Yedo who spat at us—so the coachman said—out of his norimon, and tried to get out; but the "bettos" carried him on and he could not. Had he got out, there's no knowing what would have happened. We were advised to keep on the right side of a two-sworded man, and not to enter into a polemical discussion with a drunken one. You may be garrotted in London; and you may be beheaded in Japan. The poor fellows who have lost their lives from the attacks of Japanese bravos, have done so, generally, as the victims of some political exigency, and not from the action of individual malice. A fanatic, a political reformer, a man the worse for liquor, is best avoided; but the generality of the people do not, or did not, wish to hurt you. I say did not, because since my return home I see that two officers have been attacked in Yedo. But Japan is in a transition state; the shoe must pinch somewhere, and it is not strange if its pinching is put down by the ignorant to a wrong cause, and the innocent made to suffer.

And now we will be off to Yedo. If you turn to a map you will see that Y 1 is Yokohama; K, Kanagawa; Y 2, Yedo; S the sea, L the land. You will know, when you are told, that "tokaido" is imperial road, and that such connects not only Yokohama and Yedo, but also the extreme north of the island with the extreme south. This road chiefly coasts the sea, is lined with frequent houses, and like many other things in Japan, was made for princes



and not for people. We, and such like, had either not to go at all or to go by by-paths. This exclusive privilege is now done away, and the danger of intrusion is over; but on the bit of road that lies between Yokohama and Yedo occurred the sad death of Mr. Richardson. It happened thus:—He, Mrs. Borrowdale, and Mr. Marshall had gone out riding one afternoon. Now "Shemadzu Saburo" was returning from Yedo that same afternoon, 14th September, 1862. (The late "Satsuma," as we call him, a great prince, had been deposed, and his nephew, "Matzdaira," raised to his princedom and power. It was this boy's guardian and father that killed poor Mr. Richardson.) He had been snubbed by the Shiogoon's Government, and was cross. The English party meeting the procession, stood aside to let it pass, and it had already half done so, when Mr. Richardson, who alone understood Japanese, to his intense horror, heard an order given, and immediately was cut at. The whole thing was so sudden, so unexpected, that escape for any was all but impossible, and poor Mr. Richardson was killed.

This act was perpetrated to gratify no private malice or spite against foreigners generally, but for the purpose of embroiling the Shiogoon's Government, which was pressing upon these great princes, and which they hoped to overthrow by implicating it, somehow or another, with murdered Europeans.

The tokaido, or what we saw of it, was a good even road, fairly made, and in places lovely from its rows of splendid Criptomeria Japonica. These firs differ from the deodars of Cashmere in growing very straight and tall, whereas the deodars, though often splendidly stemmed, are as often crooked and slanting. The vistas formed by the criptomeria of the tokaido, their dark sombre foliage, their branchless, straight,

equal, and splendid stems, give an attraction to this road which I have not seen elsewhere. It was pouring with rain when we started, in a sort of covered dog-cart, and yet almost along the entire road there was a crowd. Pack-horses, people on foot, people in norimons and kanghos,* borne along by their all but naked and extraordinarily tattooed bearers; but nothing driven except our own carriage, greatly to the alarm of the pack-horses. A daily American waggon-coach runs now, and a railway is in course of construction.

The road was amusing enough, notwithstanding the rain, and some of the sights barbarous! Barbarous did I say? Well, yes. Nevertheless, I have seen as "barbarous" sights in London. On our way we had to pass through Kanagawa. This was the old city or town before Yokohama was heard of,

* I have had a ride in a kangho, which for discomfort is only equalled by an Indian ekka. In this conveyance you must sit in this fashion W. If you let your feet dangle down, they invariably hit the ankle of the man in front carrying you, and your own head is as constantly being smitten by the pole. The round part is made of basket

A KANGHO.

work. A "norimon," or "norimono," is a covered box, which, from its size, must cause the same compression of the human form. This suits the Japanese, as the ekka does the Hindu; but in Japan, I believe, a person must be of a certain social standing before he may be carried.

and which consisted of a long street of indifferent and uninteresting houses. Dotted all along the road were tea-houses, offering shelter and refreshment. Of these, some are set apart for the higher classes, and are called "honjens." These we used; and half way to Yedo stopped to change horses. Our driver was a West Indian black, and the gentleman who provided us with the change was from the same country, and had a good deal of the black about him—"Massa!" "Oh, yaas!" "Golly!"—plus an unlimited supply of laughter. The name of the place where we changed was "Kowasaki," a bustling place, with three tea-houses—deep, low, clean places, served by numerous girls, anxious to help you to tea, macaroni, rice, small vegetables, and pickles, and to talk and laugh with you to any extent. Then carriage, horses, and selves were put into a boat and ferried across the narrow, but sometimes almost impassable from floods, river of Rakooan-a-kowa. The kanghos and norimons were trotting along

A NORIMON.

all the way as we went, their able bearers doing the twenty-eight miles between Yedo and Yokohama in about three hours.

At "Miaski" there was another tea-house and garden. It stood more alone than those at "Kowasaki," and was evidently

a great place of resort. Celebrated for its pickles, "John" said, and surrounded by a grassless tea-garden, with sheds, raised floors and clean mats for tea within, trained plum and other trees, artificial water without, the whole wearing an improved—because the tea-sheds were cleaner—cockney suburb tea-garden appearance.

Thus passing over our drive, generally in a perpetual street of houses, sometimes amid the firs, occasionally by a piece of rice and corn-grown cultivated land, we arrived, towards dusk, at the threshold of the huge city of Yedo.

CHAPTER VII.

Size of Yedo and Population—Wood Houses—Fireproof Houses—Sheba—Temples—That at Enosima—That at Shanghae—That at Sheba—They and We—The Hotel—A Night Walk—An Earthquake—Bird's-eye View—Yaconin—Prince Tossa's House—Mikado's Palace—Tako Yama—The Zeta—Osaksa—Weeno.

YEDO is an enormous wooden town. You can ride in it for twenty miles; you can't ride through it in eight. It contains millions of inhabitants—some say three and a half; but I fancy that number is too great. Now and then it is burnt down, built up again, and can, if needed, be carried off bodily and put down somewhere else. Being all built of wood, the wood can be taken down and re-erected; and there are those who think it may walk off some day towards Yokohama, as the Yedo harbour has disappointed the expectations of its foster-parents. Every now and again you come upon fire-proof houses—the more readily seen by us because a good slice of the town had not long before been burnt down—narrow, two-storied, square boxes, that resist the fire very well.

Yedo is repeated in every street. It is a repetition of Osaka, and yet it is not more like Osaka than Birmingham is like Manchester. In proportion, each is like the other not more and not less. In Yedo you pass through miles and miles of open shops, through hundreds and thousands of people threading their way along the narrow streets; and being, as you are, strange to sight and sound, everything amuses, interests, and, alas! is too easily forgotten. We

56972

delayed near the entrance, and paid a visit to what, I think, ranks in beauty of conception, and in perfection of detail, with the Taj at Agra. Yet it is absolutely and entirely different—alike only in that both are tombs. "Sheba" is where we stayed, and Sheba is the burial-place of the Shiogoons. Shrouded by lovely trees and shrubs, girt by moat and massive wall, and peopled by priests whose black crape dresses well assimilate with the place, it presents, as a whole, that feeling of repose and awaiting without which a cemetery is a deformity, but with which it acts on the living as a gentle warning, a sedative, an inquiry. This veil of unthought thought, of inquiry without question, is what, thrown around the Taj in its exquisite shroud of mystic marble and its perfection of proportion, stilling and quieting the mind and the eye without its knowing why, gives the charm; and this, by perfectly different material, is offered you at Sheba. At the Taj there is no hideous abortion of a god to sicken the mind; nor at Sheba, that we saw, was there any vain attempt of man either to define God or to mimic nature. The garden of this last resting-place of the Shiogoons contains many separate tombs, temples, and courts; and it would be as impossible for me to convey to you an accurate description of them, as it is for me to recollect them myself. To me, as I think back, there is left the memory of the outer wall, its water-filled moat girdle, its closed gates; within, the long wide quiet street of priests' houses, fronted at the far end by the fine red gates that opened on to the temples, and courts, and tombs beyond. I think of the Temple of Great Names, of the Shiogoon's Praying Temple, of the splendid bronze tomb of the last Shiogoon that died as such, of the many courts scrupulously neat and clean, where each dark blue pebble seemed to have been separately laid to make up the

gravel floor. I think of the first court of stone urns or lamps surrounding its open centre as the ante-chamber; and as, in thought, I pass through the bronze court of lamps, I see reverence for the dead increasing till it culminates in the huge sarcophagus of copper that holds the dust of the dead Shiogoon. In somewhat indistinct vision the massive gates that enclose these courts rise up before me—gates richly, gorgeously adorned with brass, with gilt, with intricate workings in copper. Gilt bronzes float across my memory, the silent priest and the solemn fir pass into sight as I write, and I remember that the effect of the whole was perfect. Though you saw much gold and colouring, you were saved from all feeling of gaud by the elaborate finish of the execution of the work and its intrinsic value; and when you were shown the gorgeous Temple of Prayer, where survivor, kneeling amid lavish but legitimate splendour, amid true appreciation of the correctness of form and careful painstaking beauty of execution, saw, looking upward from out his splendid prayer-house, nothing but the tomb of his predecessor—seen through a vista as in a vision—you felt sorry that the power of the Shiogoons was gone, and nervous lest in the destruction of their power this emblem of it should be sacrificed also. As the Taj, so Sheba belongs to the world, and all lovers of the beautiful should endeavour to guard it from destruction. Rather let the memory of the lustre of a great house be preserved by the purchase of these tombs, than let a world's gem be destroyed because it is necessary to confirm the absolute power of the Mikado in Japan. But I may be only imagining a possible misfortune; for though we heard everywhere of the fall of Buddha, of the withdrawal of the subsidies of his priests, of huge purchases of iconoclastic copper by speculative Frenchmen, ay, even of the destruc-

tion of Daibouts, we did not hear that the tombs of the Shiogoons would have to succumb to the onward march of events. Art defend!

I ought to try and describe a Japanese temple; but it is very hard.

If you desired to explain to a Japanese a Roman Catholic place of worship, and you were to do so by carefully delineating Cologne Cathedral, it is possible you might convey a somewhat wrong impression to the barbaric mind; and if on a subsequent occasion he chanced to visit Europe, mind-bathed in Cologne, the innumerable different shades of places of worship, from St. Peter's down to the wayside shrine, might somewhat puzzle him. So I to you. If Sintooism only had as an emblem of purity a looking-glass; if Buddhism, in its essence, only acknowledges virtue as good; yet it has come to pass that the human—coarser—mind has seemed to require (and has had granted to it) *objects* of worship. Thus there are met temples with no object of worship in them; there are met some where, by a judicious adaptation of means to an end, a certain air of mystery is thrown over an almost if not altogether invisible god; and others again where the more observable, unnatural, hideous, and grotesque the god is, the more he commands the worship of his devotees.

Of the second sort I well remember one on the island of Enosima. The temple seemed to be arranged for effect. It was elongated, so as to produce the dim obscure in the distance, which was still further enhanced by the aid of a net drawn across the whole interior of the place. As I stood on the steps of the open temple two men came, threw a little money into a large open till that was conspicuous at the entrance, knelt, reverently mumbled a short prayer, clapped

their hands, and went away. The priest took me in—in within the veil, up to the altar beyond, which was arranged like a conjuror's table with all sorts of queer things, lacquer and brass. Before the main altar, a smaller altar, with a light burning, and on the main one three pieces of wood with white paper neatly folded. Behind, a curtain. The priest drew it aside, and there was a white wood shrine! And now my curiosity, but half satiated, desired to see within the shrine, but no. "*Quousque tandem*," said, I mean should have said, the priest, but he did not; he merely intimated that the repose of "Binzaiatim" must not be disturbed.

But was "Binzaiatim" there? This temple was of the kind that conveyed impressions by effect. I was permitted to go far further into the mysteries than the worshippers, and yet there was a mystery left for me. There was, though, no statue of god, nothing but a suggestive whole, if I except a picture. But the picture need not have been the god. It was of a hideous sea-dragon; and that should not be a god, though I think "Binzaiatim" had to do with the sea.

Of a mixture of the second and third kind you may remember that we saw at Shanghae, where a giggling crowd, looking through the bars that caged in a mystic group of gods, were themselves the more mystified by the gods having veils thrown over their dimly lighted heads.

To us it is the absence of gods that gives pleasure; and from their absence we derive satisfaction in a Mohammedan mosque, and in the Temple of Sheba, which is a type of the first sort. All temples alike in China and Japan that I have met with have sharp corners and overhanging roofs. The exterior of that at Sheba was profusely ornamented with gilding, the gates were of copper and gilding, the interior was a large square. A clean straw matting covered the

floor, the roof was of squares of inlaid gold and colouring, the walls of gold or dark polished wood.

Other than this, so runs my memory, there seemed nothing. Perhaps some banners, but the peep we were allowed leaves not the impression of them. There seemed nothing to distract. Around the prayer as he prayed nothing but the rich harmony of art and man's skill. And as shoeless we can see the last of the Shiogoons enter, kneel, and pray, we feel the sacred, quiet, noiseless cool of the temple that surrounds him; before him is an open door or window, and, cut against the clear blue of heaven, the grand urn—solemn mockery of man's decay—that holds the ashes of his forerunner.

I have endeavoured to guard you against thinking all temples alike in Japan and China, but if I must still further do so, I would bid you build them sometimes with altars and railings, and banners, and ornaments, with gods of all sorts and sizes. I would bid you light them dimly, incense them much, and arrange them, as best suits you, with javelins and flags so as to strike awe into the beholder and to keep up the fear of the gods.

But we must hasten out of Sheba. Night is falling. Night —oh, how dark the night! The night of all but universal alienation from right, and light, and reason, and love.

I sicken as I write of these people. Not because they are different to us, but because they are us. Our boasted Christianity, albeit that its mighty precepts have filtered through the masses professing its faith, making them first in the human race, haunts me. When I know what is here at my door, and see that man is the same at Yedo or at York —the good in him how feeble, the bad how strong—I am perplexed, and distressed, and amazed.

We have got into our carriage again now and are off to that very big hotel—that enormous hotel—at Yedo.

They do say it was "them Americans 'as did it"—suggested it, mapped it, planned it, laid it out, erected it, and got the Japanese to pay for it. It is enormous, enclosed in a wall fit for a siege—that may be useful—vaulty, ghostlike, destitute of furniture, and, I should say, of interest—on the capital. We had much to do in a short space of time, and, of course, we must see the sights. You need not come with me if you don't like, because it's dark, the streets are muddy, unlighted, and the two yaconins have only got one lamp between them.

"Look out, there's a horrible muddy bit." "What was that the yaconin was trying to say just now?"

"Oh! that the Japanese Government have appointed certain portions of the towns and placed certain restrictions on those who have made themselves subservient to the lusts of others."

"It is not thought at all dishonourable," he says; "it is a kindly thing to do if your parents are aged and poor. Some are reared from early youth to the life. Some make a bargain for a certain number of years. Many afterwards marry."

"Mind that hole." "How dark it is!" "Yes, this yaconin fellow keeps dodging along with his paper lamp so that I can't see a step I am going." "However, here is some more light ahead, and now we can see better." "What a funny sight. It reminds one of a wild-beast show. The cages have wooden instead of iron bars true, but they are cages. Just the same height; their floor, as the floor of the menagerie, a little bigger, perhaps, but not so very much larger either. And those figures! they are as motionless as, and look like, wax ones. What are they doing? Nothing. Half a dozen

of them sitting in a semicircle facing the bars of their cage, so disposed by aid of a dim light that their handsome dresses and much painted—it's becoming here—faces make up a group of some artistic merit. What are those little boxes in front of each, little boxes of *bonbons*, their pipes, their tea, is it? Yes. How motionless the most of them sit! It is altogether the same as if we were passing by the bars at the Zoo, this passing along this narrow muddy street at Yedo, and seeing caged humanity, *for a purpose*, sitting on the lower floor of their wooden boxes of houses of two stories. But there is more noise here in this adjoining street—a mingling of the sexes, games. Let us go and speak to some of the ladies. Are they not polite? How gentle and pleasant their manner, with how little amused and how thoroughly! We will away home."

Up within that huge circle of lofty wall; into the court-yard; "Good night" to the yaconins; into the great gaunt sounding passages; up the stairs; within your own particular "Englishman's castle," furnished like an indigent French one; and to bed; more than that, to sleep.

"Is the boat starting already?" That was the first thought. The second was, "Why, I am in bed in the hotel; it can't be the boat, and I am not asleep now."

"What a disagreeable sensation. Everything is shaking—the house, the room, the bed. Am I?"

I jumped up and looked out of the window, but that did not make matters any better, so I came to the right conclusion that it was an earthquake, and went to bed again. It was the heaviest they had had in Japan for long. It frightened many terribly. Strong men too. The most tremendous reports were rife in the morning about the damage done, but they were haply exaggerated. I believe

that the effect of an earthquake on the system is to intimidate greatly, when *you get accustomed to it!* They told us this; and certainly not one of our party were half as much (if at all) frightened as many of our European friends were. They made no secret of their fear; but they were accustomed to it, we were not; and in defence of the nervous it must be said that an earthquake does doubtlessly produce a very helpless sensation, for if the dear old earth gives way what are you to do?

Time to get up, to go down to the great gaunt coffee-room and breakfast with some questionable brother Europe men, and one or two Japs—perhaps shareholders trying to eat their interest. It is quite cold, but we will run up to the top of the turret that surmounts the inn, and cast our eagle eye over the scene of last night's and to-day's promenade.

There it lies, the great town of Yedo! Little boxes of houses mapped over acres and acres, over miles and miles, of land. The sea on the east, some higher land on the west. The harbour, a bit of a sham, lacking in depth, jealously guarded by isolated fort islands. The Mikado's summer palace, embosomed in trees, a little to the south in the town. Everything in the town—the horizon, even. The Mikado's great palace—a town within a town—somewhat to the west. The region of the princes—Belgravia—adjoining the great palace, with broader streets and separate "compounds." Weeno. Osaksa. Tako Yama. What a hive of life is there not here!

Before we start this morning, I think I ought more particularly to introduce you to our yaconins. You—a European—cannot move without a yaconin. He is your passport. He vouches for your respectability, guarantees you to others as holding the gracious permission of the Mikado to move. His life is for yours. We had six. When we drove

they rode. When we walked they walked. Generally two only attended us. This is one of them, who, I have an idea, was an officer and a gentleman. He had a straw hat on, like a fishwife's, secured under the ears. Or if he had not, a round lacquer plate finished him off. He had a loose coat of crape, and petticoats on. Stockings with slits between the

YACONIN.

big and second toe, and straw shoes, which, when he was on his horse, were neither ornamental nor useful in any degree as spurs.

"Two swords he bore, and worsted gloves he wore!"

His horse was fourteen hands high, and no sort of shape at all. No sort of shape at all when he was at rest; when he was in motion, and it was necessary he should stop, he assumed the shape of a giraffe, his head got so high; when he should turn he became swan-like, his head caressing his rider's knee. This knee was greatly elevated, approaching

the nose of the owner; and the body generally seemed balanced with exactly the sort of nicety I should like it to have at a joust, provided I was the other body. The saddle's pommel rose like a mountain, its flaps extended as a plain. Stirrups, iron slippers. Bridle, a snaffle. Reins, blue rolled cotton. Head-stall, rope. There was a pad over the loins, and a crupper lent its aid to the whole business.

It might be necessary on occasions to dye your horse's tail, and to put it in a bag. But I am not clear if the same was a necessity, the privilege of rank, or the act of some one in the height of fashion. These yaconins get house, horse, rice, and twelve dollars a month from the Mikado, but no clothes. They mount on the right side, and, judging from their invariable good humour, never get out of bed on the wrong.

And now we will be off, mount our "cawage," call our yaconins, and trot down to Prince Tossa's house on our way to the Mikado's palace. Prince Tossa's house is not different to the other princes' houses, but consists of a square enclosure all to itself. Within the outer wall the separate houses of his retainers, within another wall, and in a garden, his special house, into which we do not see. A host of the Tossa retainers are galloping small Japanese horses up and down the street outside. The Tossa guard recline by their swords at the main entrance, and kindly permit us to pass inside to see the great Tossa curio, a European carriage! It is too much for us; so we drive on through the princely streets to poor deposed Stots Bashi's palace, now the Mikado's. What a palace! It is not like Buckingham, Windsor, or —the late!—Tuileries—one huge building and done with it. It is a vast collection of separate houses, all contained within one enclosure, but having an enclosure within an enclosure, moat, wall, fort, park, house, all within the outer

wall; the same giving you a sort of "defend me from my friends" feeling. Wild duck skim the moat around the inner sanctum. Wide places, streets, houses, surround the actual dwelling of the Mikado, which we are not allowed to visit. Standing amid luxuriant trees on a slight rise, it is tempting to see only the outside. Is it a come-down for the Mikado to go and live at Yedo, or an elevation? It ought to be more comfortable; for heretofore he was supposed to be too good to live in a house, and must do so in a temple. Since, however, he has assumed the active executive, he must do as other folks do. He used to be carried in "omeekosi"—sacred sedan chairs devoted to the gods; but he was actually seen one day—*credat Judæus*—when we were in Japan, like "Lord Wal-de-grave, reviewing the corpses" on the outside of a horse. If you object to my writing thus flippantly, let me apologise. There is no man in the world at this moment to whom more sympathy is due than to the Mikado. Almost a boy, yet called upon to combine in himself literally the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove! Called upon in his own person to overcome prejudice, and to lead an excitable, intelligent, and touchy people—counted by millions—in an onward course, without —to them—parallel or precedent. He bids fairly, and with all my heart I wish him well.

From the palace we drive to Tako Yama, a tea-garden standing at the top of a high hill, approached by many steps. We are dissipated! I regret, but confess it. Be merciful; think of the beam. We take to drinking—to drinking before breakfast. To drinking "Hano Jew" at Tako "Yama." But the driver drinks more than we do. I have only one cup. They are not large—the size of a saki-cup, less than a tea-cup. I do drink it though; and it is hot water with

a flower in it to give it a smell, or a taste, I forget which. Am I shriven? I have confessed.

From these gardens we drive again in another direction through the precincts of the Mikado's palace, wherein I purchase from an ancient and purblind female of days a zeta-sort of lute. She is accompanying its few twangy notes with an appropriate voice, and can hardly enter into the feelings of the barbarian millionaire who purchases her whole stock-in-trade for a dollar. We also come upon, in the royal demesne, our old friend—but not that fellow—Hirai; his silken petticoats, pipe-clayed gaiters, pomatumed cue—of course *à la clown*—are unexceptional, and his manners as affable as his dress is neat. Then, after a drive of many miles, our early dram taken, we come back to the inn for the common-place affair of breakfast, which is eaten at noon, or later even, in Japan, and is, practically, lunch.

Commingle in your mind's eye Hogarth's pictures, and that Fair into which the heroes of the "Pilgrim's Progress" stumble, and then try and realise what we are going to see. By the recollection of the crowd, and the shows, and the booths, depicted in those pictures, you will better be able to form some idea of Osaksa. We took the carriage and the yaconins, and set off through miles of thronged streets to this holiday district of the great city of Yedo. The actual approach to it was through a street of toy-shops, which excited my covetous eyes; but difficulties of transport, fortunately, prevented large, indiscriminate purchases. When we had got through the toys, we were actually in Osaksa, and if for clearness I must define what it was, I should say it was a tea-garden and a temple. Keep Hogarth or Light Heart in view, and you will judge how unwise it is to define a whole composed of so many parts. I am sure, however, there

was a temple. It met us as we entered, having left our carriage some little distance behind. My recollection of this temple is of a red, adorned, lofty hall of a place, with a large till before a huge god. It was crowded with people, some of whom went up to the till before the shrine, threw down a few "cash," mumbled a prayer, clapped their hands, and passed on by flank or front doors to the shows. Everywhere there was jostle, everywhere good humour, everywhere a making of puns, a cracking of jokes, and laughter. Only once did I see anything approaching a scowl, and perhaps that was imaginative or justifiable. We went into an acrobat's show, and of course to the best places. The gentleman at the door, who ushered us on to a sloping platform raised above the pit—the rest of the house—fronting the stage, tried to make some Japanese give place. One objected. I think it is rather pleasant to find some one else rude; you can score yourself down one point to the good in consequence. That gentleman's objection is the only instance I remember, at Osaksa at any rate, of anything approaching to incivility. The acrobats did not do much, and we never saw any good juggling in Japan; it just happened that we did not, for the Japanese are noted for their conjuring. Of shows in Osaksa there were any number—conjurors' booths, acrobats' theatres, chambers of horrors, peep-shows; every exhibitor bawled louder than his neighbour, and most had a choice band, consisting of a fife, a guitar, a drum or two, cymbals, and the human voice. After we had come out of the acrobat's, we went into the horrors—a fearful place. It was a long booth with a centre-table, on which were life-sized figures killing themselves, or being killed, in every possible way imagination could invent, and reality generally eschews. There were mechanical contrivances, too, to emphasise the

article death, by making it go through its different phases. The blood gushed out, or, if it did not, it was there, no doubt, all ready to do so. Order amongst the spectators was well preserved; and we, in the hands of the yaconins, were kept moving on, till, after we had seen every one killed in the least likely and most horrible way possible, we came on the last group, saw the victim die—I forget how—and then, by the introduction of some ingenious bolt, the platform on which he died turned round, and he came up again on the other side, "all alive, oh!"

After this we strolled into the gardens, visited some cocks and hens, live birds, and a few monkeys; and then, in company with the yaconins, partook of a slight refreshment. For this we went into one of the many tea-houses, sat down on the clean straw mats like tailors, and clapped our hands. The serving-maids answered in a shrill treble, and presently appeared from an adjoining kitchen with "sobar" (macaroni), "wasaby" (horse-radish), "daiko" (turnip), and "toonga rush" (cayenne pepper); this was eaten with "shoya" (soy), and washed down with a little tea, or "saki," if desired.

Then we drove to "Weeno." Weeno is in another part of Yedo, some distance from Osaksa, and consists now of a lovely park of splendid trees, approached by an avenue with a fine sweep at the entrance. Before the late war it was the home of many gods, but they and their temples are in ruins now at Weeno no less than elsewhere. For art this is a pity. Many of the bronze statues of Buddha are very fine, and it is sincerely to be hoped that "Daibouts" has not been sold to a Frenchman for £1,200. As we left, three ladies with "zetas" met us, played to us, and sang. This so incited one of our party, a good little travelled bird from America, that he began to dance a minuet. I believe we were rather

shocked. We feared the Japanese would not be able to distinguish the different nationalities, and that the dignity of Great Britain was involved; but the little "Partridge" went on, utterly regardless of our feelings, and made pirouettes astonishing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Newspaper Opinions—Divine Right—The Festival—Leading Features of Yokohama—Curio Street and how it looked—Processions—Three Classes—Reception at the Yoshiwarra—Sights from the Hospital—The Drunken Christian—The Play-houses—Toilette—Little Secrecy—Night's Entertainments—Don't sneer—Sunday—Monday—An Introduction—Life of a Party—Trip to the Country—Dead Beggar—Rain and Wind—Luncheon at Yeoso—View across Odiwara River—The Passage—Dr. Oeeeroady—Have your Nose shaved?—Castle at Oodawarra—Hutta—Tea-house and Garden—Are we welcome?—Walk to Hakoné—Hakoné—Bits of Scenery—Jap's Appreciation of Fun—Japanese Words—Different Views on Sketching—Asinoyou and its Occupations—Trees Grow in the Valleys—Alcoholic Water—Separate Bath—Boiled Baby—A very dangerous Act—Night Bathing—The Valley—Purchases—"I hate a Person who does what's right"—Japanese Dinner—How Eaten—After Dinner—Syonara—Japanese Fisher—To Tonosawa—Oodawarra—Fusisawa—Kite-flying—Katoze and its Occupants—Shampooer—Enosima—The Cavern—Anata Tempo—Temple of Duckgod——Daiboots—Kamakoora—The Murder of the Officers—The Temple—Hatchemangs—Respect this.

ON Friday the fête of the "Matsuri" begins at Yokohama—the fête in honour of the great goddess, Ten-Sho-dai-jin. If you do not believe me, read this from the *Japan Herald*, Yokohama, Friday, 6th May, 1870.

"JAPANESE HOLIDAY.

"On the 14th and 15th days of the present native month (14th and 15th May), there is to be a great Matsuri (Japanese festival) here in Yokohama, more gorgeous than any which has ever been seen here. The ostensible excuse for this holiday-making is the removal of the shrine of Ten Sho Ko Dai Jin Go Sama from the cliff (now being cut away to form the new Kanagawa road) to the Governor's hill, near the large bell, and above Noge Bridge. This order, or rather

permission, came from the Jin Gi Kouan (Religious Ceremonial Department) through the Kanagawa Ken (Saibansho). Hitherto To Sho dai Gongen Sama has been the great Kami (god) of the Togukawa clans since the time of Iye-yasu, but is now abandoned by the new *régime* for the worship of Dai Jin Go, of the province of Ise, a place of pilgrimage, of which the little shrine, or Ya-hiro, at Ishi-saka, now to be removed, is only an offshoot. . . . This is evidently an attempt at popularity hunting," &c.

In that same edition, there is "A Chinese View of England," not reassuring. Let me commend the same to Downing Street, and for the present call your attention again to the same paper of Thursday, May 12th, 1870.

"THE MATSURI.

"A few days since, we published a notice of the coming festival of Ten Sho Ko Dai Jin Go Sama (the great goddess of heavenly glory). Our readers may not know that this is the same goddess who is also called Ame Terasu, On Kami, popularly known as the first of the gods, and the primeval ancestress of the Mikados of Japan. Gogen Sama is the same as Iye-yasu, the original ancestor of the Tokugawa family. But when these facts are given, no one will fail at once to discover the great reason why, just now, the worship of Gogen Sama should be abolished, and Ten Sho Ko Dai Jin set up as the chief object of worship for the people. We know that since the rejuvenation of the ancient form of the Imperial Government of Japan, Buddhism has been interdicted, and the old Shinto belief has been re-established by Imperial decree. The coming festival seems but to be the carrying out of the purpose of Government, which is to put

down and to discredit other faiths except that of Shintooism, of which the Mikado is Pope. It is said," &c., &c.

But I can't copy the whole paper for you. You can get it for yourself, and read that he—the *Japan Herald*, I mean—speaks in the next paragraph or two in a way not encouragingly of the strict orthodoxy of the Buddhist, nor hopefully for the Christian, from whose "contamination" the orthodox Shintoist must be preserved.

"These people"—that is us—"who have turned the world upside down, have come here also, and the worship of Ten Sho Ko Dai Jin is in danger, and therefore something must be done to ward it off. When we reflect that the Mikados of Japan form the only unbroken line of crowned heads that has come down to our times from the remotest ages of misty antiquity, and that while conservative China even has so often within the limits of undoubted history changed her dynasties, to-day an undoubted, undisputed descendant of the only unbroken dynasty known in the world's genealogies sits upon the throne of the Land of the Gods (Shin Tsi), shall we wonder that now, when this ancient government is just awaking to new life, it should take some means to revive the worship of the first and greatest of the Mikado's alleged divine ancestry? . . . Thousands of people in Japan believe in the divine origin of their Mikado, and would shed their blood for their faith. . . . .

"We have recently seen what the prestige of the bare name of this ancient dynasty can do in controlling the political affairs of this empire. What wonder that they should desire to set aside the interpolated hero, Gogen Sama, one of the Togukawa ancestry, and revive instead the worship of

the chief of their own ancient line, that in former ages has played so important a part in the political history of the Empire? . . . .

"The Kami Yo (god ages) good old days are wished back by many," &c., &c.

The article finishes with a moral, pointing to the *established* divine right of the Mikado, the *disestablished* divine right of the Pope.

Now, I presume that the *Japan Herald* was tolerably well up in the history and the hidden springs of the causes of passing events: all the same, I heard men at Yokohama say they differed from it. And perhaps we may be permitted to supplement its moral aphorism by one of our own. If the Mikado has to be shipwrecked, it will more likely happen because of acts having their root in the notion of his "establishment by *divine right*," than if such was forgotten and ignored. I believe that there is a divinity that doth hedge a king; but that it is a hedge made up of such fine twigs, that to expose it is to weaken it. With respect to it the lines on vice may be paraphrased:—

"This hedge is a fact of so fitful a mien,
As to be loved whene'er 'tis not seen,
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then erase."

Acts springing from the conception of the crude assertion of divine right have a tendency to rebound on the actor; whereas acts springing from the conception that he—the monarch—is of divine right only so much as the oak leaf, equally with the beech [the king with the common], is by divine ordination, have a tendency, by their fitness, to weld the better sort of human natures together. Hereditary

monarchy is the embodiment of the sentiment of political order; and there is no higher form of the same.* A phase of this sentiment rested with the Pope, yet he has fallen. Why? Because his assertions of divine right were found to be incompatible with human reason; and it is the peculiar province of the latter to test the truth of the former. In the Mikado's strength of prescriptive—or divine, if you prefer the term—right lies the germ of his weakness. His bodily presence amongst his people tends to strengthen his power; but moral—in that I include political—misgovernment will not withstand the waves of progressive change, nay, will founder the sooner, if launched on so frail a bark as divine right.

Events march quickly in these days, and though the Mikado, though the nobles, though the people of Japan have, up to now, set an example, in the manner of their social changes—an example to the world—still it is possible, it is almost probable, that such wise method of instituting and ordering change may not continue. The body feels when the corn is trodden on, the mind directs the alleviation. If the mind does not suggest relief, the body moves itself, and by its own clumsy no-wisdom assuages the particular pain at the cost of incurring other, and probably general, discomfort. The same is true in political matters, where the body is the public, change the corn, and (in Japan at least) the mind the Mikado.

Again, I wish him well; and hope that, in the thankless but needful task of cutting out the corns of his people, he will have wisdom. But that lies not on the blunt edge of divine right, but in the sharp point of forestalling and guiding human yearning.

* Of course in this conception there is included the breakwater of a responsible ministry.

Facilis est, &c. And that, if you please, applies here to us, not to the Mikado, for we are going to the Yoshiwarra. If you do not like to come you can go on board the *Great Republic*, and we will join you there.

Before starting, let me introduce you to Dr. Newton. Dr. "Neutong," *nous autres*. The humanity of Christian and Heathen has met in the person of Dr. Newton. The Japanese and the British Governments have agreed by his aid to mitigate some of the woes of vice. He will be our guide. Let us start.

The town was alive with the festival. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday was devoted to it, and one got heartily tired of it before the thirty-sixth hour had passed. I think I told you that Yokohama is a modern place; that the quay is lined with the foreign merchants' dwellings; that it extends almost into Curio Street, which is wide, and broad, and tolerably long; and that at the far end of Curio Street runs another street, not quite so broad, but longer, and extending down to the Yoshiwarra at one end, and towards Kanagawa at the other. There are other streets at Yokohama. There is a batch of foreigners' houses on the hill away to the left; there is a batch of native houses at the bottom of that hill; there is a street on either side of Curio Street; there is a street at the back of the quay; there is an open space between the quay and Curio Street; there is——but you may get confused. Grasp Curio Street, that other street down to the Yoshiwarra, and the quay, and you have caught Yokohama.

We went down Curio Street, and you must be good enough to accept crowds as a *sine qua non* of every move. You must adorn Curio and the other streets with paper lamps. You must put aside in the open shops the articles of sale, hiding

them behind the beautiful large screens of Japan; sometimes still further adorn the open space, formed by the screens at the back of each shop and the open front, by arranging dwarf trees prettily enough on the floor. You must generally put in each shop half a dozen people, squatted on the floor, or leaning over the balustrade, about two feet high, in front. In the street you must realise processions, differing in size, in style of dress, but each apparently in honour of the great goddess.

And now I will try and describe what these processions accompanied. Make a large plain deal platform, and place it on low, strong wheels; on this erect a high, gaudy building, the lower part probably containing half a dozen men in a sort of balcony, beating drum and cymbal, and playing on fife, the upper part, rising high over the heads of the musicians, decorated, and crowned with the figure of a woman in a halo and long hair. There were many such moving platforms, for the most part surmounted with this haloed lady alone, but perhaps also with an attendant god. They were drawn generally by strings of men, but sometimes by oxen, and accompanied by crowds of devotees, with some distinguishing mark to show they belonged to this particular procession. Bearing in mind the account the Nepaulese Ambassador was supposed to have given of "the great English festival of the god Darbee," I write under correction of the Matsuri, otherwise, I was going to add that some among the processionists carried obscene toys, deities, or phylacteries: but my eyes may have deceived me. One platform seemed to be constantly confronting us, and affected my nerves. I see it now. It contained a man with a grinning mask on, who, to the music of a fife or two, moved his hands about. It was the most idiotic thing I ever saw;

the unmoved grin, and the feeble efforts of the hands to make gestures suited to the silly face, was too much for the nervous system, seeing that the same movements went on,

TEN-SHO-DAI-JIN.

and the same face grinned on, for hours. Another peripatetic show was a theatre, alike as to its base with the pagoda-shaped god-stands, but not crowned with anything.

Lines of demarcation are strong in Japan. Of those whose *rôle* in life it is to earn their bread by aiding to please those who have earned it there are three sorts—singers, dancers, and performers. These three classes intermingle socially,

but never trespass on the rights, or assume the occupations of their neighbours.

It is not uncommon for husband and wife to spend an evening in the Yoshiwarra and enjoy the witty conversation of the ladies. This I was told. And now we have arrived there—arrived at the moat that girds this part of the town, and where, in a town by itself, we find all that the body desires. As it was a fête day, and we were under the care of the doctor, we were received by a line of the owners of the different houses—"a highly respectable body of men!" but to whom a very long name belongs, made up of two. They own the houses. They enter into contracts with the occupants. They are answerable for cleanliness. They rule so sternly, that the young children in course of training transgress not before their time; and they rose as we entered, bowed, received us with quiet ease, and standing as we passed, enabled us to see their neatness in dress and hair.

The hospital of one hundred and thirty patients was our halt, where, surrounded by the good-natured diseased, we watched the processions from a balcony. First came a temple adorned with roses; people making hideous barbaric noises; votaries in the balcony of the temple dressed in blue-striped cotton, playing on cymbals and drums; the whole drawn by two cows. Singing and dancing girls followed, dressed gaudily, as men, in pink and blue, in blue and yellow. Nine men came next. Five danced a grotesque and stupid sort of nigger dance; four sang a chant, half recitative, half song, and acted a little. The music of drum, cymbal, of the tinkle of a sort of bell, of guitar, and of wood beaten together, was going on all the time. And the nine men gave place to a gold bird-cage car adorned with flowers.

A drunken foreigner here broke in upon the—at least sober

in one sense—scene, and caused great sensation by trying to drown himself as he escaped seawise over the muddy shore, by boats, and into the water, where he was caught. An etching of Christianity on a heathen picture!

A lot of children in yellow, striking jingling iron rods, succeeded the bird-cage; and on their steps came a blue car of artificial flowers, drawn by two cows, and surmounted by a white statue. A "shebaia" (theatre) followed, and two pieces were performed. It was the old story; the old story which *Punch* ends with "don't." But Japan on this occasion cast its shadow of coming events before us. Sir R. A., and other promoters of the rights of woman, should have seen it; for if to the unprotected female should be ceded one right clearer and more obvious than another, it is the right to ask a male to protect her. Two ladies claimed the right here at Yokohama, and it was a prince in the middle. A small, little, quiet prince in a sober dress, that acted as foil to the gorgeous dresses of his suitors. Three children were the actors, who performed on a raised stage just large enough to hold them and their prompters crouching behind, scarce observable. A chorus of men gave the cue to the play, and the two lady princesses aided the chorus by very good pantomime. The dresses were simply splendid; gorgeous embroidered satins spreading all over the stage, and hemming in the sober little grey prince in the middle. Ladies, you conquered, at least one of you did; and from the slow measure of entreaty and indecision the acting changed to the quicker steps of a happy choice. The gorgeous dresses were laid aside, a slighter pink something substituted, the movements became more animated, drums, fifes, guitars, cymbals, beaten woods, waxened, and the nasal chorus, with a sort of cat-call accompaniment, swelled into a triumphant burst as the play ended. This

brought the processions to a conclusion; and leaving the group of admiring girls who were lining the balcony, divided in their admiration of the scenes only by the seigneurs, from too close contact with whom they were kept by an adept aged one of the female gender ycleped matron, we passed to the houses where they had come from and were going back to.

These houses were all kept scrupulously clean. They were divided into many gradations of rank, foreigners not having access to the highest. Clean straw mats almost the only furniture, mattresses as beds being brought in when wanted, laid on the floor, and removed when no longer required. Little children of from six to sixteen years of age did the serving; those from sixteen to twenty-five—when often they marry, and their term of service is probably up—hanging about our cicerone, and evidently feeling him to be their friend. Sliding partitions hid room from room if needed; but life is much in common there, and secrecy an uncared-for privilege. As we left the better houses, and passed along in front of the lower sorts, we were unwilling witnesses of more than one toilette. They painted their busts a pearly white—we saw them do it, so we know it's true. They tinged their cheeks with a carmine hue. They drew the eyebrow out by the root, and blackened the teeth with a preparation of soot. This last is the privilege of the married, or of those only who, unmarried, are yet in the height of fashion. The ill-disposed say the husbands make the wives do the blackening business to distract the attention of rival males; but on this point I offer no opinion. It is left, therefore, an open question whether powdering, rouging, and enamelling the face, boring the ears, dyeing the hair and eyes, is done by order of the male for the purpose of making the female look repulsive,

or by the lady herself so as to add to her comfort, for of course it can't be for effect.

We shall, however, now leave the Yoshiwarra; and making our way to the club, thread—oh! there is that grinning mask and those inane hands again—our way through the crowded streets, get our dinner, and come out again, though it's raining, when night has closed in.

In Japan most things that are done are seen or known. In the first place, there is a most complete and minute system of espionage, in the next, all the houses are open—I mean the shopkeeper class, whose main room of entertainment is their shop. Thus it was that, passing down Curio Street, we had, as it were, a general invitation to assist at the amusements of each entertainer. Nearly every one entertained; and these the entertainments.

We will suppose Mr. and Mrs. Moosashya to have asked Mr., the Misses, and Master Moreea to step over to—— well, either to feed—in which case they all sat down on the floor, and fed out of small dishes and with chopsticks, like the Chinese—or to hear a singing-girl sing, or see a dancing-girl dance. Or they might be invited simply to tea and saki, or to sing and speechify themselves, or to play forfeits. My little friends, the Shobeys, would call forfeits, as they called the fête altogether, "very a-musing." You do something so quick with your hands, that the person you are playing with fails to do the like, and so pays forfeit in an article of dress. It was strange, to us, to see, mid shouts of laughter, a portly squire stripped to the waist playing thus violently—in vain effort striving to save himself from still further undress, or to recover those garments already forfeited. Good humour, invitations to come in, offers of saki, met us at every shop. We declined all, for thereby we saw

more, and passed in front of succeeding groups at tea, at chopsticks, playing blind man's buff, watching a minuet, applauding a recitative, or encoring a song. The gods were being fifed and drummed to, and—and "it was awful jawlee." Don't sneer. Would you have snore—or whatever is the past participle of the action whereby Darwin *dog*matises on our early origin—had you lived with your grandfather's father's father, and taken part in the junketings of "the good old days"? There is not so wide a difference between the to-day of Japan and the yesterday of Britain, as to authorise in you the exposure of that telling tooth. True, your grandfather's father's father did not worship Ten-Sho; but how much of latent homage to Odin hung about his gaitered calves, as they stamped applause to the mummers of his day, it is not for me to say or you to ignore.

Sunday intervenes here. Sunday, on which day Dr. Herdman gave his not flattering testimony to Japanese character, and the information that he had baptized two or three. Sunday, and then comes Monday, and on Monday we are going into the country. I must get you an introduction to our party, for there are seven of us. There's the Judge, and the Colonel, and that other fellow, him, he, I, and the driver; that's seven. We have got a carriage and pair, and a pair of yaconins. We have got permission to go, "for the benefit of our healths." We have got *him* to manage the whole business. There are biscuits and beer, pickles and something *gras*. Somehow or another, though, the indigestibles are more than the digestibles, and pieces of resistance, in the shape of bread and beef, fall short.

Were you ever the life of a party—the one that made every one else laugh, that managed everything, that in a perpetual good humour himself made every one else so? *He*

was. If you said, "My poor father was buried in a lead coffin," he would say, "Yes, it's awful jawlee;" and in such a way, too, that he would almost make you believe it was. He spoke more languages than a nightingale has notes, and if only he spoke all the others in the same way he spoke the English tongue, I would give a hundred pounds if I could copy him, for you always understood him when he spoke, though how is inconceivable. What is "It strongifies you"? Aha! Strengthens you. Good. Now what's this? "All 'as been run away, se troops, all at once 'ee declined peace, 'ee sent reclamations not to faight." What does that mean? I shall leave you to find it out; for, to tell you the truth, I have lost the key. But here are a few more sayings with a translation. "Usen't" means "used;" therefore, "I usen't to be sooprised vis twelve itchibous a monse to see 'eem fallin' down," means, "I used to be surprised to see him (the porter), though only drawing twelve itchibous a month, bow so gracefully when I went out." This had reference to some high person who, to escape political trouble, had taken service, but whose natural grace (in his bow) betrayed him. "If your roaber 'ee come, you catch 'eem from 'ee's closes, sis way." ("If a robber comes, you catch him by his clothes"—showing a spiked barb—"this way.") "Ee's makin se trouts!" is cooking. A description of the birth, life, and death of the silk-worm was only equalled by that of salt-fish. The former began long before the egg period; "capoolatin" passed on through the period of growth, where the "seel virms got leetle mush larsh," into that where, by "womitatin" the silk, the scene closed. Of salt-fish he said, "After, leave eet to dreenk, dis fis, a great deal inside"—which meant that a great deal of salt was absorbed by the fish in the process of drying. However, I'll say no more. I would give much to speak as many languages

and be as well understood. Besides, "it's awful jawlee." Echo answers, "You be blowy."

And now that you are introduced, we will start. It is a tremendously wet morning; and the poor yaconins—bearers of the firman that is to let us go beyond the foreign pale—soon get wet through.

We have a drive of some forty miles before us, in a conveyance like to half 'bus, half charaban, our way leading us along the tokaido, in the opposite direction to that we had

BIT OF TOKAIDO, AND DEAD BEGGAR.

previously taken to Yedo. Where houses on either side of the road do not give the impression of a street, the road is

beautiful from the presence of the splendid firs we have already spoken of; but before we get to Fujisawa—a bustling town with plenty of tea-houses—we have seen a sight peculiar, we will hope, to non-Christian races: the dead body of a beggar lies by the roadside to rot. It appears as though these people, from poverty or some other cause, become outcasts from the rest of their brethren, and, after a life of squalor, and dirt, and want, die in a ditch; if any one buries them, it is better, if no one does, it is well.

Not halting at Fujisawa longer than to chaff a cheery old lady of seventy-three, we press on towards the river Shiratzka. The rain, which has continued to fall in torrents, has ceased, but it is succeeded by a very typhoon of wind. It almost lifts the carriage; it makes the passage of the river, till it somewhat abates, impossible; and when, at last, we do get embarked on board a large ferry-boat, horses, carriage, and all, the violence of the wind drives us past the landing-place, the willing, good-natured yaconins getting still further soaked by plunging into the stream to stay the passage of the ferry-boat sea-ways. The villagers, smiling, rush out to see us as we pass. There is another dead man; but also a living, with nothing on absolutely, but dressing in the street.

We halt to lunch at a tea-house in the village of Yeoso. How I should hate us if I were a Jap. He also comes in to lunch, bows, takes off his clogs, squats down, eats what is offered, is quiet, and goes. We come, hardly can we be persuaded—probably we can't—to take our dirty boots off. We dirty the place, feed coarsely according to their views, and according to the accommodation offered; where there is nothing but a clean straw mat to sit down on, or improvised tubs, as tables, to sit at. We stare at the peasants, but if they stare at us we throw egg-shells at them.

"Nasty vulgar brutes—what are they staring at us for?" I don't know if it is pride or shyness on our part.

But luncheon is over—we have had all the tea-girls in fits of laughter because *he* is with us—and we are once more on the way. The clouds are clearing from off the range of mountains that lie on the other side of the river, Odiwara, which we have to cross—a beautiful range of mountains, from 5,000 to 13,000 feet high, wooded and irregular, among which "Oyama" and "Fusiama" stand forth pre-eminent, their summits still draped in snow.

This second river is broader than the first, and the recent rains have swelled its waters almost to a flood. Crowds of coolies are waiting their turn to carry the numerous passengers across, and are huddled, whilst waiting, round a fire in a hut. The carriage manages to drive across, but we, so as to lighten the draught, commit ourselves, each, to the tender care of four coolies and a long board. Hoisted on their shoulders we are carried in mid-stream. The water is cold, that you can see by the shivering of the coolies' bodies.

The embankment on the landing side is most curiously and prettily protected against the river by sort of sausage rolls of loose stones in open bamboo basket-work. From here it is but a short drive to the tea-house at Oodawarra, where we dismiss the carriage and wait for the coolies who are carrying the luggage and coming on behind.

Whilst we are waiting we stroll down the long street of rather poor houses—perhaps a fishing-town, for the sea is quite close—and pay a visit on Dr. Ooeeroady. He gives me a cure for the headache, which I have still—not the headache, the cure—and can give you when you come to see me. They are pills, I think; but I dare not open the neat brown envelope to see. I have to take ten three times a day.

There is some Japanese writing on the envelope, and the portrait of a dragon that seems to have gone to sleep; or perhaps he has taken the pills.

Dr. Ooeeroady is exceedingly chatty and civil, and receive us in a beautifully clean surgery—a place more mysterious from charms and medical curiosities than even the College of Surgeons. It has a tremendous flavour of the doctor of our youth about it. It is terrible. The red light in a chemist's shop is a joke to it as an awe-inspirer. It smacks of that feeling begotten, when, after your pulse had been felt and you had "put our your tongue," you saw the following awful signs come forth:

℥ 1 Ung. bas. pot.
℥ 1 Præ. sulf.
Aquæ dis. Five times a day.

The doctor has two beautiful daughters. But he is a prudent man; he has not a cure for the heart-ache, and so no persuasion will induce him to bring them out.

As we leave him we are invited by a barber to have our noses shaved, but decline, though we watch with interest others having theirs. The Japanese have a wholesome dread of hair, and when they have got their eyebrows, and their cheeks, and their chin, and the top of their heads carefully smoothed, they go up the nose with a circular movement of a very small razor, and into the ears with the same.

Just behind the tea-house, as it might be Alnwick, or Warwick, or the Castle at Parsonstown, there is a castle at Oodawarra. It has a moat, and a wall, and an inner wall, and a park, and a palace, too, for aught I know, but we are not allowed to go inside the park wall to see. We heard had that it belonged to a Daimio of Oodawarra, who, having taken part with the Shiogoon against the Mikado, had lost it.

From Oodawarra we press on on foot, or carried in khangos up through a magnificent avenue of criptomeria, by a by-road roughly paved, through a valley whose lofty sides are bathed in a rich luxuriance of forest, eight miles of a walk, and then Hutta. Here we stay for the night—here in what was said to be one of the best honjens (high-class tea-houses) in Japan.

I have already sketched a tea-house, and, therefore, I need not show you again over the polished dark floors on to which shoeless you have stepped; I need not again invite you to squat on the mat floor; I need not beg you to select any particular corner of the same whereon to throw your mattress, and, coiling yourself in the large wadded dressing-gown, sleep; I need not tell you that it is a matter of indifference to me whether you roll the paper screen—the door—to, that divides your room from mine, or leave it open; I need not warn you that, in the midst of all this exquisite cleanliness, it may be better that you should fall asleep holding your nose because of the drain effluvia. No, I need not tell you all this, because you know it; but I must invite you to look at the bijou garden that adjoins the house.

Do you know the peacocks, the vases, that are cut out of evergreens in the post-office garden near Harristown in Kildare? I don't say they came from Japan, though they are good; but the perfection of cut trees, and of trained shrubs, the *ne plus ultra* of mimic grandeur in small space, the model of fancy gardening, is in Japan; and the perfection of the gardens of Japan (to us) was at Hutta.

A little toy slip, that was brilliantly illuminated, on the calm evening of our arrival, by two candles; a *plaisance* of a rood wherein you might lose yourself in gravel paths and miniature forest; a lake, gold fish, and a torrent, in one basin

of whose many little leaps under the fall of its troubled waters we bathed in the morning. The view was perfectly unique. Conceive the sort of pleasant unreality of feeling which a stage, a colosseum, garden begets; here was the reality. The whole place was buried in foliage. It was a lake of green, or rather a deep pool of forest. Looking from the basin of the waterfall down over the minute garden at our feet, towards the village, and across to the mountain's side that hemmed in the view, the only relief to the ever-present green was the thatched roofs of the various detached hamlets that made up the village, and that lay plunged in this forest lake.

Was Mrs. Honjen glad when we left? How can I possibly say. We paid our bill. True, that instead of sitting down quietly on our tails—doing in Turkey as the turkeys does—eating rice, not making too much noise, but being cheerily polite, we had unpacked boxes filled with straw which we left littered about; that we had improvised tables, picked bones, and had not eaten the shell of the egg; true, that we talked loud and expressed sentiments uncomplimentary towards the Japanese, which, being translated into their language, meant the same, only with a difference. It read, "What brutes these Japs are!" in English; but it read, "What brutes these chaps are!" in Japanese. True all this, but then we paid well. I believe we were very welcome, and we, I mean *he*, kept the whole tea-house laughing from the time we went in to the time we came out.

"Why is your nose red?" said he to a male mid a group of the other sex. And red nose answered, at once, distinctly, epigrammatically, and with defined and appropriate action. The ladies "split." *He* was as good as magic to the mothers in Japan, discovered the unknown, and foretold

events; did they but meet him their minds were at rest for eight months, and they could speak with assurance to their lords of the ninth.

We are *en route* again, and are pressing towards Hakoné. We wind up a lovely hill covered with trees, and we come upon a bright, pretty, white-toothed girl selling "amai saki" —rice boiled for a day, malted, mixed with ginger, and drunk hot: very nice. We descend through a magnificent and imposing avenue of criptomeria. We round a corner and see the famed, the sacred, the conical summit of Fusiama lying with its glittering head on the blue pillow of heaven's vault, or veiled over by an occasional fleecy cloud. We skirt the borders of the lake of Hakoné, and pass the now crumbling statues of Buddha. We approach the long, broad, dull, single street of the place. We enter the large deserted tea-house, and we rest for that day.

Japan luxuriates in beautiful bits of scenery. You pass in a march from bit to bit of ever-changing, ever-charming views. Now you wind mid rice and corn-fields cultivated minutely and carefully. Now you come on a small thatched village snuggled in a bed of trees. Now on a separate house within a luxuriant garden. Now on a grove of larger trees shrouding a temple. Now on a temple, itself the foreground, but set in a frame of sombre firs. Now you ascend a small hill and overlook a contracted valley, laughing with plenty, and steeped in caressing and light-leafed foliage. Now you are lost in a forest whose winding path lures you on happily content.

But though scenes of recurring beauty do meet you in Japan—about Yokohama, at Meanoshta, nigh to Enosima—here, at Hakoné, the hill-sides that bind in the lake are somewhat bare of trees. Grassy, treeless, rolling hills,

where we flush three pheasants, hope for deer and pig, and have a good blow over their broken sides.

He had been here before. Been here with a Dutch minister, and made to bow to the ground before passing within the gates of the now deposed Daimio's village. Then he went up Fusiama, and as he came down was presented with a sacred stick. If an earthquake came, his house would stand, the stick being within. If a robber sought his goods, the stick would guard them. In fact, possessor of that sacred stick, he was protected, and so he went to bed. He left the stick on the floor, and he left some boos (money) by the stick. In the morning the boos were gone, but the stick was not. "How is this?" said he to the yaconins. "I have lost my money." "You should not have left it on the floor," said they. "Oh! but," said he, "you told me the stick would protect it." They were immensely tickled, and gave him back his money at once. No people are quicker at seeing a joke, and no people enjoy one more. He was for ever at them. "See, I make se calembour."

Perhaps, though, I ought to teach you a little Japanese. "asi" is limb; "meezo" is water, so is "noyu." I could make a pun here; but it might *annoy you*, so I won't; but I am not going to enter into a discussion of a language that at the very threshold proclaims two words for the same thing. Instead, you and I and the Colonel will sit down and sketch. He says I can't sketch, but I say I can, and he is the most self-opinionated man I ever met. I never say he can't sketch; in fact, I say he is one of the cleverest amateur artists I ever saw.* I used at first to let him touch up my sketches, but I found he had no delicacy about him;

* See frontispiece for proof.

he used to hand them back to me altogether changed. I could not put up with that, you know. He spoilt the originals completely; they entirely lost their character. The Judge and I used to draw together sometimes. He drew one of the big trees of America in my pocket-book but there was not room for it. That was not his fault, of course. If there had been more room in the pocket-book, there would have been more room for the tree; as it was, he and I agreed we were born artists, which every one knows is a much higher kind of talent than that which belongs to a man who is merely made one.

But we have got away from Asinoyou. "Asi" means limb, and "noyou" means water, does it not? and there is where we are on Wednesday—yes, on Wednesday, 18th May, 1870, at two o'clock, no, eleven o'clock, A.M. There are other people at Asinoyou beside ourselves, and the other people are bathing in the hot baths there, strong of sulphur. It is no matter what sort of limbs they are. Ill limbs, well limbs, sore limbs, sound limbs, he limbs, she limbs, they all go in at once at Asinoyou, Meanoshta, Tonosawa, and other like places.

Meanoshta is the Baden of Japan. People go there to get better of being well, and play consequently. We are going to Meanoshta, and have seven miles of a breezy walk over rolling downs to get there. The whole country seems to be alive with sulphur. Our friend Saint Shah Nazare, up Himalaya way at Shotroon, would have been quite at a discount here; for any sinner even seems able, by poking his stick in the mountain side, to get enough hot water out to make a bath. And such hot water, too; it has to be cooled before you can use it.

I see in my note-book, "the trees grow in the valleys" at

Meanoshta! and that is so prettily put, it is worthy of being repeated. That shall not be, however; merely your attention shall be called to the fact that the trees grow in the valleys, and do not grow straggling high up the hill-sides, but stop abruptly in long lines, apparently for no reason, except that they have got the word of command, and obey it.

We have got to our halt for the night. So has *he*. He is telling us about the springs. He says they are "alcoholic." I don't like to be positive, but think he is wrong.

The English are a prejudiced people; but that we were English was not our fault, and therefore we had each a separate bath. Like everything else in Japan it was beautifully clean. It made up the whole—with a narrow ledge running round it—of a square box or room. The bath itself was square, and sunk in the floor some three feet. The natural hot water was constantly flowing in, and flowing out over the ledge, so that the water, though not entirely changed, was always changing. You were requested therefore, to soap yourself on the edge.

The tea-house we put up at was large, and all around us were people of the fair and—what is the opposite to fair?—foul sex bathing together, "promiscuous like." One lady happened to come out on to the passage when one of our party was passing. She was encumbered with her infant, and as they could not both dress together, she asked Mr. —— if he would mind holding it for a few moments. I did not see him do this; but it must have been rather a new sensation for him, holding a boiled baby whilst its mother dressed.

That night I did a very dangerous thing; I took my pistol to bed with me. I really cannot say why. Perhaps because there was an earthquake, but I don't know. I do

know, however, that in the middle of the night I was aroused by hearing talking. Now, thought I, some of these desperadoes are coming—these two-sworded fanatics—these inebriated saki drinkers that we have heard of, that cut your head off with one cut, and won't let you disembowel yourself if you wish. I thought, with an agony of remorse, that if I had only bought the pistol from Mr. Dougal instead of Mr. Grant, he might have taught me how it went off, and lay still. The noise increased. The better disposed are trying to stop the worse, I thought. No, they are whispering together. There is somebody droning a chant. Are they my prayers? Are . . . . . I believe I woke in the morning—I am sure I woke in the morning. These barbarians had been bathing all night. If they would only take a walk in the day time, perhaps they would fall asleep at night; but they won't. They lounge about, gamble a little, drink and eat a little, bathe a great deal, and take, whilst undergoing cure, a hair from the tail of the dog that bit them and sent them here.

The next day, the day after Wednesday, was Thursday. But I find I have fallen into an error; I have let you go to bed too soon. I thought we stayed at Meanoshta on Thursday, but we did not; and I know we did a great deal more than go to bed when we were there. Firstly, I sketched the place. The whole valley is lovely. It is extensive, it is narrow and long. It is studded with bathing-places at intervals, hid from one another in a mass of luxuriant forest. It is watered by a swift-flowing torrent-river. It is enclosed in high banks. The actual tea-house where we stayed was perched on a high terrace, walled, overlooking a pretty Japanese garden, with the usual accompaniments of gold fish in a lake, of vases in box bush, and of peacocks with their

tails spread in yew, or you, or ewe, or however it is spelt.

We bought many curios at Meanoshta. Boxes cut out of trees with the bark on. Tops cut out of trees with the bark off. Wood eggs, that diminished to infinitesimal points in the womb of each other. A Japanese pillow, that contained counting-board, lamp, purse and drawers, all in itself. Other ingenious boxes too we bought; and two implements on four wheels, which, grasped firmly in the hand, and rolled, like "I, Sir, rapidly," over the skin, produce a pleasant titillation, a gentle irritability.

I dined at Meanoshta, and annoyed the Judge greatly by so doing. He said, "I hate a person who always will do what's right."

Now, I put it to you, if that's fair. *He* and his party had rigged up a make-believe table on stumps of wood, or cast-off barrel-bottoms. They sat in state at the table; but, though there was some comparative grandeur connected with their feast, there was little satisfaction, for there was little to eat. They were reduced almost to pickles; and the Judge's saying that "he hated a person who did what was right," must be put down to them. I pardon him. You can incur a person's displeasure when you least expect it; and my severe rebuff arose simply because I insisted on dining as a Japanese, and sat down on the floor. Two tea-girls attended me, and the host looked on. Squatted, I fronted two tall candlesticks, two large lacquer trays, four large china bowls (one covered), many small plates, a china spoon, like a baby sugar-spoon, cockle-shell shape, a square bit of china holding chopsticks, half-a-dozen small lacquer and shallow basins, a bottle of soy.

The covered bowl contained soup of boiled fish, eggs, soy,

and herbs. It was not bad. You got it in by help of a shallow basin and the baby sugar-spoon. No. 1 of the three remaining large china bowls contained an omelette of small crab or cray-fish. No. 2 contained raw fish in junks, herbs, mustard, and horse-radish. I recommend this dish for a cold Sunday dinner at two o'clock. No. 3, ground beans and sweet potatoes.

You remember that, an object of scorn and vituperation, I was seated on the floor, but perhaps I have not been precise as to the method of eating. Each course was served in one of the small lacquer shallow basins, and I was presented with a pair of chopsticks. Chopsticks have ideas of their own. They are as unmanageable as "beil." Their duty is to meet at the points farthest removed from their base, which is situated between the first and second fingers. Obedient, they would thus act as pincers, but my chopsticks were for ever representing scissors with their mouth open, and behaved like a wary young man, they would not come to (at) the point. Not beaten by trifles, however, I placed the small lacquer bowls at the bottom of the lower lip, and then manipulating the chopsticks in such way as to cause them to act as a shove, I went ftl-ftl, and succeeded. A bottle of saki, reserved to the end of the feast, was contained in a long sort of pepper-pot with only one hole, and drunk out of very very small cups.

After I had dined the host dined. After we had both eaten, the amusements of the evening began. Two ladies came in, and, kneeling, strummed vile dissonance out of two guitars. The host imitated a drum on his paunch. We all clapped our hands. We drank saki. A song was sung with a throttling sort of gurgle. We all laughed, and there was not infrequent proof of a contented Eastern stomach.

The yaconins assisted at the entertainment, and some of the other bathers. One of the yaconins was a great pudding-headed fellow, who got facetious enough to put a plate on his head. Their dress was similar, and consisted of bare legs, loose coloured cotton long undergowns, and loose silk shorter overgowns.

The huge wicks of the great candles were beginning to burn dim, though it was only 9.30, when the yaconins, rising, touched slightly their foreheads, bowed, and said, "Syonara" (good-night?); but this not before we had often sung—

"Miasama, Miasama,
Oh! my a my,
A Peera peera,
Sura naya,
Nan ji a na
Toko tong nyari
Tong nyari
Nyah!"

I am bound to acknowledge I don't know what it means. I am further constrained to observe, I don't know if it is properly spelt; and I am free to confess, I write it just as the jingle of the sound remains in my ear. *He* said it was a loyal war song, and explained it thus: "Oh! my a my" means, "You, you." "Miasama" is the name of a "goth" (god). "A Peera, peera" means a "girdle waved." Now you understand the song as well as I do, so "Syonara."

The next morning we saw a Japanese fisherman plying his trade, dressed in a girdle of long straw, a basket on his back, and a net in his hand. The net he adroitly threw over the stream, letting it fall like an open umbrella, then gathering it up as you would the same, held by the point, he looked for fish in the loose pocket or hem which ran round the net.

This was on our way to Katoze, whereto we are now off.

Down along the beautiful valley we go, by the Tonosawa bathing-place, through the rows of fir, to Oodawarra, where we breakfast. The walk, made up of a winding path mid firs and bamboo, by occasional bathing-places, and along the swift-flowing river, is most enjoyable, lighted up as it is by a clear, bright, blue atmosphere. We meet many long-legged, misshapen, pack ponies—horses in Japan, about 14 hands 2 inches in height. They carry a sort of sea-weed used for food, and other articles of commerce.

We breakfast at Oodawarra, and then we press on over the river, now smooth and shallow, to Fusisawa. There is a grand temple here; engaging, as most of the greater temples are, from the mingling of an appropriate architecture with forest and garden, and from the calm that reigns. The priests fit in well with the scene, and the sentiment of worship is evoked by the surroundings of the place. But you must close your eyes at times to some hideous abortion of an idol, your ears to some hideous suggestion of immorality in those who serve at the temple.

The Japanese are wonderful at kite-flying; and as we drive along, we are distant spectators of small dots in the clear blue sky—some singing—which, however free they may seem, are nevertheless bound, by all but invisible cords, to happy elderly Japs, who sit at their doors and watch. We leave the carriage at Fusisawa, and take to ponies, for our further journey to the sleeping-place at Katoze.

You may remember that it was on this day's march the Judge persecuted the chickens, and that it was at Katoze I assisted at the full undress soirée of the mamma and her two infants.

The tea-house here was very full, and we were, I think, a little cross. It was all the result of "them pickles, wich I

don't 'old with, as the sayin' is, on a hempty stomach." Described as a tea-house has been, you will understand how that we were divided from other travellers merely by rolling-screens papered over; and that through these not only was everything heard, but seen, if there happened to be a hole in the paper. After we had harmlessly abused our neighbours and uncomfortably fed ourselves, we cast ourselves on our mattresses and sought for sleep.

Every one had by no means gone to his corner when I went to mine, and all round me was noise. The tea-girls were rushing about squealing. This latter to signify they knew they were wanted, and were coming. My quarter was divided from the next by the usual sliding-doors, and there was a slit in them; through this I saw that my neighbours were six, two were in buff, and all playing dominoes, or some such game. They continued to play till 2 A.M., and talked, too, as they played.

I don't know what time it was when I saw, in the uncertain light, my screen gently and noiselessly roll back.

Suppose A to be me, B is what I saw. It crept. The

B A

head and the body gesticulated as well as a biped can quadrupedally, and kept slowly advancing into the room. I could not throw my pillow at it, for I doubt if I had

one. I could not address it in its own barbaric tongue. So all I could do was to gesticulate back at it, and it retreated.

What an escape! Another minute and I might have found myself in its paws! It was a shampooer. Fancy awaking and finding those forceps grasped round your knee-cap, or dug into the small of your back, or going the round of your eyes, as they do to keep the brain clear before they proceed to pump you about the heart and make the blood flow. Bald-head was only plying his trade in the usual way; but a nervous temperament, inclined to heart disease, ought to be supplied with a book of the customs of the country, before venturing behind a paper screen in a Japan tea-house.

A bathe in the sea the next morning was followed by a walk over the sands to the island of Enosima, which is connected to the main land by a causeway. The little rock island is prettily wooded, and contains several shops and dwelling-houses, besides temples.

It was here that our visit to Binzaiatim was paid (you remember the description of his temple), and then we descended down the steep rocky sides of the island to a cavern of gods.

Binting commanded the entrance, and had an altar. Ogangame was beyond where the cavern narrowed, and looked to me rather like a gong. Ohabe was a stone serpent semi-erect. My sympathies, though, were enlisted on behalf of "Osheshi." He was two little stone lions, who looked innocent, and had a money receptacle in front of them, which silently said "Anata tempo, anata tempo" (literally "You tempo," but figuratively, or rather practically, "Your excellency, give me a tempo," small coin); as the small fry

of Enosima audibly cried, when we wended our way back to breakfast.

Close to the tea-house at Katoze there is a very handsome temple, approached by a long flight of steps. A few cocks and hens walked about in it, a few worshippers offered alms, and a cheerful attendant priest watched over this "Okai-acho" (pray place) of "Neechereensama" (the duck god).

After breakfast we got on our ponies, and started for a ride round by Daiboots and Kamakura to Yokohama.

As we trotted over the sand by the sea and looked back we had a lovely view. Enosima, Fusiama, Oyama, mingled with the sea and the brilliant, clear atmosphere in a picture of great beauty. Then we turned from the coast to our left and struck into the country. The ride lay generally among carefully cultivated rice-fields; but also amid glades, the treed and sloping banks of which beautified the scene; and by villages.

We first reached Daiboots, a magnificent bronze statue of Buddha, situated in a beautiful garden. It is over forty-five feet in height, and with the just proportions and the calm, waiting expression that is found everywhere in the faces of this impersonation of the worship of so many million souls. There is some doubt, as I said, whether this statue has been sold or not. It is sincerely to be hoped not; or, if so, only to be put up somewhere else. Seen within the gardens at Daiboots, through a vista of light laurels, resting on a back-ground of fir, it is seen to great advantage. It is splendid in size, in execution, and in intrinsic worth. The inside of the statue has the proportions of a large room, where incense is kept burning, and where smaller god-images are placed.

Alas, Buddha! the calm, quiet waiting of your expression, the placid negation—neither smile nor frown—may suit you,

may coincide with your theories, may agree with your teaching, but it does not serve your children, tossed on the wild waves of passion and desire and an unfinished and sinful nature. To you there may have come the "extinction

DAIBOOTS, FROM ONE OF M. BEATO'S (OF YOKOHAMA) FINE COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

of desire," but with them there remains turmoil, and your very bowels are made to show the inefficacy of your teaching in the burning incense and the gilded gods which are placed there; and which but attest the fact that though man may desire to rest his spirit here, he cannot.

Our way from Daiboots to Kamakura led us by narrow pathways, where we had to ride almost, if not altogether, in single file; and as we approached this ancient capital

of the departed glories of the Shiogoons, we came on the spot where poor Major Baldwin and Lieut. Baird were cut down. They had but just left a picnic party, and were riding along perfectly unsuspicious of danger, when, at an angle of the road, they were set upon and cut down almost before they could offer any resistance. They say it was the work of fanatics. Fanatics, truly! Believers, probably, in Buddha, who forbids the taking of life!—yet on whose behalf, on behalf at least of their country, they took it, in cold blood, by surprise, dastardly.

All that remains of Kamakura now is a broad street of houses, not in over good repair, and a collection of temples, standing in a district replete with picturesque effect. The government subsidy is removed from these temples, and they are, alas! already trembling on the verge of ruin. It used to be a very sacred place in the days of Shiogoons; even a stone Seemayesé, that fell one day when a certain Mr. and Mrs. Shiogoon were here, and, falling, broke, and, breaking, showed a fissure, being held in honour. The chief temple is dedicated to Hatcheemang. We may remember meeting him in our historical canter. It is situated at the top of a hill, approached by a long flight of steps; is red, pagoda-shaped, and placed within an outer court. Because that he was a god of war, because of old instinct, because of what cause, I know not, but our yaconin clapped his hands, bowed his head, and offered a short prayer as we passed into the sacred precincts. Round the court are ranged many relics; and some day, perhaps, in the far-off future, when the "Gy-ei" and the "Ana" have come up and taken possession of merry England, they may compare notes with those of their race in Japan, and declare that Eurytoma and Londonderry must have been of kin. Were they not

both warriors? Is there not the hat, the sword, the bridle, saddle, and stirrups preserved alike to each? Of what count that one should be at Kamakura and the other at Wynyard? or that one should have a dressing-case and the other arrows? Is there not enough in common to prove them kin? So will speak the philosophic "Zee," and who will say she's wrong? Besides these relics of Eurytoma, which are carefully preserved in cases round the centre shrine, there are "Omeekosi," sedan-chairs fit only for gods and the Mikado; and there is "divine saki," brewed either by Hatcheemang, or for him, but which we tasted and pronounced good.

And now, before setting out on the Pacific, one parting word. The government of Japan seems a kindly one. The Mikado and the princes hold the land. The farmers rent patches of the same from one year to three hundred years. They pay one ninth of the produce in kind into the government stores. The princes hold their land by virtue of providing soldiers to the Mikado. The Japanese have an intense love of country; the Chinese have none. The Japanese are adaptable; the Chinese very much the reverse. "All belonga ole cusum" is both poison and food to the Chinese. It stops him when he would otherwise embark on some seen beneficial course; it causes a cohesion and unity amongst them which is their strength. An electric thrill emanates from Pekin to the furthermost corner of the Chinese dominions; but it is a thrill that is felt by a democratic people, and which coerces all because of "ole cusum" working on guilds and families and individuals. An electric thrill emanates from Yedo to the farthest spot in the Japanese Islands; but it is a thrill which springs from the individual, inborn instinct of a patrician people. The

Chinese change slowly but surely; the Japanese change quicker, but mayhap may again rechange. Courteous, gentle, vain, clever, ignorant, brave are the Japanese; kindly, yet cruel, stolid, astute, obstinate are the Chinese. As the Emperor of China at the end of his manifestoes says, "Respect this."

CHAPTER IX.

Waste of Waters—The *Great Republic*—Food—Chinese—The Crew—The Log—Eight Days—The Quaker and the Pigs—The *Japan* — Stories—The Far Alones—The Golden Gate—San Francisco.

I SAW you do it! No, no, come, don't deny it. I saw you settle yourself in your chair, put your feet on the fender, and say, "Now we've got to San Francisco."

Got to San Francisco! Do you mean to tell me that you have so little sympathy with your fellow-beings that you are desirous to ignore the fact that there is four thousand eight hundred miles between Yokohama and San Francisco. Four thou . . . . . miles of *sea*, without an island, a ship, or anything except the lines of longitude; and they are not always visible. Why the very map cuts this sea in two, lays it out flat, and leaves the imagination to tack the two flats together somewhere at the back, so as to form a round globe.

A daily log would keep you engaged from Rogation Sunday, May 22, to the first Tuesday after Trinity, the 14th of June. But I will spare you on one condition; and that is, that you ignore San Francisco, and keep your eye fixed on the Fair Alones. When I have pointed out to you those appropriately named rock islands, then, and then only, may you begin to speak about the Golden Gate.

Are you aware, too, that before you get to San Francisco you have to find out that there are eight days in the week?

Oh! come, if you don't know that, the sooner you and I and the little Partridge get into our cabin the better.

Look from the deck of the steamer on to the beautiful calm bay around you, studded with boats, ships, men-of-war, and the dismasted *Ariel.* As she slowly slews round, the bay, Kamakura, Fusiama, Yokohama pass for the last time before you; and then a British man-of-war playing "Rule Britannia," an American, "Yankee Doodle." (Have we not the Commodore on board!) Japan, its courteous people, its quaint customs, its lovely scenery, fades from your view, and far, far away in the dim distance of thousands of miles of sea the Far Alones suggest the possibility of other lands.

The *Great Republic.*

No; not the country, but the ship. It and its fellow-steamers deserve a separate chapter. I was sorely tempted to tell you about them when we got on board the *Origonian*, but refrained. No; I said to myself, reserve yourself for the *Great Republic.* There is vast expanse in the sound. It exhausts the lungs. There is nothing the mind cannot imagine the *Great Republic's* doing except moving on—and that is precisely what it did do; and Captain Warsaw, a "true and impartial lover of his fellow-creatures," as a flag which the Chinese gave him proved him to be, moved her.

Here is a note made on the 23rd day of May, 1870. Monday:—

"Log of *Great Republic.*
"Lat. 34° 57′ 31″ N.
"Lon. 141° 42′ 00″ E.
"Distance run 134 miles.
"Course various.
E. R. Warsaw, *Commander.*"

Though the pace is not great, I declare that if I could be assured that these American steamers were as safe as our own,

I would take shares in "The Blowing-up of Every Passenger Boat we have got Company, unlimited."

I have an idea that they are as safe, but don't like to be positive. I know a *very* great owner of a "line" between Liverpool and America said, "Oh, if you will get us their subsidy, we will get you their boats!" and that looks as if he thought they were safe. Besides, you must remember that where they have been plying is no duck pond. It is all very well calling the Pacific pacific, but of course no one expects it to be so. On the west coast of America, they meet very stormy weather, and when they get into the China seas they are in the very *bête noire* of sea horrors. Yet they have not gone down!

You know what a steamboat is. You know what a little narrow nasty thing it is, and how you are first tumbling over the life-boat and then the jolly-boat. How you trip up over rope, run into the cook, and always feel a desire to take exercise within yourself, the amount of room allowed you without yourself being so little. Now on board these American boats you have an upper deck, free, round the sides, of everything except yourself. I never saw anything so nice for a steamer. It positively is a Great Republic, where they have even done away with manhood suffrage, and the individual, not the collective body, has the right to do what it likes.

Here is another note made on Whit Monday. "Forty-one times up and down one quarter of the ship (*i.e.* from *centre* to stern one side) is one mile. Mr. Parsons and I have just walked a mile in twenty-five minutes, easy walking."

In this mile's walk we had confined ourselves to a certain district of the ship; but when we felt energetic and in an exploring mood, we could travel from stem to stern, find

nothing to interfere with our stroll, and a good sound zinc floor to walk on.

No doubt, as in a Japanese tea-house, there are the necessities of life somewhere, but they are not seen. With them they are put away in cupboards within sliding doors; on the *Great Republic* somewhere on the second deck where they are not in anybody's way. Including yourself, but so observably in the centre that you have no excuse for falling over them, there are on the upper deck several houses, and a walking beam. Don't be frightened; it never gets in your way. I object to it though. It has a sullen way of going up and down, up and down. You long to quicken its motions when you read the logs: 134, 206, 206, 155, 164, 156½, 164, 164, 160, 206, 226, 207, 205, 211½, 214. But then you say, "Festina lente," and think how much better that that old beam should be a bit sullen if safe. How much nicer to trust to him than to those sails, of which there is historical record that they can be rigged, but which now are only known of as existing somewhere. The upper part of the masts lie tucked in by the side of the upper deck, under the benches, but where the sails are I don't know. So you go, slow and sure, slow and sure, and are informed that when you get nearer your haven the old beam will freshen up. You watch him, and wonder what Whitsuntide will do for him. Monday is a bad day (191). Tuesday he shakes himself together somewhat (206). Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, he has a spurt (223, 236½, 216); but on Saturday collapses (206). Has his doubts on Trinity Sunday, (212½). Takes heart on Monday (231); and with a great plunge, and a sort of "Cheer up, Sam" struggle, ends on Tuesday the 14th, with a 236 miles.

Robson was wrong when he said that it was not in nature to be three-cornered. He found out his mistake in a note; and

the *Great Republic*, by its ostentatious pretence of a sail, three-cornered at the bows, would have more thoroughly convinced him of his error. This was fluttered out on special occasions—often I should rather say—but it had nothing to do with our advance. It might have been hung out to annoy the Chinese; somebody said it was to steady the ship; my own belief is that it was to tranquillise the passengers. This pocket-handkerchief was all we set for thousands of miles. Having got our steam up we kept it there, and depended on it entirely.

And now let us look at some of the deck-houses. There is the smoking-house quite for'ard; the captain's house; sometimes, as on the *Origonian*, passengers' cabins; the upper saloon-house. These houses or rooms are built on the upper deck, in the centre of it, and interfere in no way with your mile's walk. The upper saloon is essentially a pleasant place for sea. It contains arm-chairs and a piano. It is meant to be, and is, sociable, and offers you a pleasant change. You can come up from the second deck, where we shall now go down, into this saloon, or out beyond it on to the open deck on either side of it, and find yourself in a different atmosphere, company, and scene to what you had below. We descend a good broad flight of stairs, and then we find ourselves in a wide hall with the main dining-saloon opening from it. That hall has something to say for itself: but I don't know how very easily I can describe it.

You must bear in mind that we are in what does not take up the whole breadth of the ship, and then you will better realise the rolling doors on either side of the hall, which open on to a balcony. This balcony—for so called it is best described—rises about two feet from the floor, and is the side of the vessel; it is about two feet wide, and from it open

the cabins, each with door and window, the berths resting on the main wall of the saloon.

Considering that to our preconceived ideas a cabin is a thing with a port-hole shut nine days out of ten, to find yourself ushered, for a four-thousand-mile sail, into a cabin that has a door and a window, is as though you were shown into the drawing-room when you expected to be put in the cellar. No doubt you accept your position entirely on trust. You walk to your cabin along an open passage, and see the sea only a few feet below you. You go to bed and leave your door and window both open.

Now the natural feeling is, "Suppose the ship were to lie over, where should I be?" "Why, in the sea, to be sure." But it does not lie over. It did not with us, at any rate, and we had not an especially smooth passage. Therefore it is that if American boats can be proved as safe as our own, the sooner ours are burnt the better. They don't lack speed. The *Origonian* went as quick as any steamer I have ever been in. It is a mere matter of prudence and money when they go slow; and the comparative comfort between one narrow saloon, port-holed cabins, and a crowded upper deck, and two saloons, windowed cabins, and an upper deck with nothing to interfere between you and your exercise, is too obvious to need comment.

The hall divided the saloon from the kitchens, and was itself no bad place wherein, in very bad wet weather, to get a few strides.

In the middle of the ship there was the same principle of construction; that is, a centre, with us saloon, but there kitchens, engines, &c.; and sides, with us cabins and a balcony, there barber's shop, offices, cabins, &c. A difference existed, however, that whereas with us the side walls of

the vessel stopped short and formed a balcony, in the middle the side walls rose in the ordinary way to the upper deck. The for'ard part of the ship was devoted to the Chinese, and in formation was like to our ships, with a deck below, which looked more like a hole, but in which the Chinese lived happily.

We had Chinese servants as stewards, from whom, as from every one on board, we received civility. The offices were indifferent, so the baths and food.

Great Republic Breakfast Bill of Fare.—Fried fish, salmon balls, liver and bacon, pork chops, fried hominy, mutton stew, eggs to order, dry hash, sausage balls, hot rolls, corn bread, French bread.

And if you add to this a few choice things from the breakfast bill of the Auzerais House, San Jose, you will have: "boiled salt cod fish; poached, scrambled, boiled, fried, and omeletted eggs; stewed tripe; ham and eggs; potatoes baked, stewed, lyonaise, and fried;" and for breads, "German rolls, domestic bread, Boston bread, dry and milk toast, dipped toast, buckwheat cakes, batter cakes, English muffins, corn bread, egg muffins, cracked wheat, fried mash, hominy," and you may add, "woffles, butter, brown sugar, and treacle."

American food is not served nicely. At most of the hotels the black waiters will come and put down before you, on very contracted space, innumerable small platters, the result being great untidiness. No doubt people with prying gastronomic tastes have unusual opportunities thereby of trying unaccustomed mixtures, and making the ends of fish and pudding meet in one mouthful. But I dislike the custom.

Then dining in the middle of the day is indigestible. Steaks (or "stakes," as I see it is spelt at San Jose, probably on account of its sticky, indestructible character) are ubiqui-

tous in America. I believe the whole beast is a steak. It comes up to you hard, thin, fatless, in a sort of shallow, narrow saucer, without gravy. You are given a minute or two to get it down, but you may, and probably will, have four-and-twenty hours of distinct realisation that it is down. But that is on land. At sea, after a little "leg-of-beef soup," the *Origonian* would offer you "boiled mutton and onion sauce," *followed* by an appetizing "roast beef and Yorkshire pudding." *Then* a touch of an entrée or two to fill up the corners—"minced heart and olives," or "pork and beans." This packed away with "vegetables assorted," "friskey beans and turnips," &c., will be quite comfortable under a small superstructure of "plum pudding and hard sauce, a pumpkin pie, and peach moringo;" and you may crown the whole advisedly with a "lichee and an assorted nut."

I told you we had about twelve hundred Chinese on board, stowed away on the for'ard part of the vessel. A good proportion of them were on a deck below the water-line, and, of course, consequently only lighted from above. It was very dark, and one would have thought rather stuffy; still the Chinese there had actually to be peppered out when it was necessary for their healths and their deck's purification that it should be cleared. I saw them one day, waiting the happy moment of return, huddle round the entrance, and rush in with a whoop of delight when they might. The captains of these American boats have an excellent plan of *daily* visiting every part of the ship. Captain Warsaw invited us one day to make the tour, and it was perfectly marvellous how pure and sweet the decks were. The Celestials were packed notwithstanding as close as it was practicable to pack them, consistently with each man's having a berth to himself, to which he brought a little luggage, and

where he lay the greater part of his journey across. His food was served out in messes of ten, and consisted of rice, boiled pork, and tea, but the same was varied with macaroni and stewed beans, &c. He had as much as he wished, and could come back for more rice if he chose. The food was cooked in huge boilers, and doled out to one messman. It was served, eaten, and washed up in about half an hour; there were one hundred and ten messes, and perhaps eight or nine hundred pounds of rice consumed each day. The crew said they would rather have one thousand Chinese than three hundred emigrants on board. Our batch paid 45½ dollars each for passage and three meals a day.

As crew we had, including the captain, eleven Americans in the deck department, eleven in the engine, twenty-one in the purser's; and these were supplemented with thirty Chinese to the deck and engine departments, and thirty-five to the purser's.

You understand that we have been steaming away all this time; and as they say a drowning man catches at a straw, surely a floating one may at a log.

"Very disagreeable and wet to-day." "Heavy rolling sea." "Awks keep flying at our stern."

"Whales. The sea is alive with them. How they keep spouting and rolling up on the water like big porpoises."

"The sea covered with red seaweed-looking stuff. They call it 'brit,' and say the whales eat it. Lat. 35° 18′ 39″ N., lon. 156° 27′ 30″ E."

"Awks still with us. Had my hair cut."

That's a fact; and if it should so happen that you sneer at the record of so trivial an incident, I shall feel towards that sneer much as the Irish landlord in India did. "Sir," wrote the landlord to his factor in Ireland, "tell my

tenants that no threats of theirs against your life will intimidate me."

There are two tables in the lower saloon, and after we have done dinner the head steward and black barber dine, but the black barber dines at one table, the head steward at the other!

"These awks still with us. I did not mean a pun, but as it is made it must remain. I allude to the *still;* for though they are always with us they never seem to move, but just lie on the air, their great broad wings extended, sink on the ocean or rise above the deck as their fancy or their food moves them. They are rather companionable, though I am not sure they do not enhance the vast solitude of the sea."

"Wind and rain. Cold." "The ship creaks greatly."

"Wind veered S.W. Much warmer consequently."

For the last few sentences you have been reading the log. The days were not given, but now we come to a very important date.

Wednesday, June 1st. To-morrow, by that reckoning, therefore, will be Thursday, June 2nd, and the next day Friday, June 3rd. Won't it? No, not on the Pacific. But this requires attentive consideration, so we will turn the sun on it. It is not always Friday, it is sometimes Saturday; and then the difficulty of adjusting Sunday is tremendous.

When I got home I happened to mention this to a very good lady. She was just a little angry with me for suggesting the confusion, but I pressed my point and said—

"Now, suppose you had been there, what was to-morrow?"

"Sunday," she replied.

"Very good. But then what will you do next Sunday, when you have got to San Francisco, and find it Saturday?"

"I will have two Sundays," was the triumphant reply.

In that respect she was different from some passengers on one occasion when it came to the next day.

"We are going to have service," said some; "it is Sunday." "No, no," said the others; "it is Saturday number two." "No," said the Sundayites; "service and no whist to-day." And so they had it. The next day they had their whist and no service, and looked for the converse in yesterday's no-Sunday men. But these came round. "After all," they said, "we think you were right, and yesterday was Sunday."

That reminds me of a celebrated Quaker in the north of England, who, with another man, divided in those days the monopoly of the iron trade in that district. The other gentleman came to the Quaker, and said, "I see Scotch pigs are going down. Do you think we ought to lower our price? What you do I will do; and you know, if we stick together, we can command the market."

"I think," said the Quaker, "we will keep to our old price."

"Very good," said the other. "Agreed."

A few days after, to his astonishment, the other saw the pigs in his district fall in price; and knowing that such could not be except with the connivance of the Quaker, he went to him and said, "I thought we agreed to keep iron at the original price."

"True," said the Quaker, "true, friend, so we did; but after thou hadst gone I began thinking over what thou hadst said, and I saw there was reason in thy remarks, so I reversed my decision and lowered my price!"

The earth travels from west to east; we were going from west to east; the consequence was that each day we preceded our proper hour. We got into to-morrow quicker than we

should. We were, as it were, overtaking the earth when we got out of our east longitude into the west. Yet, as we did not think we should be able to compel the whole of America to agree with us in our assertion of the day, we had to agree with the whole of America, and to credit ourselves with a second Thursday, on which day we marked 207 miles, and a longitude 177° 13′ 10″ W.; as on the previous Thursday, 226 miles, and marked a longitude of 178° 28′ 45″ E. Which of those two Thursdays was the proper Thursday I am not at liberty to mention.

There is, after this, nothing particularly worth noticing in the log till Wednesday, the 8th June, when within about twelve hundred miles from San Francisco we met the *Japan*, outward bound—the first and the only vessel we saw. She was for Yokohama. We spoke her. She gave us newspapers, and we gave her stowaways—three; one of whom, a lad, said he would try it again, having already tried it once before.

We had cradles on on Saturday for a day or two; but our spirits rise in the prospect of seeing the Far Alones.

We even tell stories; not like the Duke of S——, who said "he was going to a fancy ball, and Lord —— with him as his lyre (liar);" but like Dr. Wolf, who rejoined to Mr. Walker.

Mr. W. "It is my turn to preach to-morrow, doctor. Give me a text."

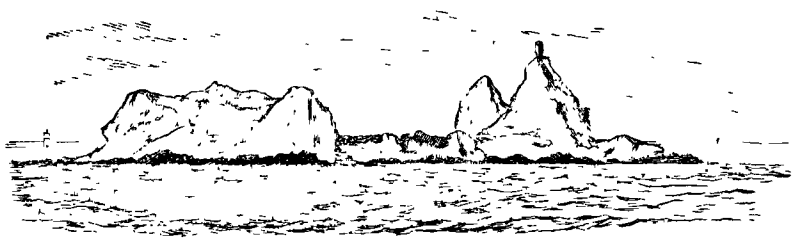
Dr. W. "The ass opened his mouth and said——"

"*Not* bad, is it? But I'll cap it with an extra *t*," said another passenger.

"Nott was a great doctor in his own eyes, own time, and own place, which was Skeneckdady. He went to England, naturally impressed with the idea that there was nobody that did not know Nott—especially not one of the profession.

He called on Abernethy. 'And who may you be?' said the great and somewhat irascible doctor. 'I'm Nott from Skeneckdady,' was the answer. 'Who the deuce asked you who you were not!' said Abernethy. 'I asked you who you were.' Skeneckdady subsided."

But our stories are hushed by the sight of land. It is the Far Alones. We sketch them. A brilliant blue atmosphere



FAR ALONES.

is overhead, a clear pure air blows around us, silken-winged gulls flutter over the vessel; the awks are with us still. There is a vessel, a coast line, the Golden Gate—America!

Well, now, about that Golden Gate. Is it very beautiful? Candidly, I think no. It is peculiar; it is interesting; it is the keyhole of San Francisco, from behind whose arid plains the dry hot air sucks in the cool breezes of the Pacific—sucks them in till the wind howls and whistles again up the harbour. But as a place whose chief characteristic is beauty, I don't think it is noteworthy. The coast line about it makes a wide sweep, and rises in unattractive mountains. The gates themselves—a narrow strait—hide away the town, to reach which we must turn from our (right hand to shore) coasting, turn up sharp to the right, and passing by the low, strong fort on our right, and the frowning and somewhat grand bare mountain on our left, two thousand six hundred

feet high, steam up the harbour to the chief town in California.

We have passed from the narrow entrance, a mile wide, and have come into a large isleted basin; one of which islands—Alcatross—is strongly fortified. The town of San Francisco lies on our right hand, and climbs up some low, sandy hills in regular streets.

At a quarter to four, P.M., Tuesday, 14th June, 1870, a gun fires. The *Great Republic* has come to the Great Republic! Lazily she makes her way to the wharf, crashing into the Panama boat as she goes, and mooring herself there, hands over her passengers and their effects to the American Customs.

CHAPTER X.

The Americans—Our Party.

WHAT I am going to say here ought to be said as we step on board the *City of Brussels* at New York, instead of as we step off board the *Great Republic* at San Francisco.

I like America and the Americans.

I say it again. I say it with three times three, and one,—I like America, and the Americans more. I say it now when threatening clouds of ill-worked diplomacy hang over us. I shall say it if those clouds break in a war that deluges the world in blood. I say it, and I shall say it, because that war will not be one between the English and American peoples, save in as much as they have been goaded and led thereto by the clumsy and self-seeking incapacity of the leaders of the countries on both sides of the Atlantic:—on our side by the undignified weakness that fences with error; on theirs by the short-sighted policy that hopes to establish a permanent good on an overstrained basis.

Do I think Americans equal to Englishmen? I do. Do I think Englishmen equal to Americans? I do.

Am I, because the fat paunch of a middle-country weaver, and the fervid brain of a youthful, untruthful political-monger, think they will blow themselves into notoriety by vaunting other people's things instead of praising their own, to believe them? No. Here, shake hands. I mean you, my American Cousin, not this creature near to me. Shake hands. I would

not see your form of government changed, your self-reliance snubbed, you without your independence, no, not for worlds. But as for telling me I am to fall down and worship you, as for insisting that you are right and I am wrong, I will as soon believe that high is low, bright black, or any other thing that is utter nonsense.

From San Francisco to New York, except from one guide in the Yosemite, we never had an uncivil word. I like the Americans, and I will keep on saying it as long as I choose. What is more, they like us.

"Who are those?" said John Chinaman, coming up to the landlord of the inn at Truckee and pointing to us. "Oh!" said he, "those are all Dadas." John was satisfied. So was I. A straw had shown the way the wind was blowing.

The Americans are thin-skinned; and if you commingle sensitiveness and a sense of power, the two opposing sentiments will resolve themselves into acts opposed to calm and impartial common sense. They have preserved much old English in language and habits, but they have laid the whole over with a thick coat of American varnish, uniquely their own.

Never having sought in our travels to set other countries to rights, we may be the more readily forgiven if we express here a personal belief; and that is, that grand as America, its people, and its Government are, they are not half so grand as we are. The spectacle of a vast continent as it is, being as it is, is not half so wonderful and praiseworthy as that of a small island as ours is, keeping as it is. May we never have to say as it was.

With politics many Americans do not meddle. For generations so vast a country can go on and prosper with such

indifference. It is not desirable, for before the people of America perceive their danger their statesmen may get them involved in difficulties not of their choosing. If the *Alabama* matter is not happily settled, it will be proof of what I mean. It is a statesmen's, a newspapers' quarrel, involving the country against its will and better judgment. The case is quite different with ourselves, where there is hardly room to move, and where every man's affairs are known.

Do you remember that gentleman who told us he would rather have "three hundred years of the English lanes than of Paradise," that "England was the worst governed country in the world," and that "give the people only their heads, and they never would go wrong?"

I don't say that a thousand atoms of dust will never make a diamond, because perhaps he would prove it could, but I do say that New York is an infinitely worse governed town than London; and if you may judge of the body by the head (I don't say you should), then so all America in comparison to England. I will uphold my own, and deny what some assert, that the true light across the Atlantic would be other than an *ignis-fatuus* if lighted here. We have more individual freedom than they have. I will not allow you, "Love Lane," when you are decrying us to edge your acres into the argument. We have not got the acres. When you speak to me of your grand institutions, your grand country, your great people, I applaud you, I agree with you to the last point. But when you come to quote yourself as against me, to advise your form of government as against mine, you must quit your prairies, your fields for new enterprise, your room for elbow, and narrow yourself to our dimensions.

No, my good cousin America, I am sure *you* do not think

the worse of me for admiring you heartily, and honestly liking you, *but not* to my own disparagement. There are always difficulties in the world. We have ours; you have yours. Wish us well; we do you. But do not prompt the steaming political-mongers of the old country to seduce the less informed into a belief of Utopia in a republic. Do not encourage them viciously to pursue their double course of gulling the ignorant, and goading the more culpable clever to head even the mongers themselves.

Let me now introduce you to our party. It ought to have been done at Yokohama. I apologise. First, without any doubt, comes Nonpareille—Mabel of the beautiful locket. Mabel, cheerful at sea or on land, who ran about with bare feet and a stiff back under the verandah at the Yosemite, after riding twenty-five miles like a centaur. Mabel of few years and much worth. Then comes that other lady, good guide for her niece, pleasant and plucky companion for us.

The Judge and the Colonel you know; but you don't know that there joined us at Yokohama one whom we never could get to write his name in full in the books, because it had a title thereto. This was hard for us, for we wanted the full benefit of our association.

You are presented, yet be not led into the belief that in so large a party we remained together throughout our American tour. No, our party proper consisted of the three last-named males and the writer. Two of us were cleverer than the other two—say three than one—and we wrangled amicably. In botany, perhaps the cleverest was nowhere, but he had a perfect army of reserve in the "Fathers," if by the fathers I may include Shakspeare, Macaulay, and history generally. If we showed why and how the Irish were Irish in 1870, we were asked how we made such view to agree with 1641; and

being attacked from behind a "pale;" of which we did not know the bearings, surrendered at discretion. If I objected to some Yankee phraseology, "Bottom" was hinted at as agreeing with it, or "Dogberry" suggested as a singular coincidence applicable (in those days of course only) to foolish officers and much ado about nothing. The Judge held his own, but I took refuge behind the first two lines of "Maggie's Secret."

CHAPTER XI.

Custom House—The *Alta*—Democrat and Republican—The Chinese—The Church—The Grand Hotel—The Town—The Lecture—Woodward's—The Sea Lions—Lynch Law—San Jose—Almaden—The Country House—Carriages.

PERHAPS you have discovered that the reason why the foregoing remarks have been somewhat protracted is, because whilst making them we have been sitting on the top of our boxes in the huge shed down by the San Franciscan quay, waiting for the United States officers to examine our effects.

Will any one reduce the existing ubiquitous confusion of a custom-house search to a common level of order? San Francisco is not worse than Liverpool; and between San Francisco and Liverpool lies the world of custom officials generally, and nothing to choose.

We were virtuous people; we reposed on the laurel of pure immunity from duty, and did not tip; but I believe—I say this open to conviction of error—that the officials of the United States have in that matter adhered to the custom of the mother countries. Itch-palm passes exist, and a chalk cloud cross is begotten by a silver lining.

I beg you to be good enough to obtain the "Weekly Alta California," San Francisco, May, 12, 1870, extra edition; publishers, Messrs. Wentworth and Boruck, 529, California Street, San Francisco; price twelve and a half cents.

That particular number contains words like the hairs in the celebrated dog's tail: "There is not one superfluous

one." I allude to that part of the paper that relates to the present and future of California. We must be permitted much liberty of judgment on "the opinions" given of Mr. "Woodward's gardens." At the sight of these gardens, it is said, "Mr. Seward was lost in admiration!" "Admiral Farragut could have stayed there for a week; or if the flesh grew weary, the repose of an occasional half-hour would prove ample in the way of refreshment." Whereas a "sight-seeing lady," who had seen "pretty much everything grand, beautiful, and inviting on the Continent" (what continent?), "could think of nothing that bore any comparison" to Woodward!!

But the other part of the paper is so full of information, it is difficult to select tit-bits therefrom and retail them to you. You are aware that San Francisco is in California, that California is not the whole of the west coast of America, and that San Francisco is not the capital of the State. It is the chief town, but not the capital. Sacramento is. California is more than three times as large as all England; north of it comes the State of Oregon, north of that the "Territory" of Washington. A Californian does not thank you to mistake him for an Oregonian, or Washingtonian. States are proud of their individual success; and it is to have climbed higher in the ladder of United States degree to have become a State than to remain a Territory.

If California has an extent three times as great as England, and if, as it does, this country lies in a narrow slip, north and south, with a thousand miles of sea-coast, you may well believe that the climate in the State varies considerably; but it does so particularly because the coast is lined with mountains which permit the sea-breezes to pass in freely only at a few places. San Francisco itself has access to these

sea-breezes, and there results there the peculiarity that its summers are cooler than its winters. At least, at certain portions of most days, the hot dry land within sucks in such an amount of cool fresh breeze that, as on the day when we came in, it is almost unpleasantly strong. Unpleasant, at any rate, in its effect of picking up and whirling about the very sea of sand on which the town stands and by which it is girt, lamp-posts on the outskirts being almost lost in drifts of the same. I believe in the pleasure of existence in *parts* of California, in its present and future prosperity in silk, and corn, and vines, and mines; in oranges, and olives, and flax, and hops; cotton and tobacco, chickens and cows; in fruit-trees, and irrigation, factories future, and deposit banks present. I believe it will more and more prove a lodestone to travellers, and that it offers a happy home for hard-working common labour, and for sharp speculative talent. You would be puzzled if I compared its population, say 568,000, of which San Francisco makes up 170 odd thousand (and which forms part of the total United States population of, in 1860, 31 odd million, now probably 50,000,000), with its acres of land —120,947,840 acres in all, of which 80,000,000 is tillable and 48,000,000 of that open to purchase. The wages question, looked at generally, would confuse you, being from 20 to 200 per cent. higher than those paid to the same classes at New York. I doubt your special interest in the shipping tonnage, 1,100,000, which places it next to New York and Boston. Exports and imports I forbear to treat on; or as to whether—which I should say it is—the climate is or is not suitable for consumptive people. I doubt even if you would care for the history of California, the modern period of which begins in 1542 with the Spanish Cabrillo; passes from him to Drake 1579; dawdles awhile with a Spanish mission 1759;

breaks into new historical life with the establishment of the mission of San Francisco de Assisi in 1776, the date of American Independence, to which it at the time of the Mexican war succumbs; and comes into the Union in 1850: it comes in as 31st State, just reversing the number 13, that formed it at its birth.

We are going to the Grand Hotel; some of our fellow steamboat companions are bound for the Lick, some for the Occidental, but we are going to the Grand—no, we have got there; so perhaps the best thing we can do is to liquor-up. So "boca-bitters, seltzer, sugar, ojet." We have drunk "Queen Charlotte," and now can look about us. We are in America. We have come in at the back door, perhaps, but I "calculate" that those people who hold that back door will very soon throw out so fine a portico there away, that it will be hard to say which is the front and which is the back of that 'ere country. We are in America, and it behoves us to inquire what is a Republican, and what a Democrat? A Democrat is a conservator of State privileges, and often an Irishman. A Republican is for the fusion of the same. California, much under the Irish, votes two to one as Democrats; and I am glad I am not a Chinaman.

We went to the Grand Hotel in a coach that seemed to date from the days of Queen Anne, and drank Queen Charlotte; but the unfortunate eleven hundred, our boat companions of the Chinese nation, were put into limbo. That is a slight stretch of imagination, but not altogether untrue. The fact is, the imported labour from China tells against the imported labour from Ireland, and warnings that the Hibernians were going to eject the Chinamen summarily were rife before we landed. The Hibernian votes; the Chinaman does not; the consequence is he has to increase under repression.

He does, and I expect will, but it is merely by reason of dogged pertinacity. The Hibernian has something grandiloquent in his part of speech. The China boy comes, he says, drains the country, and, instead of refertilising, carries off his earnings to his own country. No doubt there is something in what he says, and he has all the advantage of numbers speaking through their own mouthpiece, and saying it out loud in Washington. But on the other hand the heads, and not the hands, of labour say, "the extortion, by numbers, of their own terms for labour paralyses enterprise, and—or the country will stagnate—we must neutralise this by imported Chinese labour." Be the just view with the Irish or not, at any rate it was unwise, looking at the matter with their eyes even, to shut up the wives of (or for) the Chinese we brought with us and say they should go back. If a locust has a wife he is less likely to stray away when he has got what he wants than if he has not; and though the shoe really pinches at the point of competition and lower wage, it is not *said* to be there, but at that of injury to the country by the withdrawal of capital made in it. In the biennial assemblage of the State Parliament of California, there, too, the Democrats have a preponderance of two to one, so that it is not a cheerful prospect for the Chinese.

Had we not drunk Queen Charlotte should we have been equal to the study of these things? We can now see double—see, at least, that a State like California can have a private debt of its own, just as the United States can have one of their own. We can see that the Church of England—if I may be permitted so untrue a term, here, and generally in America—prospers, and gains upholders something in this proportion: to ten Presbyterians and Baptists, fifteen Methodists, fifty Episcopalians. But we are seeing too much. We are

forgetting ourselves. In a short time it will not only be the steeple we see, but the fly on it, and the decayed tooth in the fly's mouth. We shall return, therefore, to the large and handsome Grand Hotel, with its hundreds of lodgers, have an "earthquake jig"—sugar, water, ice, dom, port, nutmeg, orange, strawberries.

By this time Queen Anne has got rid of our boxes. and crossing into a large hall, one portion of which is devoted to a reading-room, another to an office for the delivery of bills and rooms and keys and letters, and another to a bar for the production of "smashes," and where, if only you are equal to "a jig," you may have an excellent cold supper—oysters, cold meats, gherkins, olives, pickles, and bread—for *nothing*, and a bit of roasted coffee-berry to take the taste away into the bargain; crossing this hall, we present ourselves at the office, and ask for rooms. We are accommodated quickly, civilly, and satisfactorily, and, our keys being given to a waiter, we go up-stairs. The stairs are handsome and broad, and on the landings are glasses and pictures; the passages are broad, and from them open off the saloons, dining and drawing, and other rooms, separate or in suites. The furniture of each room is handsome and appropriate, somewhat more French than English. Our daily bed and board cost about fifteen shillings.

We had been led to believe that all San Franciscans carried a pistol and bowie-knife, were touchy, and stuck or shot you immediately on your committing some act of unintentional affront. The consequence of this belief was, that when a nice-looking youth came into my room, sat down, and commenced a conversation on indifferent matters, I kept my eye nervously fixed on his pockets to see which bulged the most, preferring the bowie-knife to the pistol, in case of

my becoming an unintentional victim to the law of redress. My companion, however, seemed inoffensive, and even went so far as to help himself to some fruit which happened to be on the table. He was dressed in good broad-cloth. But that was a peculiarity of every one in San Francisco, and I protest that I never saw a *workman* till we got to Albany, and then they came dirty and natural, just like in the old country.

Our conversation travelled over various subjects. How he had come from New York State to this Eldorado as he had hoped, but had not found (no wonder). How, as his parents were Irish, his sympathies were with those peculiar people; but he himself was American. A nice, gentle, I might say gentlemanly, good-looking youth, without a brogue. I kept unpacking as I talked, wondering if it was my room, his, or a joint possession; and, as I unpacked, hinted at the advantages of a washer-woman—I mean washer-lady—after a long sea journey. "Oh!" he said, "just make out your bundle, and I will get them washed for you." I did so, and he soon returned with John Chinaman, from whom no doubt he had extracted a luck penny, and who took the things away. Then, tacking warily, my eye fixed on the sunken rock of the bowie-knife, I discovered that my friend, the gentle descendant of Saint Patrick, the broad-clothed, small-handed seeker after western wealth, he who received a commission from the thrifty Chinaman, was the waiter. He frequently visited us, and gave us the benefit of his strong views on the rights of *labour!*

San Francisco is a wonderful town; Chicago is a wonderful town; but neither so wonderful as Melbourne. San Francisco contains regular and good streets, which, running up from the quays by a slight elevation, cross other streets at right angles. It contains some good, some handsome buildings,

some excellent hotels, and capital shops. A great deal of the town is made up of wood—wooden houses, wooden roofs, wooden pavements. Furs were not cheaper than in London. Photographs were excellent. Mr. Kimball's carriage manufactory a sight. The ladies in San Francisco, as those elsewhere in America, especially the young, were very pretty. They dress well, too, but they are given at times to run to seed in chignons, and some have an aptitude for bedecking themselves in one colour from top to toe. And though yellow —I mean golden—hair may be a beauty, yellow feet and hands are not. A perfect waist of green has its claims to admiration, but to be green all over is to claim a notoriety on a subject most people would like to disavow.

The horses, though, at San Francisco have no qualifying clause attached to them. I never in any town saw such a quantity of good-looking, well-bred horses. No qualifying clause? Well, perhaps they are a little light, but they are splendid for their purpose—light draught. They have, moreover, an excellence met with in many towns, but peculiarly well developed at San Francisco. They will stand still in their buggies whilst their owners go into shop and office. They must be trained to the work, or the rest rather; for if they are not quite to be depended upon, they are either hitched to posts, or a small heavy weight, attached to a single rein from the bit, is dropped on the ground to act as a move-restrainer. With us, when you hang on to a horse's head, he understands it to mean stop; but in America, where nearly every one drives with two hands, the more you hang the harder the horse goes. This may account for their standing still when there is no hang.

There are a great many singing-shops and places of amusement in Frisco, and one or two good theatres, whereto

some of the best actors are lured; for a Franciscan likes to spend his money when he has got it, and cares not whether that spending enriches a furrier and sets off his wife's back, repays an actor, or encourages the builder, the gardener, or the groom.

What has made the American physiognomy? San Francisco is only a few years old, and yet nearly every man you meet has the elongated face—if it is that—the something—that speaks the American.

To-morrow we shall take a drive, to-night do two or three things. First let us walk up to the Cosmopolitan, one of the chief hotels; not because there is anything to see there, but because it seems odd that one man should shoot another in open day at its door just before our arrival. It is difficult to realise such a thing possible in so civilised a place; but it is a fact, and just proves that a smack of the excellent law of Lynch still hangs, now unnecessarily, about the place." Then we shall look at the Chinese quarter, a quarter that is looked upon with some interest and some awe by the Franciscans themselves. For us, travellers in real China, it may be summed up in a sentence: it is a very bad, poor, indifferent copy of Chinese life in China. Then we shall give a dollar, and go and hear *blind* Dr. M—— tell us what he *saw* in California.

This is our first American lecture, and we have heard that lectures in that country are "an institution." There is something that flavours of clap-trap in "what a blind man saw in California," but there is no harm in treating a misfortune jokingly; and it may be, we think, that the blind man has peculiar perceptive faculties which entitle him to be heard. We go then gladly and give our dollar. Platt's Hall is well filled with nigh a thousand people. Now, without

wishing to be ill-natured, I would say that what the blind man said he saw, and what he did see, was the same. His lecture was words. If it pleases you to give a dollar for words, by all means give it, for the blind man's words were thrown together not inartistically, and his peroration, *in hoc signo vinces*, was fine. What I disliked though about the lecture was its double effect. The lecturer praised California and its people *ad nauseam*, and then blamed them for desiring praise. It was as though he was whipping them with one hand, and giving a sweet with the other. And I think in doing that he was doing, adroitly, exactly what he should not. The days of praising or blaming Americans have gone by. They are no longer the children who either ought themselves, or by the mouths of foreigners, to cry, "What a good boy am I!" It is honour enough to be, and not to say, "Americanus sum."

Shall we, or shall we not, go to Woodward's Gardens in the carriage? I think not. I think we will go in one of the street omnibuses, and visit one of their large stables of horses, for which about £40 each is given; and there are one hundred forty pounders in that one stable. A good many old Mexican words cling about San Francisco, and a little out of the town, by many, only Spanish is spoken. *Ranchero de Capuchino* does not sound like English, but such it is not uncommon to see written up on a sign-board within a half-mile of "Frisco."

Woodward's Gardens afford a pleasant hour's amusement. There are a good number of interesting and pleasant things there: boats on the water, strawberries under a shed, camels in a yard, a green-house, museum, library; and besides, when we were there, "Chang," and the two-tailed horse we had brought with us from Yokohama.

There was a very good feeling generally evinced there—what I might call a cosmopolitan feeling. For instance, in one cage, three silver foxes, a small bear, two dogs, a large monkey, two coons, and a huge pig, dwelt. I am sorry to say that the pig was not treated with that respect which was perhaps its due; it did not resent, but allowed its great back to be made into a sort of table for the gambols of the monkey and the two dogs. Further on a cock sat on a deer's back.

Our next visit is to the sea-lions. Two capitally appointed hired carriages, one with four horses, come to take us. Good carriages, good horses, good harness and blinkers. N.B.—All Americans do not drive without blinkers. They are good, but Mr. Forster's pair of bays are better. They are his own, seeing he has paid £240 for them, and will whirl his four-wheeled gig eighteen miles in the hour. Their ordinary pace is twelve, and their mile is done in three minutes and a half.

The sea-lions do not live very far from San Francisco. They have a small group of rock islands all to themselves, and have a State's protection thrown over them. There they dwell in happy idleness a stone's throw from the shore: now in the noisy, rolling billows of the Pacific, as they break on their rock home; now half sticking, half climbing up the slippery rock-sides as they struggle out of water's way, and perch high and damp on their rock; some brown, some black, a ton in weight each—State sea-lions.

The scenery around San Francisco is not inviting. Somewhat bare of trees, and, though productive, yet having much of that ugly coast appearance which is met with alike in England, Australia, or America. Artificial irrigation is much in vogue; irrigation got by aid of many small windmills which owe their success, no doubt, in great measure, to the

steady breezes from off the Pacific; but also to the ingenious way in which they are adapted to their purpose.

It is Friday, the 17th of June, 1870, and we will go by train to San Jose—Sanosā, as it is pronounced—about fifty miles off. We pass by many stations and through a highly fertile district. Oats are being cut green for fodder, and acres on acres, miles on miles, of wheat lie around us. Some timber, dark green well-rounded trees, breaks in on the view, which generally is of low rolling plains or low hills.

At Millbrae there are one or two nice houses, of which the nicest is Mr. Mill's. San Mateo is a larger place. Santa Clara is an old mission-station, and from the "bouvelards," as they call them at Gargrave, in Yorkshire, and pretty shade trees, you would almost think you were in France. But missions in the old days were earth as well as spirit beautifiers, and we are in a nest of ancient-day priests. When we get to San Jose, and have looked at its good broad streets, its pleasant shade trees, its fair shops, and one or two good buildings, we think of our drive to-morrow, and visit a letter-out of horses' establishment. To him, as we bargain for a carriage, we discourse, and learn that a "running" is a race-horse, of which a three-year old will do his mile in one minute and forty-seven seconds, carrying ninety-six pounds; but that the chief attention is paid to trotting, at which pace a mile has been got over in two minutes eighteen seconds. Then we stroll into a low-looking billiard-room that adjoins the inn, and become one of a group of Americans and half-breeds, some of whom do look as if choice between revolver and bowie-knife was immaterial, and both handy.

"Give you a poll." "I'll shake with you." And nicety in payment—what a Brussels glovewoman would call "juste"—is by no means cared for by the barman, whose bar is handy

to the billiard-table, and who takes a "bit" or fifteen cents one as readily as the other.

And now about rowdies. Why were we not shot, stabbed, or blown from a revolver in the Far West? I am sure some of those at San Jose could have done it. I know the singing-shops at Denver were closed as dangerous after we had been in them; but we were not stuck. Well, the reason is the same that prevents us getting a black eye in England. If you make yourself unusually disagreeable at home, you may get hit; if there you are so unfortunate, you may get shot or stuck. Drink and play beget rows in both countries, but in the Far West the row is concluded more promptly and more effectually than with us. Lynch law was, I believe, a very excellent law, but it has its reverse side.

Two very simple, unemotional stories applicable to Lynch law and revolvers I will tell here; and I believe they are true. One was told me by our driver to the Yosemite—a decent, inoffensive man—and it was to this effect:—

He had to give evidence in some case, and his evidence was very damning to one side. That side, a man of the place he knew well, came to him and said, "What sort of evidence are you going to give?"

"The truth," was the answer.

"Very good," said the man. "If you do I'll——"

I forget the words, but the meaning was "shoot you."

The trial came on, and my informant was called. He knew quite well the other man was in earnest, and so he went to the sheriff and told him.

"What had I best do?" he said.

"Shoot him first," said the sheriff.

He gave his evidence. It was conclusive as against the other man, and the case was decided.

My friend told me that he had to drive some people somewhere after the trial was over, and that he was sitting on his box, "a little nervous," waiting for them, when his enemy came out. He came up to the box, and said, "Very good. You remember what I said. I'll be as good as my word."

"Well," said the driver, "I don't want any words on the matter. I told you I would speak the truth, and I spoke it. But if you are going to do anything do it at once."

He acknowledged he was not comfortable, but he thought it was better to get the matter finished off quickly, if it was to come, and he waited the first attempt. The other man, however, looked at him, turned on his heel, and walked away.

The other story is of a man of the name of J——, from near Albuquerque, in New Mexico, whom we met coming up in the train from Denver to Cheyenne. He had had some mules stolen "rightaway" down south many weeks before we met him, and had been perseveringly tracking them ever since, compassing in his search over seven hundred and fifty miles. When we made his acquaintance he had received intimation that the thieves—a Frenchman and an American—had been caught with the mules many scores of miles west, and he had taken the train to go to the place of capture and identify the mules.

"And what will you do with the men?" we asked.

"Oh, hang them!" he said.

Our acquaintance seemed a good specimen of a mountain trapper, small farmer, or miner—a brawny-shouldered man, to whom we rather cottoned, and to whom one of our party gave his cork bed.

We pleaded for the thieves.

"Oh!" he said. "I don't want to hang the beggars. But they'll do no good. If they have once taken to stealing, they are sure to do it again. Besides, if I don't hang them, some-

body else will; it is the only way to protect our property. However," he said, "I'll see what I can do."

Now I don't defend these men—either the last man's intention or the sheriff's advice. But just compare them—and even the man who said he would shoot the witness—with men who murder behind a hedge because they have taken an oath to do so. I don't know whether to hold in more loathsome contempt the vile hound who instigates and directs the deed, or the sneaking cur that performs it. They are lepers, pariahs, outcasts, and should be spat on and hung.

San Jose is a city in the county of Santa Clara, in the State of California; and, as such, has a mayor and corporation. We had hired our carriage and pair of blood-looking horses overnight, as I told you, to go to Almaden and see the quicksilver (cinnabar) mines there. Our way led us for a distance of some fifteen miles through an undulating country, the grass of which was already beginning to look burnt and parched. Acacias, plane-trees, oak, "live" and "white," rested on the park-like land in clumps or separately, and greatly enhanced the beauty of the drive, which loads of ground-squirrels served to enliven much at the expense of the grass. We were passing through large estates—twenty thousand acres in one property, perhaps; or, as is the case with Mr. Miller, sixty-five miles of river frontage by fifteen broad, all his. When we got nearer to Almaden a steep ascent through forest brought us to the mines, and to where we could have a grand view of the country at our feet—a country of huge plains of corn, of hills and wood, and of villages, but not much water.

"Hier vien Superintendent" was a notice which led us not only where we wanted to go, but gave us an insight into the patois of the mine. We found it, as mines always are, a

collection of houses and machines and rails and refuse. The cinnabar, red and soft-looking, we saw when—by means of a slight railed incline, broad and well propped with *Arbor vitæ* props—we reached it lying underground in beds of limestone. Furnaces of brick, very high and large, placed lower down the hill, received the stone, burnt it, and threw from it vapours to be condensed in large condensers, and from them, in about four days, to trickle as quicksilver into iron pots beneath—pots of seventy-five pounds weight each, and sixty-five dollars' worth. The mine was not paying so well as it used to do; but that, from my experience, is the chronic state of a mine—or rather, I believe, the "used to do" period never existed.

We came back to San Jose, and had popped corn and milk. Popped corn I need not explain—you have nothing to do but roast a head of Indian corn adroitly, sugar it, and it's pop—but milk I must. There is a very great deal more milk in America than tobacco-juice, and there is a very great deal of tobacco. It is not that buttered toast gets into the milk only, but that milk gets into nearly every man, woman, and child in America, perhaps, three times a day; and that, too, not in little thimblefuls of blue skim, as with us, but in rich goblets of iced, almost, cream. It is a fine custom, and does not make them fat. But what I want to know is, where are the cows? And why can't we have more milk? You don't see any cows in America, yet there is any amount of milk; whereas, with us, an economical *country* house buys its ha'porth daily, whilst the park is covered with big-uddered cows. I wish the "Bos"-es of our "Hacienda" "Ranches" (that's the way they speak at Almaden) would see to it.

We are going to spend Sunday at a country house near

San Francisco. I am very much tempted to say whose; but it is better to adhere to our plan of not encroaching on people's hospitality first, and telling tales of them after, even if the tales are pretty.

The mules are very good in California—fifteen hands two inches high cost ever so much—and are driven eight in a team; but that has nothing to do with our country house. Horses have, however. I think there were over a score in the stable. I know there was a team of four out in the early morning of the next day and two pairs; then one; then four more and another pair; then a pair more at night. How many is that?

We are going to stay at a wooden house. You know what a wooden house is, do you? Perhaps you have been to Aldershott or the Curragh; or even adventured so far as the towing-path at Kew, and seen that unique creature that, for some unaccountable reason, has got itself set down there in a garden. Well, perhaps you have, but that has not given you the least idea where we are going now. What would you say to a wooden castle? No, it was not a castle, but it was as big as a castle—billiard-room, ball-room, music-room, drawing-room, reading-room, dining-room, washing-room, dressing-rooms and sleeping-rooms without end—all wood. Wood slates, I think, and wood windows (I don't mean the glass). Wood was round the house too; it intermingled with pleasant gardens, and the whole stood in a valley hemmed in by wood.

Our host was a financier. He was one of that class of men that hardly exist out of America, but are not uncommon in it—men whose brains I think must be made up of three hundred and sixty-five million figures, or facts, and they have to sort a million every day. It is utterly impossible such men could get fat, no, not if they drank all the cows in Christendom. They may have begun life as Puritans, but it were

as wise to expect a shuttle to work like a pendulum, or a butterfly to crawl about like a caterpillar, as to expect them to remain so.

There is a picture I have seen of a man accosted by a clergyman. The man is in a "muck sweat," and is digging in his garden. The clergyman reproves him for labouring. But the man answers, "Ah, sir! I works hard all the week, but, I likes a bit of recreation on the Sunday."

That story is appropriate, but it is before its time. It is now only Saturday night, and as we had got from Almaden before our host from San Francisco, we were resting against a haycock sketching the house. Suddenly we became aware that

"NO, NOT A CASTLE."

it was necessary for the prompt arrangement of about the nine hundred and fifty-fifth figure—or fact—in our host's brain that we should come in. We had even delayed the arrangement of that figure a moment or two, being hid by the haycock. It was half-past six o'clock, our host had arrived and welcomed us cordially and kindly. "Wash your hands," he said, "and come in to dinner." Wash our hands! why we wanted to change our boots. No, he said that could not be, but we might wash our hands hurriedly in the wash-place down-stairs. We did it. "Now," he said, "we'll dine." That we did too.

There were about half-a-dozen of us at dinner. Some of the men had come from New York, but they were all Americans except ourselves. There were loads to eat, and plenty of good wine. Our host drank little. We were all of us as good one as the other, but we must suppose we had different talents. Mine was not figures; our host's we know was. Another guest, I think, lacked judgment, for he seriously propounded the idea that the captain of one of our P. and O. boats had wilfully run down an American man-of-war in the China seas not many weeks previously.

Expressions different somewhat to our own we heard from time to time, such as—

A. "I'll give you an introduction to General ———; he commands a department."

G. "Does he?"

A. "That's the idea. Yes, sir. Jest so."

Then said the host, "We will go out to drive.

Dinner had not taken long, still it was getting dusk, and got dark before we got home, though the four bays did go at a swinging trot or canter all the way. We were driven well, we were driven very well, and we were driven into a stable. Slap went the leaders round a curve, and up went their noses against a closed door, roll went the door back on rails, and in went leaders, wheelers, host, guests, and carriage, right into a stable, and the doors behind us rolled to again. We were verily and truly in the stable. Eight stalls on either side, and loose boxes, a coach-house, harness-room, and smoking-room at the end. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of a stable, cedar and red wood. Then we drove out at the other side, and round to Mr. H——'s house. "Now," said our host—for we had got home—"we will go to bed." That

was the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth figure or fact no doubt, and we did it.

I have considerable doubt if the first of the million figures for the succeeding day was not somewhat put out of gear by the unexpected arrival of one of the guests in the host's bedroom. It was a very early hour—for the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eighth figure of the preceding day was to the effect that we should get up at five o'clock on the following morning and go out for a drive—and was therefore an uncourteous visit on the part of the guest, courteously received by the host.

The guest said, "I want to go to church to-day." The host answered, "Every man does what he likes in my house. Now we will get up."

We got up. The long American 500 lbs. waggon came round, four quick well-broken horses, a pair also, and we set of for a drive of some thirty-eight miles at a rate of nine miles an hour. We were splendily driven over infamous roads; over no roads, but over and through bush; across wooden bridges narrow and steep; along twisting lanes. When I think of that drive I cannot help inwardly complimenting our Jehu, as he cantered his horses down that twisting, narrow, steep, rough road, a precipice on the off side, a high bank almost touching the near wheels. I did not feel that it was dangerous then, but I think that it must have been so now. The horses were well broke, and well in hands. His whip our host could not use. True to the American kind of driving, both hands were occupied with the reins, and if at times the whip was wanted, there was a perceptible lack of control over the reins. The voice and the right hand take the place of our whip with Americans, at any rate if there is a difficulty. It was a very pleasant drive in

the early morning air—by prairies of wild and cultivated oats; through forests of red wood, madrone, olives, and live oak; now driving into a regular Scotch mist, and again coming forth therefrom into a Californian blue sky and scorching sun; startling quail; complying with orders—"sit loose," as the waggon bounded over a rut; "lean over," as we rounded a sharp corner and it threatened to upset. A pleasant drive in a vehicle for strength and lightness excellently adapted for such rough work — Mr. Kimball's build. A pleasant drive past one of the San Franciscan water-works, down to the Crystal Spring Hotel, where we picked up more people; on again to Mr. H———'s beautiful stables, more humble house, and most costly (£14,000) water-works, and home by ten o'clock.

Host. "You must get breakfast, for you said you wanted to go to church."

Guest. "Oh! I don't want to put you to the trouble of sending me."

Host. "You have no time to lose. Here is your carriage. You must hitch up the horse to the railings outside the church, I can't let you have a servant."

I forget how few servants groomed those score horses. It was a neat low carriage, and a splendid dark brown blood stallion. The church at San Mateo, some five or six miles off, was found somewhat isolated in a pretty country, and by a village of the same name. The service was performed by a gentlemanly man, and was, as every one knows, nearly the same as the English service—improved as a whole, though disfigured in places. A railing surrounded the church, and the stallion was hitched up. But the guest was anxious. To hitch a beautiful horse and carriage up at all seemed dangerous, but to hitch an entire horse up doubly so; and

many were the visits paid to see that a passing neigh had not seduced palings, carriage, and horse to go courting.

There was a black servant at our host's, and there was Debain's *piano mécanique*, there was a ball-room and dancing; then we went to dinner. In that portion of the Far West, on that day at least, there was no thief of time; for scarce had the last mouthful been swallowed when another team and another pair sent us under the same Johnship in the other direction, to Mr. B——'s and Mr. ——'s dwellings. These were all beautiful wood houses standing in orchards and gardens, the luxuriant green of which was got entirely by artificial irrigation, quite regardless of cost; for every blade of grass had to be profusely watered twice daily, else 'twere brown not green. Fruit rotted on the trees, a few deer browsed, and many fish waited their meal time, anxiously, in an artificial lake.

Home.— Eat. The black man. Debain. Dance. Another pair.

Host. "Good night; to-morrow early I will drive you into San Francisco. How many miles have we driven to-day? Oh! about seventy-five. Good night."

Seventy-five miles! Two fours and a pair, testing the biceps of our host's arms. Seventy-five miles of rest for the financier. Was I not right to begin my description of our stay with the story of the "Padré and the Ploughman"?

"Kimball" has a large manufactory for carriages at San Francisco. You may see one of them now not a hundred miles from Grantham, for one of us bought one, and it cost £55 delivered in London. "Kimball" has a unique patent for bending hickory-wood to his need. "Kimball" will sell you carriages varying from those of 840 lbs. to carry ten people for 600 dollars, to those of 82 lbs. to carry one. My sympathy

for the horse would induce me to buy carriages in America, but sympathy for the pocket keeps me at home. Yet bestir you Hooper, Adalbert, Starey, for I want myself and two more carried on what is comfort to the driven and to the horse—215 lbs.

CHAPTER XII.

Railway Travelling—Pullman—The Trans-American Line—Luggage Labels—Stockton—Knight's Ferry—Bower Cave—The Ride.

GOLD is at 9 premium to-day, and we (no, I—for one that followed us had) have not sense to make money by our circular notes, but change three tens and one fifty, and for £50 get 242 dollars 40 cents; then we pay our fare to Chicago, 112 dollars 84 cents each. It was for an ordinary train, not Pullman. Pullman is an American benefactor, and might be one to England; but Pullman, said San Franciscan rail people, had got the best of a bargain with the great Trans-American line, and there was a difficulty with his trains when we left the golden-gated city. We had therefore to content ourselves with a silver palace car, wherein we were not fed but slept.

Pullman has a line of cars of his own; and, where he can, runs trains of his own. You ship with Pullman, and then he feeds you on eggs "with rum" and "shirred," "pressed corn b'fala vinaigrette," "spiced oysters," and bread; feeds, and drinks you on "Hiedsieck and Krug Imperial American champagne"—to order, we presume, for French coffee, tea, chocolate are "without an order."

I take Mr. Pullman's cars as the representative cars of America, and beg you to come with me into one. We know what our third-class carriages are—carriages that instead of

holding eight people, hold probably sixteen. Pull these out at both ends, make them longer and higher, and then furnish them. If they are Pullman's you will probably set one car specially aside for the "spiced oysters," at one end of which the kitchen is. The body of the car will be devoted to coffee-house seats and tables, of the nature of those that are in England, where by means of high boards (here not so high) the neighbour feeding animal is guarded from the covetous eyes of his co-hungry brother.

Every car has a passage down the centre, and from any car you can pass to any other; for from both ends of the cars extend small exterior platforms, which afford not only means of transit from car to car, but where you can stand and enjoy the fresh air. Of course, in your transit you might get your leg nipped between the two cars as they gape apart and come together again in their journey; that would be awkward, but it would be your own leg.

In one respect the Americans, with regard to railways, are before us. They think nothing of driving a train right into a town; and I have seen one waiting amongst the cabs. No railing, no defence. In populous places a great bell, always on every engine, goes ringing as the train moves on, but that is the only warning of danger. This is a much better principle than ours. The Americans say, let the people take care of themselves; we say, make the railway companies take care of the people. Now if the Americans, in addition to this, punish the railway officials if they injure passengers through the company's own neglect, with more severity than we do, then are they better than us not only in one respect but in two.

But let us return to our sleeping-car. Along the sides of it are sofas, soft with velvet and horsehair, one for every

two people. For every two; as above you, folded up invisibly and ingeniously, is another sofa or bed, which is let down at the fitting time.

It may be that towards the end of this carriage a sort of special privacy is obtained by placing the sofas which elsewhere are at the side more in the centre, one on either side, and building round them a wall of wood. If this is so, the other sofa-occupiers, guard, &c., are supposed to pass between the inner wall of wood and the outer wall of the car, and not through the inside of the reserved place. You can shut out the inquisitive by rolling doors, but they are doors often open, and it is a privacy oft invaded, at least in summer.

Let us, imagine, however, that we are in a car devoted entirely to sofas. Long before the witching hour of night the black servants bestir themselves. They let down the upper berths, they draw out the clothes from somewhere under each bed, and undo a curtain. The appearance of the car then is as of a narrow passage between two curtains reaching from roof to floor. Behind these curtains are the berths, one above, one below, the whole length of the car.

We will suppose you have the upper one. It is about five feet from the floor. Now you know it requires a certain amount of gymnastic skill to get into anything five feet high. You are liable to two misapprehensions. (I use that word in its more derivative sense, and as having reference to the point required as lever for the elevation of the whole body). You may place your unbooted toe on your neighbour's nose, or you may place the same on his foot, possibly afflicted with the gout. You observe I am strictly accurate, if you will realise the position of the two berths. In either

case it is disagreeable; and if varied even, and you place your erring organ on the pit or centre of your neighbour's form, it is inconvenient. However, these matters have to be surmounted, for you have to get into your berth.

Except the boot, you may not remove any other article of your wardrobe in the passage. The passage is the car's, and the comfortable indifference of the Japanese as regards dress has not yet penetrated even to Utah. The consequence is that you may not, till you have got into the problematical seclusion of your own berth, proceed to unburden yourself of the claims of society.

It is not an easy thing to get your—your—the things that cover the supporters of your body off, when either you are bent into the shape of the letter N, or are prolonged like I, and find yourself trying to shuffle the adhesive garment off one foot against the other. Still it is imperative that all the dissolving views of the toilette be done behind the shadow of your own curtain, and that the discarded clothes be arranged either as pillow or foot-warmer for the night.

There is an early-rising movement rife in American cars, and you find about dawn in the ensuing day that there is so much pressure brought to bear on you, moral or physical, that you are glad to rise.

Now I would not have looked at Lady Godiva if I had lived in her day, and had been made aware that she had waved her personal comfort in favour of the wants of others; but if in an American car the inch that divides the top of my curtain from the roof admits of my seeing into the opposite berth, Saint Anthony himself could not restrain his eyes from looking to see if it is her own hair or not. More particularly as those eyes are aware that once, when with a nimble hop their attendant body has lighted on the floor beneath, they

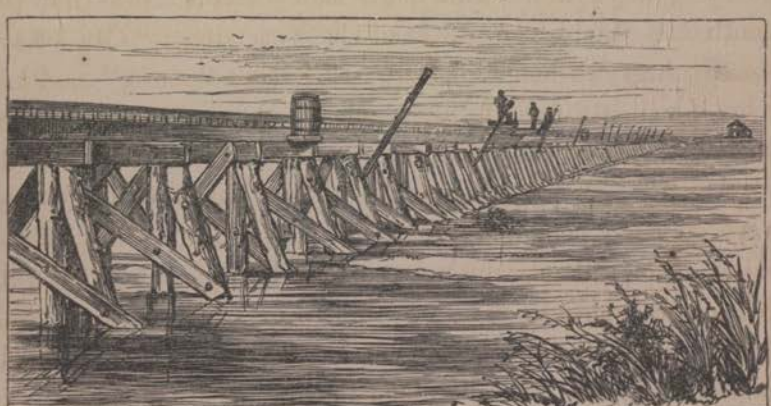
have betaken themselves to the far end of the car, they will stand behind that same hair being arranged by the fair owner for the day's use. Yes, it is a sad fact that often in American cars the process of washing is carried on first come first served; and it is either I that am looking at her back hair, or she that is looking at mine. There is every convenience in an American car, and I can only suggest that you shut your eyes to the fact.

Had it been that more limited means had denied us berths, we should have remained all night in cars that are arranged in the same way, passage down middle and seats on either side; only instead of a space which two occupy in the sleeping-cars, four would in the non-sleeping; and sit two facing two, or two with the backs of the other two's heads to look at, for the seats are made reversible.

For the very delicately nurtured, travelling in American cars may be disagreeable; but give me a long journey to perform, and I would rather go in them than in any others that I have met anywhere, though with them even there is room for improvement.

The absurd theoretical nonsense of equality made America start with only one kind of railway carriage. The long distances which gradually arose, however, in that splendid country woke people up to the fact that they would like to go to sleep, and so sleeping-cars were built. It was the thin edge of the wedge. The wickedness of Americans is great, and they sometimes run sleeping-carriages on day trains. It is by no means to be understood they are first-class carriages! First-class! there is no such thing as first-class in America! Oh, no! No distinction whatever, either in wealth, in breeding, in vulgarity, or colour. No, no, I know that. But, my dear cousin, you have made a splendid stride in the

comfort of long rail journeys, and by a little care you might make it yet better; and if you object to classes you might make all the cars equally comfortable, feed all the passengers on spiced oysters, and never mind the dividends; but if you do mind that, which Americans so little do, I can't see why you should not allow those who can pay for better things to have them. As they are, however, American cars for *long* journeys are much better than our own. How much nicer, when you have got five hundred or a thousand miles to go, to be able to walk from one carriage to another, to see who's there, perhaps to have an odd chat, to stand outside on the platform, or even to sit on the step, and let your legs, like "the good fat duck's, dangle down, oh!" over the side of the carriage. "You might fall out and break your neck." Of course you might. Who cares? It is your own. I remember crossing, I think it was the Platte River, and happening to be sitting



BRIDGE OVER PLATTE RIVER.

on the step outside, when I saw that my feet were over the river. It was a single line, and just wood-work enough

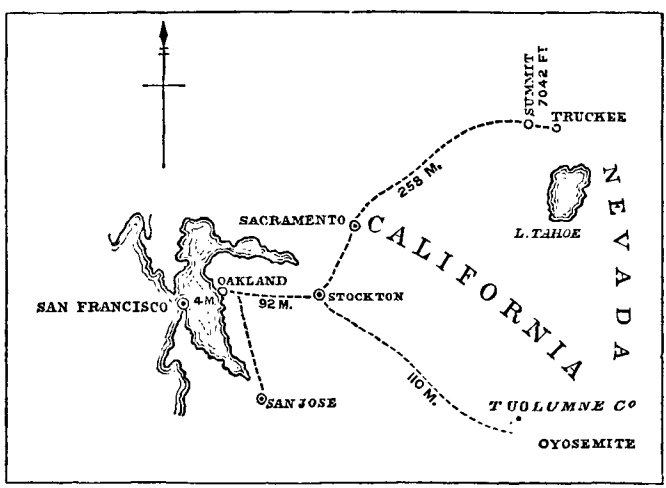
to support the single line, so that my feet were actually over the water.

It is only natural for you to conclude that, as we have been talking for the last five minutes about American railway cars, we are going for the next many five into them; and you are right. Queen Anne's coach is waiting at the door of the Grand Hotel, we have settled our bills, and are about to step in.

"This gentleman is waiting to be paid for brushing your boots," said a waiter. Poor gentleman! Perhaps he was shy, and did not like to ask for himself, I don't think he was a mute; at any rate, he got another "gentleman" to ask for him, and we acquitted ourselves like men and paid. I use the two words gentlemen and men designedly, for when we were very fairly asked to pay for our blacking, no "Sir" broke the shock of the request, or lessened our humiliation at feeling we had forgotten the gentleman shoeblack in the hurry of departure. This gentleman shoeblack was like the gentleman Hampshire waiter at the Yosemité. "Can I have some things washed?" I said. "I am not sure," said he; "but I will ask one of these ladies if they will do them for you as a favour." "Oh! never mind," said I; "I will do very well." This gentleman waiter and ladies washerwomen were on their part like the hostess at an inn farther up the valley, who, if I mistake not, really did couple the two words gentleman and man together in saying that she would see if the "gentleman" inside would give us "men" outside something to eat. Now, as far as I am concerned, I have not the least objection to be called a man; any one that pleases may add a fine man if they like. I don't object to a shoeblack calling himself a gentleman and me a man. All I say is, if he says it of set purpose to offend—which I don't believe

he does—he, in addition to being a gentleman, as he says, is a snob, as I say. Don't let him mind though. He ranks with much very good company. If he will come and see me in the old country, I dare say I shall be able to introduce him to some high-titled folk, or rich new men, that are also snobs.

It had occurred to me to go from San Francisco into British Columbia, but I did not hear that, either for settlers or travellers, that country at present offered very much attraction. No doubt her day will come, and steps of improvement are advancing on her through the Red River Settlement, but now she is, so I was told, a good deal paralysed. So then let us go on, on this Wednesday, June 22nd, on and on board too, for the great Trans-American line does not come, or did not then, to San Francisco, but to the other side of the water, whereto, in huge



FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO TRUCKEE.

steamers, that besides passengers unlimited can take a dozen carriages and pairs, we steam. I forget how long it took us

to cross the bay—not long; and when we landed it was at the pretty town of Oaklands, where very extensive works—piers, &c.—were being made by the Western Pacific Railway. Had we gone straight from here to New York, we had a stretch of three thousand three hundred and five miles before us, and we might have done it in seven* days; but as it was we had only about ninety-two miles to go to Stockton, and we got there at noon, having left San Francisco at eight o'clock.

At Oaklands we had entered upon the great railway of America—a grand line which does the country high honour; though different companies did wade to its consummation through much panic, loss, gain, and some violence.

'Twere easily possible to go from San Francisco to New York in one car; but from Omaha to New York, and elsewhere, many lines branch, therefore it comes that the probability is that you may have "to change carriages" at Omaha. This, though, in a drive of three thousand three hundred and five miles can scarcely be called often. The continent, no doubt, eventually will be traversed by more than one line; let us hope for one north, in our territory, as there will be two at least in theirs. When we crossed, however, there was but one through line, and we are on it. To us it is immaterial that to the one line there are three names—the Western Pacific from San Francisco to Sacramento, the Central Pacific on from there to Ogden, and the Union Pacific on from Ogden to Omaha—yet must we not forget in paying our due homage to the one line that names mean men, and that it is to them, to their persevering skill, to their calculations, to their pluck, and must we not

* By the papers, however, I see that passengers have been delayed during this winter of 1871—2 as much as thirty-four days on the journey by the snow; and have suffered greatly in consequence, some even unto death.

say their audacity, that the one line has been formed. At Omaha, the one finger of a line that has pointed across the continent blends into a hand of "Dubuque and Sioux City," "Hannibal and Saint Joseph," "Missouri Pacific," "Council Bluffs and Burlington," "Chicago and Rock Island" Railways; whilst from Chicago a network of lines extends over the eastern portion of the still United States.

I am glad that we cross the continent when there is but one line. We are identified with pioneers; we are not confused with lines, but can take a bird's-eye view of the country—can grasp America, and call it grand and glorious, present and future. We may judge portions of the country sterile, but we know of Ogden, and the power of mind over matter, and bless the sterility that disposes to enterprise.

As I think back I conceive that four great divisions mark the line. From San Francisco to the foot of the Sierra Nevadas you pass through park-like scenery, and through miles of grain. Then you ascend the Sierra, and dive into the home of the giant Sequoia, ancient of days. At this altitude, scarce perceptibly rising or falling, you glide on past the Rocky Mountains; you wind mid bare and mighty hills, and cross over scores of miles of untouched, untilled plains; there to the right of you, there to the left of you, forward in front of you, still back in rear of you, prairie and hope. Then you are at Omaha. From Omaha to the east, gradually increasing as you go eastward, the present has overtaken the future: first diffidently in straggling lots of cultivation, mere etchings of homesteads; then more boldly and compactly; and, finally, as with us at home, thoroughly.

As yet, however, we are only at Oaklands; have not yet got our effects (we have each one hundred and twenty pounds of luggage allowed) booked, and labelled, and trained. We

bustle about the station pouring down with perspiration. "That wine is all cracked." "Where the deuce can we put these things?" "Here, you catch hold of this; the train will be off if you are not sharp." "The porters say they won't book the luggage." But they did. There is room for more hat-cases, wine-cases, dressing-cases, odds and ends cases with us in our carriages than with them in their cars. Distinctly more room. But the Judge would have his wine, and the Judge would have his tea; the Judge was firm. I applaud him now, but abused him then. The result of his firmness was, that the wine, in a deal case, had to be constantly under one arm, and the tea, in a tin case, under the other. It is not that there are no porters in America—there are porters, and with a little self-help you can get on just as well in America as in England—but it is that the porters in America devote themselves exclusively to that portion of your *impedimenta* that has got a hangable handle. The reason is very plain. Luggage in America is delivered over by you at the starting-off point, and handed over to you at the landing. Your proof of ownership is contained in a brass ticket, whose representative is on your luggage. But if there is nothing on that luggage whereon to hang your representative? . . . . Clearly there was nothing of a hooky nature on a tin of tea or a case of wine, therefore they had to go one under either arm at the stations, and under the seats in the cars.

Even I had my troubles. I had a sack with me, as part of my effects. This sack was tied as to its nose. Now such nose-tie was liable to come undone, yet it was the only available spot whereon to attach the brass label. It was a difficulty. The sanctity of the brass label must not be invaded. That is an American creed, and its orthodoxy is imperilled if

it has not a sound article whereon to attach itself. "It will come undone," said the label porter, and rejected it. I pleaded that there was a knot in the tie, that that made the article perfectly reliable, and got my way. The tin tea-case, however, had not a leg to stand upon—I mean a handle to hook upon—and became therefore a sore burden if a safe drink.

Gifted with ordinary physical strength, being a gentle—I mean a man—I am not altogether sure I don't think the American luggage system a bore. It has a Republican smatch about it, and places all on a common level. You cannot out-do your neighbour by means of extra vivacity, an extra shilling, or less luggage. It is taken from you, and given back to you; but it is at their time, not yours. It is a very perfect system, however, and is carried even out of the rail companies' hands into the hotel companies' ditto, by means of other tickets. By virtue of these and a slight payment, you empower the hotel officials, where you are going, to receive your luggage and deliver it in your room.

And now are we really off? Well, just one moment while I tell you a story. It has nothing to do with Oaklands; it has with Wyoming, and Wyoming is on the other side of Utah. But you see if I tell it here, I need not remember it there, and it will enable us the better to congratulate ourselves that it is summer and not winter. For there appears to have been a certain lady in Wyoming, who, early one winter, swallowed a glass of water. The cold there came on so suddenly, that the water turned to ice in the poor lady's stomach, and the doctors could not do anything for her relief till the returning spring. Is it not odd?

The first part of our drive from Oaklands was through a

rich corn-growing country, occasionally but not very much treed, but sufficiently so to give it a beautiful park-like effect. Then it turned to more barren land; and then, watered by an inlet from the sea, into a green marshy country fed on by cattle. There were many stations, but they only little wooden houses, and about noon we got to Stockton. This we found a large thriving town, where intense heat, broad streets, fair stores, black waiters, an average hotel, and breakfast, welcomed us. About half-past one we had got a carriage, and we four, the lady, and her niece, started for the Yosemité. We were bound for Knight's Ferry, some thirty-five miles away, and reached it about eight o'clock. The drive was not pretty, but it was interesting. We passed over a country miles of which were literally ripe with golden grain. Harvesting was going on, and we saw how science tried to supplement labour. A machine went in front and cut off the heads of the grain, and threw them into a long cart following, which carried it off to be stacked, probably threshed, the same day. If it is not convenient to thresh it when it is cut, or carry it when it is threshed, it is left out on the wide tracts of the enormous grain prairies over which we were passing. Twenty thousand acres of wheat, without a hedge, perhaps, with thirty, seventy, nay eighty bushels of wheat to the acre, nine or even ten acres of which can be ploughed and sown in one day, possibly two men and a score of horses helping the work—horses which, like the cattle, need scarcely any stored food or shelter from June to January and back to June.

As we rolled over the ugly but interesting country, saw its few wood isolated houses, with one rather better one, we came on, perhaps, a couple of farmers' daughters, riding bare-backed, a tramp, or a prairie schooner—a huge cart with a team of fourteen mules, costing, likely enough, four hundred

dollars the team. It was scorching hot, and when we got to the small sunken town of Knight's Ferry, the thermometer stood at 90°. Knight's Ferry held the courts and transacted the business of the county of Stanislaus, and collected the explorers to and from the Yosemité at its not over comfortable inn. Small rooms, one on each side of a small passage, two beds in each room, a bar, a parlour, and a table d'hôte held in the kitchen down below—such was our inn. The brothers divided one room, the ladies another, and the patrician and I a third.

We were off early next morning, but not before we had been informed, by some people returning from the Yosemité, that "no words could describe the roads." These were New York or Boston ladies, whose ideas of rough roads had been confined to the unfinished suburbs of their native towns; ladies who, when they got near the Yosemité, found themselves constrained by the horse-owners to ride astride like men—orders which our horsewomen stoutly refused to comply with, though the reason for pressing such unusual position on ladies is obvious enough. If you put one leg on either side of the saddle, you are more likely to keep that saddle in its proper place, and prevent a gall, than if you put two on one side. These poor ladies had evidently been quite subdued by the roughness of the Yosemité, and probably to their dying day will look back on that ride with something of the horror with which they spoke of it to us when we met them.

We were not off either before we had seen the stage-coach —Queen Anne pattern—start for Stockton, packed so full of people it was positively like packing a portmanteau. "Right aboard," said the man, as he stuffed the last child in, and jammed the door to. The people laughed, but the thermo-

meter was at—oh! I don't know—190° for them, I should think. Then we got away. The first twelve miles led us over downs fit for grazing only, where was little water, a little quartz, and less gold; then we got to the Crimea House. This inn shanty, provided with a bar, standing on the slope of not ungraceful hills, prettily wooded, but where the grass was too much burnt up for beauty, gave us milk and bread, and then we pressed on to Don Pedro's Bar for breakfast.

This we found to be the site of a deserted gold-digging place, where, when the gold failed, the two butchers, the saloon, the two hotels, picked up their planks, and set off to some more prosperous "take." Our food was given us by the kindness, much more than for the reward, of some one who had a shanty near to the river, and this river we prepared to cross. It was, I believe, the Tuolumne River, and was tolerably full and rapid. The ferry was ingenious. A rope crossed the river, ropes from stem and stern of the boat were fastened to the main rope, and one man, by shortening and lengthening the stem and stern ropes, as was needed, caused the current to carry the boat to and fro. About three miles farther on we got a change of horses at a solitary wood house, and continued our drive mid grass and trees. Chaparal was what our driver called the brushwood through which we drove, and gemisal—or "jimmysalt" rather—a frequent bush in the chaparal.

About nine miles from Don Pedro's Bar we came to Coulterville, a village that started with the best intentions of being rich by means of adjacent gold-diggings, but failed in its good intentions, as the gold proved faithless; a sleepy place, with a decent inn, some Italian gardeners, and "Digger" Indians (a very low tribe of Californian aborigines). Whilst we were waiting for something to eat, a settler of the

ruder sort entered into conversation, pointed to the women of the "Diggers," and with many oaths said, "that, or the Stockton Lunatic Asylum." His companions, decent but rather disappointed-looking men, seemed vexed that he should so entertain a stranger. About eight o'clock we arrived at Bower Cave, having accomplished a distance of some forty-five miles. We had got more into forest as we neared this place, and had already passed by fine pines, "pitch," "sugar," &c., &c., the carpet at whose base was of azaleas. The road was rough, at times narrow, winding, and steep, and driving not altogether an easy work. Our night's rest-place was merely a wooden shanty in the midst of forest. Soon, no doubt, all this will be changed, grand hotels will spring up, and I am glad our visit is paid in the primitive days of the Yosemité. The landlord of the Bower Cave, though a settler of some forty years, preferred to speak French; and his wife, it was said, having observed that her first husband meditated on her death, forestalled him, and freed him from any future anxiety in this world by a pistol. At Monsieur's inn we paid for our entertainment, but were made to understand we were the obliged. Yet there was not much conferred; three of us in one bedroom, and food to match. I conversed an Indian. He bore a certain resemblance to the trusty Francis whom we left in Hindostan, especially as to his hands, which bent somehow in a way ours don't; but his face was yellower and paler than the Madrasee's, his hair straighter, thick, coarse, black. He was under-bred as compared with the Tamil, but he said his name was "Superb." The next day we still were able to push on in our carriage for nine miles, by a road narrow, steep, overhanging a precipice, where men occasionally were blasting, and then we dismounted and took to horse.

We were now fairly in the huge, grand, sombre forests of the Sierra Nevadas. We were in the homes of the patriarch sequoias, the misnamed Welling or Washing-tonias, whose height, three hundred feet, diameter forty, claim cousinship only, as far as I know, in their weird age of three thousand years, with the gum-trees of Tasmania and Victoria, their equals but not superiors. At the homes of these giant trees, which give the tone to the forests, but by no means make up all the society of trees therein, are found all sorts, humble, middle, high.

Our horses were waiting for us by the side of the still progressing driving-road, and we left the carriage for the saddle. Nonpareille and her aunt were accomplished horse-women, and stoutly refused, as I said, to acquiesce in the balancing process. There were seven of us to mount (for, of course, we had to have a guide) on horses of whose gear and themselves least said soonest mended.

We had about ten miles of a ride before us, and it led us almost entirely through pines, splendid in bowl and height, growing straight up, and branchless. Different this from the forests of Tasmania, where the undergrowth of tree-ferns and grasses almost barred progress, for here there was scarce any undergrowth.

True, we came on the carcasses of many dead sheep, which, driven on in hundreds to find something to live by, had, fasting, fed on the leaves of the wild azalea-bush, and, feeding, died poisoned. But these bushes, though frequent, were not constant, nor what exactly is understood as undergrowth. No; from out bare soil generally grew the mighty forest-trees, of which the mightiest claïm a world's precedence. On we rode; on past a ring that had fallen victim to lightning —absolutely shattering one tree, making a corkscrew round

another, barking a third; on through azalea-bushes mingled with lilac and white ceonotus and mansaneta; on, seeing at times, in the distance, when some break in the all-enclosing forest permitted a view, hills, forest-clad, or breaking therefrom in stone snow-sprinkled.

Last night we were three thousand feet over sea-level, perhaps eight thousand to-day. We are riding through the home not only of sequoia, but of grizzly, cinnamon, and black bears; of fisher, mink, sable, and black fox; and even lions—Californian—could be found without leaving the forest. Still on, till at last we sink somewhat from our higher level, and are at Crane's Flat, Grand Relief Hotel, in the Calaveras county of California.

Now is it in your power—oh, fortunate reader!—to stop at Crane's Flat, to sleep at Crane's Flat, to visit the big Tuolomite trees from Crane's Flat, and yet not to stay there. Such is your privilege. For the truth compels me to acknowledge that fifteen more miles of a ride are before us, this Friday, 24th of June, yet for you is the good fortune of dovetailing in that ride our return journey on the following Tuesday, and our then night's rest at the log-house on the Flat.

CHAPTER XIII.

Crane's Flat Hotel—Tuolumne Trees—The Yosemité Valley—Sentinel Hotel—Splendid Views—Bridal Veil Falls—Yosemité Falls—Nevada Falls—Vernal Falls—Mirror Lake—Gold Mine—Mr. Wheeler's House—Heat—Through Tickets—Sacramento.

GUNNEY bags," said our patrician, as, somewhat stiff, we dismounted at our breakfast door. "Gunney bags!" Now gunney bags must have been imported from Calcutta, and are found by us at Crane, at a wood shanty, miles mid the Sierra, used as sacking. Gunney bags!

Around us a swampy bit of ground, where the forest had left a trickling stream, and a patch of coarse grass. Here was Crane's Flat; and here Mr. and Mrs. Goulburn and suite migrate from Stockton or Sacramento way, and entertain royally. Their palace two sheds. Their furniture deal tables, forms, and beds—four divided by some boards from the centre room on one side, two by like boards on the other—and a kitchen.

The accommodation may have been scanty, but the heart that received us was warm, and the hand that fed us was generous. Mrs. Goulburn gave us plenty; she gave us that plenty hot; she gave us it kindly, and she gave it us clean; and as she fed us when we passed through, so she fed us when we returned, and I offer her here our thanks. It was cold at Crane's Flat; and when an anxious parent crowed loudly in the early early morning of the day following on the night we slept there, I rose. I rose not too soon, for

no sooner than I did, a hen mother, for whom the father importuned, took my place on the warm bed and laid!

CRANE'S FLAT.

I, though, was out in the cold. I took my frieze coat, that inseparable companion born of Todd and Burns in Dublin, and having broken the ice, which had cŏngealed in a basin outside where I washed, went further into the forest and sat down. It was early, early day. No sound broke in on the perfect stillness. The sun, that shortly I knew would spurn my frieze, had not yet risen; and thin ice, damp marsh, glittering dew-drop, or illimitable forest, were all my companions. Where was I? By the world-renowned sequoias! Where were they? In the forests of the Sierra Nevadas! I must rouse myself and measure.

The history of the discovery of these big trees is yet new, but the discovery of the first was not necessarily the discovery of all. There is the Mariposa Grove, there are the Calaveras trees, there are others, and there are the trees hard by Mrs. Goulburn's at Crane's Flat, the Tuolomite or Tuolumne trees. The measurements that are given in one book and by one guide are disputed by the other: inches in scores

of feet, and days in thousands of years, are not of importance. They are all splendid. Listen to what the Great Trans-Atlantic Railroad Guide says: Mariposa, 427 trees, largest 34 feet in diameter; Tuolumne, 24 trees, largest 36 feet in diameter; Calaveras, 92 trees, 30 feet in diameter, 327 feet in height. The measurement that we took in Tasmania, rude and imperfect as it was, aids us to compare the big tree there with these trees here. You may remember that there I paced round the bowl, and, calling my pace a yard, counted 31. Here I did the same, and counted 24. The child at the big tree in Tasmania told me its height was 300 feet. Here I did not hear the height, but it would not probably be less than that of the Calaveras group, viz. 327 feet.

I thought the Tuolumne group more striking than the gums off the Huon road, because the former stood in less undergrowth, towering up to the skies in immense straight stems, branchless till near the top. Lessened in effect though these giants even were, by the fact that their companionship was with trees not of course their equals, but only their inferiors. Place them with our firs! Place "Chang" with "Thumb." It is no comparison.

The sequoia is a handsomer tree than the gum. The roots of the gum are larger, but the fir is the finer tree. The wood is exceedingly light, and I only of our party got his brittle stick, cut from a fallen giant, home safe to England. Though it is true that there was less undergrowth here than in Van Diemen's Land, yet there was more at this spot than in many parts of the forest; and as we looked at these hoary giants, we stood mid hazel and wild gooseberry bushes, and were a prey to mosquitoes. Among the group were two remarkable twin trees. United at their base, they remained so for some twelve feet up, having a joint circumference of thirty-four

yards, and then separating, they towered heavenwards, branchless and straight, some two hundred and twenty feet, of equal stem and perfect similarity.

SEQUOIA, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

We are again *en route*, and are once more passing through these splendid forests of the Sierras. They present the same appearance as our pine woods do, only magnified a hundredfold; the general average of the trees here being some sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet in height. Straight and separate they stand, their few branches hung with a beautiful light golden green moss. Many sorts there are, of which the tamarack, the balsam, occurs to me, and all are growing from out a bed hoped to be golden. The whole country is supposed to be auriferous, and the land

therefore cannot be bought from the State. As we ride on amid these solemn silent firs, we come on a strange mass of isolated granite rock. How the Cingalese would have deified it! On we ride, the air fragrant with azalea, and the earth carpeted with lilac lupin.

There is more than one way to get into the Yosemité, and I should recommend those who go, to go in by Clarke's Ranche, and out—the way we both went in and out. We are high, high now over the valley, lost in the forests that gird it, and that, growing on granite mountains, sink thousands of feet to its bed. In round numbers, the Yosemité is twelve miles long, two broad, and one high. From base to summit a mile of granite! This is not an exaggeration; at least it is not if desiring to convey an approximate conception of the valley. El Capitano, three thousand four hundred feet—not the highest bit of the rock-wall boundary—rises straight from the valley's base, an immense rounded block of granite, with scarce a tree on its wall of nature's masonry. The "Cloud's Rest," the "Brothers," the "Cathedral Spires," other portions of the valley's barrier, rise four, five, if not six thousand feet from base to summit.

From where we now are riding, to where, at Mr. Black's Sentinel Hotel, we must rest during our stay, we have four thousand feet to descend. This, no doubt, more than even, in my opinion, the more dangerous driving-road, was the road that "no words could describe." Shall I attempt it? It was just so precipitous that you might sit on your horse's back all the way and enjoy the magnificent view, even though you saw that your path was a foot-path; it crumbled with loose stones, or barred your progress with boulders of granite; it overhung in places precipices where,

if you fell, your only hope would be in the fortuitous intervention of what was to Absalom so great a mishap; and your horse, from fetlock to hock, scraped the path, seeking foothold and a drag on too rapid descent.

We are going into the Yosemité, and I have a prescience that before we get out you may say I rant. Hurrying with the mind's glance over Switzerland, over the Himalayas, the mountains of Australia and Japan, and then thinking of the Yosemité, I think there is nothing of its kind so grand. Yet I see this note, written about the time of our visit, and I give it as a guard rant: "....It is more unique than either beautiful or grand. Yet it is grandly beautiful. I can compare it only with itself, or, with *very* distant and poor comparison, to the valley of Gourais, in the Himalayas. No one within any reasonable distance should fail to see it. Whether it would repay any one to go some thousands of miles to visit it, is open to opinion."

Happy you. I bandage your eyes. I give you the benefit of our experience. I let you see us dismount weary at eight of the evening of Friday, after our five-and-twenty mile ride; but I do not let you see the valley from where we entered it, but from Inspiration Point, where we ascend on the following Monday. Yes, you are blind as you descend from Crane's Flat way, though you see as you return, your face pointed from the main bulk of the valley, and looking down into that wild gorge of rock and wood and water that ends it westwards. I let you see to lift Nonpareille off her horse, still cheerful, though her little back does ache. I let you see the two "ladies" and the "gentleman" who receive the travellers in their long wooden inn, and dispose them separately in rooms, though attempt is made to utilise the second bed in each room. I let you see to eat in the long room on the deal table,

the kitchen adjoining. I let you see to have, ay, to have even your boots brushed by that wandering German who improves your few words of his tongue as he brushes. I let you see those few Indians camped round some rude huts, or wigwams, or tents, the aborigines of the place, yellow, squat, black-haired, independent, idle—moths in summer, moles in winter. I let you see to bathe in the clear and rapid stream of the Merced River that flows through the valley, bidding you hold on by the bank, lest the force of the current should carry you whither you would not, and the place that knew you should know you no more for ever. But the valley, its granite setting, its waterfalls, and its mirror-lake, you see not.

We have descended some four thousand feet. Once that valley of a dozen miles' length must have met above in a plain of granite, grass-covered and treed. Prone on its surface some mighty giant must have lain, and torn asunder its gaping walls. Nature must have cleft this valley, leaving now an irregular peak, now a dome, pre-eminent over the other portions of the mountain walls, and then when she had cleft it, and left it bare stone, have waited till her kindlier influences clad the same in grass and forest tree. And how strangely she has clothed it! El Capitano stands forth proudly bare, stern, naked, scarped; and yet even on its wall of granite *a* tree has found a footing. Some débris from the summit has found a ledge whereon to rest, some bird or wind has cast there some seed, and a tree has grown; a tree, though but half way up, so insignificant it is difficult for the eye to find it. Other portions again of the rock walls are clothed almost to their summits in irregular forest; whilst the highest peaks lie cold and bare against the sky.

We sit at Inspiration Point, at the far end of the valley, and

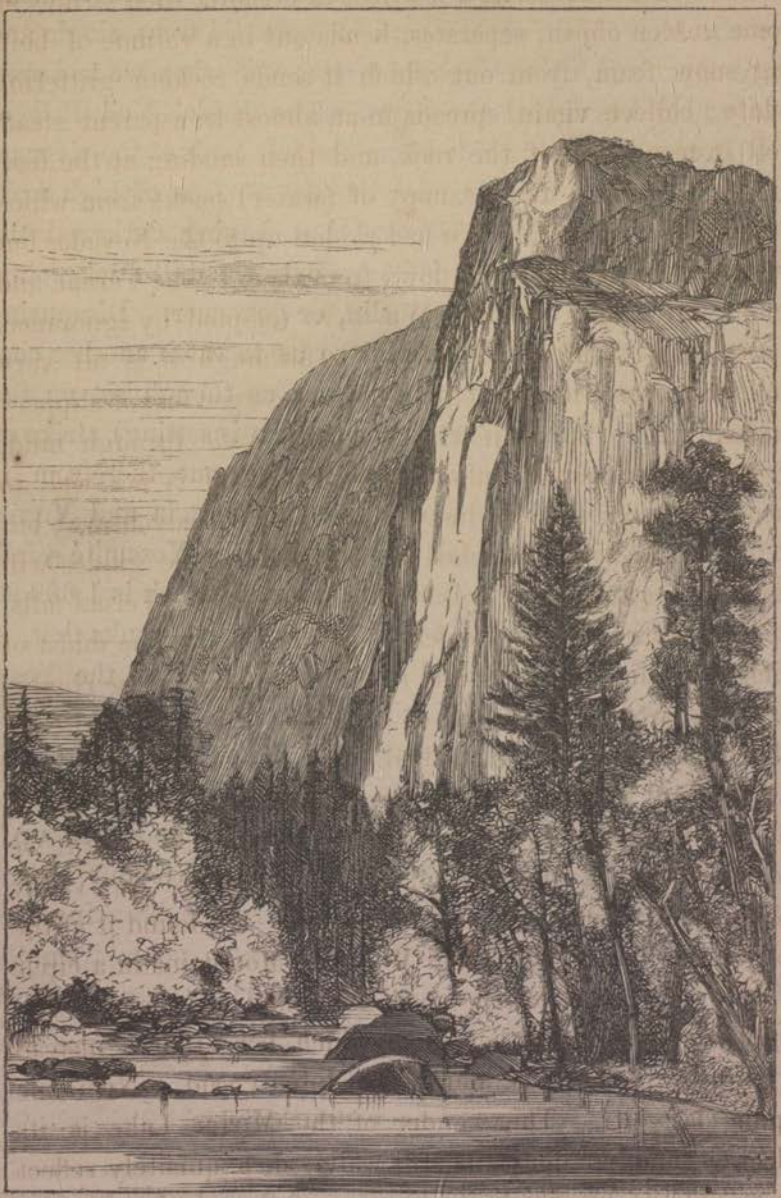
half way up its wall. We are in a forest of pine, and we look down on the famed Yosemité. First our eye scans the far distance, and sees, hemming in the farthermost end, acre upon acre of bare granite, sweeping round in a sloping curve, snow-sprinkled, treeless. This far-off sweep of stone admits of few superiors. From it, no doubt the Dome and Cloud's Rest stand forth pre-eminent, but not by much. The valley is closed in by it, and a grand feeling of undefined distance is obtained. Gradually the eye curtails its view and passes from the cold grandeur of the distant heights to the valley at its feet. There amid a forest of what looked like toy firs there shines, from time to time, a glittering streak of the "Merced" River, which as it now is seen, now is hid in the constant forest, passes perchance some more open space of green grass or ripening grain. The valley of the Yosemité is before us, the quiet loveliness of which, resting amid the stern, unyielding, passively watchful walls of granite, forces unbidden on the mind the idea of a bride, for whom the waterfalls are ornaments, the walls protection. Words limp, but the eye brightens as it rests, in one view, on rock piercing the cloud, on snow, on the dark green of fir and the lighter green of grass, and on the sheen of water as it sparkles beneath the glorious sun. It is in the combination of the bleak grandeur of the mountain walls, and the soft velvety luxuriance of the valley, that the chief beauty of the Yosemité is found. Lose yourself, as we did, amid the Himalayas, and the inhospitable rock awes you; wander in the forest valleys of Ceylon, and the too great heat stifles you: but sit here at Inspiration Point and you feel the vigour of contrast, and combine harmoniously the extremes of cold grandeur and warm abundance.*

* I must say that I think it would have been much better if the old Indian names had been continued at the Yosemité (which is Indian, and means Large Grizzly Bear)

We had got to where we viewed the valley by riding along by the Merced, through a park of splendid trees, single and in groups, and up through fir forest; and when we had seen the whole we visited the parts. The Bridal Veil Fall of 940 ft. meets us as we ride along the left bank of the river on our way home. It falls over the flat surface of high rock, is not contained in a channel, but having darkened the rock over which it flows, is blown over the dull background in a veil of light blond, or muslin, or gossamer. Disabusing our minds of the idea of a veil so as to catch another conception, we see the soft gauzy water, as though set on fire with different coloured lights (for the sun is setting), strike on the dark rocks at its base and spring out therefrom in smoke of coloured vapour. But the Nevada and Vernal falls rank before the Bridal Veil; whilst the Yosemité—falling they say, 2,634 ft. in three falls, one of which is 1,600 ft., the other two 434 ft. and 600 ft. respectively—ranks first, in height at least, but not in beauty. These last, the Yosemité falls, were nearly opposite to our inn, but the Nevada and Vernal falls lie at the opposite to the entrance end of the valley, and to them we turned.

The ride was first along by the Merced, and then up a steep climb of two miles or so, very trying to our horses. Arrived at the Nevada falls, we found them breaking over the rock surface, 700 feet. First, the water pours from the

than the modern ill-chosen American ones. Let us grant that Cloud's Rest is good; but surely Large Acorn Cache (Poo-see-nah-chuck-ha) is better than Cathedral Rock; Loya than Sentinel Rock; the Falling Rocks (Pom-pom-pa-sus) better than Three Brothers; Shade to Indian Baby Basket (To-coy-o) prettier than North Dome. Of the Falls: Wide Water (Pi-wy-ack) is better than Vernal, and Ys-wi-ye than Nevada; though I think Bridal Veil is prettier than Spirit of the Evil Wind (Po-ho-no). Considering that probably all this grand valley has been named by early settlers, not the most poetical of men, it were better to revert to the names it bore when it was discovered, than to attempt to identify its magnificent uniqueness with such common matters as Domes, Spires, and Brothers. These old Indian names and the heights were given me on a card—"New Sentinel Hotel, A. G. Black, Proprietor."



BIT OF YOSEMITÉ, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BOUGHT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

summit in a channel of a few feet in breadth, then strikes on some unseen object, separates, bends out in a volume of boiling snow foam, from out which it sends rockets glittering white; collects again, spreads in an almost transparent steam veil over a scarp of the rock, and then landing at the foot, buries itself in a dense canopy of (water) smoke from which it emerges a torrent. We had ridden up to the Nevada, but we were tempted to climb down from them to the Vernal, and rejoin our horses below. We were tempted by ignorance. I warn those who would follow, for although it is all very well for a young male to climb down feet upon feet of slippery ladder, wet to the skin with spray, to wade through mud, or to cling to damp unholding rock, yet it is not well to encourage other than the lusty he-animal so to adventure; but as there is a bonus attached to the venture the guides will suggest the attempt. Words fail me to paint these Vernal falls, lit by a setting sun. Deafened by the roar, in the midst of thick cold mist we stood, and saw that which, for the combination of wood and water, of rock, of shade, and brilliant colourings, was to me unrivalled.

But there was yet another scene to be visited—the Mirror Lake. We went there early one morning. To reach it we had to cross the Merced and bear away where the valley widens on its right bank, and opens out. We found it at the foot of the South Dome and Watkin's Mountains in a circle of willow, fir, and cotton wood, and amid a jungle of wild gooseberry-bushes, the berries of which bore thorns instead of hair on their skins, and most pointedly said, "Nemo me impune lacessit." The wonder of the Mirror Lake is its reflection, and no doubt its still waters do exquisitely reflect the mountains by which it is surrounded, and the wood by which it is girt.

Dear Mrs. Goulburn! What she said when we got back to Crane's Flat was, "The English are so much more noble than the Americans." Good woman and true! But we can't stay there, we have to be back at Stockton on the 1st July, Friday, and we have to visit a gold mine near Coulterville on Thursday, on which day too we have to pay Mr. Coulter — whose father founded the town and called it by his name—56 dollars 50 cents each, for franking us into the valley and back. Of the gold mine I have not much to say. I perceive this note: "What amount of gold is got I don't know," and probably there may be a good deal of reliance placed on that note; but there was at the mine all the resources of noise, and puddle, and stampers, and men, and houses, and—I daresay—quartz!

On our way from there to Stockton we stopped at Mr. Wheeler's good brick house and garden. Mr. Wheeler was a peddler—or at least he occupied himself in "peddling"—and a very pleasant occupation it seemed. For it was that of, after growing his own fruit on his own land, by his own house, literally under his own vine and fig tree, selling it to other people to eat. A gardener youth pleased me there. We had a chat together whilst the others were looking for unripe cholera, and he told me that "after he had learnt a bit of gardening, and earned a bit of money thereby," he would go to school. It might, he said, be a temporary loss of time, but he hoped it would be an eventual gain, and besides, he said, he would do "a bit of earning by cleaning up" at the school. Then we again slept at Knight's Ferry, mid perspiration-moisture and mosquitoes, and arrived next day at the capital of the county of Sanwokeen, on the river of the same name, of a thousand inhabitants, called Stockton.

From the experience of this visit to the Yosemité, I would

say that parts of California are tremendously hot. There is not the same sort of depressing heat perhaps that there is in India, but I do not remember there a more scorching hot wind than that which met us as we drove across the grain plains back to Stockton; the sun blazed down on our heads, and the wind seemed to come out from a furnace.

By noon on Saturday we were away from Stockton, our party reduced to four he's; away in an ordinary train making for Truckee, which we reached at eleven P.M. of the same day—one hundred and sixty-six miles in all.

About two o'clock the train got to Sacramento, and, as is customary with Republican trains, rang its bell and drove right into the main street, on a level with the cabs, one with them. There were crowding and much confusion at the station. Where there is confusion in America the people swear. The refreshment place was crowded, but there were buns eaten in all the agony of not knowing when the train was going to start. Up to a station or two beyond the town of Sacramento the look-out has been over a vast grain plain, then the line begins to ascend the Sierras, and the prospect is wood. Stockton and Sacramento seemed both much the same kind of place—towns where a good deal of business no doubt was done, but also a good deal of idling; broad-streeted, low-lying places, where men hid from the noon heat; unpleasant places to live in if you were losing money, but not unhealthy, though hot.

CHAPTER XIV.

Newcastle—Cape Horn—Alta—Snow-sheds and Hedges—Truckee—People of Truckee Chapel—Story of Donner Lake—Independence Fêtes—Tahoe Hotel—The China Chamberman—Tahoe Lake—Nevada *v.* Rocky Mountains—Stations—Indians—Bridge Watchers—Leslie's Indian Attack—The Indians' Future—Winnemucca—An Apology—Battle Mountain—Carlin—The Indians get a Lift—Elko—The Mining District—The Ruby Range—Sudden Wealth.

WE are in the train, as you know, and have a Year-Book of Facts, a Pacific Coast Railroad Gazetteer, and a Great Trans-Continental Railroad Guide lying before us We feel it cooler, for at Newcastle, where we look over an extensive view, we have climbed nine hundred and twenty feet up the Sierra Nevada. At Auburn, county town of Placer County, we find a pleasant village (one thousand three hundred and eighty-five feet above sea-level) mid firs, with gardens, and with, perhaps, eight hundred people, at whose station a four and a six horse coach—always Queen Anne pattern—are waiting to go to "Michigan Bluffs," or to "Cave Valley." Between Colfax and Gold Run we have passed by some hydraulic gold mines, where the gold is got by inundation. Still up, up, up, looking over some fine stretches of pine valleys as they open out in the all-surrounding forest, and now by a precipice very, very close to the off-line.

Whether it was ignorance, or heat, or approaching dusk—whether it was because of being somewhat *blazé*, by reason of Indian ghauts, New South Wales zigzag line to Towoomba, or that to Kandy, I don't know; but—and you would hardly think it—we have passed "the grandest scene on the whole

line of the Trans-Continental Railroad." We have gone round Cape Horn. Shall we go back, and, as the Guide tells us, "shudder, one look into the awful chasm being sufficient to unsettle our nerves," or shall we accept the fact that we have passed the "awful" and "grand" scene almost unawares? Not being an engineer, I believe, as I read, that the skill required to get round that cape "far exceeded that of the cunning savage." I believe that the Trans-American Railway is a stupendous and magnificent work, but I don't think that the engineering difficulties were greater than those which we have already seen overcome in other countries. Where the line is unique is in its conception, in its vast extent, in its miles and miles of snow-sheds, whereby the otherwise impossibility of winter traffic is overcome (only partially though, as it seems), and in its being a means of communication from coast to coast through a hostile country. Hostile not so much in consequence of Indians, though that must have been a matter of consideration, and is one of care, but on account of the hundreds and hundreds of miles of virgin, unproductive, unhelpful soil, over which it had to go.

However, we must get on if we want to have anything to eat at Alta. Alta, three thousand six hundred and twenty-five feet up, was merely what is called "a freight and passenger station" in the book, *i.e.* a few wood huts in a clearing of the forest. We had a heavy train (it was near the 4th of July, and Americans were on the move)—two engines, three luggage vans, and eight large cars holding about forty-eight people in each; and I copy from my note-book what I really did see from between Alta and Truckee. "I groped my way along the platform at Cisco to get a drink, then rode outside for many miles, and caught a glimpse by the starlight of the pine forest and a lake, when a short break in

the snow-sheds enabled me to see anything." We kept in these sheds for over forty miles. They would have been more observable by day, but we entered them by night. I had the luck to be outside somewhere, on the step, or on the platform at the end of the carriages, otherwise, I believe, we might have passed through this distinctive feature of the American line without knowing it. There have been two kinds of snow-bafflers adopted. Where the line—as through the Nevadas it generally does—passes along by the side of (hewn out from) the rock mountain, a sloping roof of wood and an outer wall, or a complete shed, has been made; thus the snow, instead of collecting on the rail, falls over it or rests innocuous on the shed's roof. On the plains movable hedges, or hurdles, are placed at some short distance from the rail, and the snow drifts against them instead of on to or over the line.

We are still in these sheds, but quit them as we leave the Summit Station, and run down from an elevation there of seven thousand and forty-two feet to one at Truckee of five thousand eight hundred and sixty-six feet, and stop there. Mr. Campbell is our host, and civil and obliging he is; but you do not realise him I hope as one in the same position as himself at Claridge's, for they are unlike—"Yes, by G—d!" and that, once said here, is often there.

At Truckee, where the station is, is the hotel, and I think the station-master is the hotel-master. There are comfortable rooms and clean beds, and under the sleeping-rooms is the bar—the bar that acts as refreshment place for the train, club for the élite of Truckee, and from which opens a coffee-room. Truckee is a lumber place, and Truckee, therefore, ought to be ephemeral, but as it has obtained a hold on the world because of the line's passing through it, I think

Truckee may be said to be lasting. A "lumber" place is by its very nature migratory. As the forest that encircles it falls, so must the place, and the wooden planks that have made dwelling house, saloon, and shop, must follow the forest. Had Truckee not been on the line, already the fallen forest had given it notice to move on; but as it is, as steam and water saw-mills have sprung up, I think it will remain.

They say there are four thousand people in Truckee, and, except them, all the rest is wood. The train runs through a street of wood, one wooden partition of which—called house—names itself "Dry Goods Store," another "Chemist," a third "Billiard and Drinking Saloon," a fourth "Bowling Alley," a fifth "Gambling Tables," and so on. No garden or decoration, but all wood. The four thousand are sharp-nosed goatee (that is with short beards)—people in shirt-sleeves, and with a power of swearing. That is, many are, but by no means all; for among them are Spanish, Mexicans, Irish, Italians, Germans, English, Welsh, Chinese, and women. Neither among the high-swearing "cusses" could I include him who courteously asked me, prowling about among the lumber chips, into his wooden house adorned even with a small garden—asked me to walk in, sit down, and talk. He called his son "Son," and his son called him "Sir." He talked sensibly and pleasantly, but he talked a little above me, and left me stranded when he spoke of the "aphelion" of some planet, and enlarged on a "troglodyte." But it is time to go to the Wesleyan or Baptist chapel. There was a congregation of about a dozen people, among whom were one or two smart young ladies. The gentlemen wore holland coats. The *padré* was young, had a beard and moustache, and spoke through his nose powerful. The service lasted half an hour or three-quarters. Two men

and one woman sang airs not unmusically, and the *padré* prayed simply, and that, to my mind, was the best part of the service. In that prayer each could feel one with all, and those who prayed formed but one. And now suppose we go out for a walk.

There is nothing more peculiar here than to feel the soft hot air and yet to see the snow lying as though within reach; and as we trudge towards Donner Lake we are particularly conscious of these opposites. As we walk I will tell you a story if you like, but I advise your reading it out of the "Trans-Continental Guide." It appears that by this lake of three and a half miles long and unknown depth Donner and a party of emigrants arrived in the fall of 1846; they were making for California, but had loitered too much, despite the warnings of their trapper guide, and camped on one night of their march by these shores. There were sixteen souls. The snows had not yet fallen, but during that fatal night they did. The old pines swayed and beat, and the snow fell thick and fast. The frightened cattle broke from their guards, and fled before the storm. In the morning terror seized the party, for they saw the ground lay thick with snow, and they knew their danger. Part, leaving the waggons, took what horses remained and pressed on, but Donner was ill, and his wife would not leave him. A Dutchman, or a German, remained with the Donners, whose children were sent on with the party that determined to press forward, and which, after a long and perilous battle, did succeed in surmounting the Sierras. The storm continued for weeks. Those who had crossed the summit knew they could not return, and the winter passed—to those left, how? Who can tell? In the early spring some men pushed to the relief of the sufferers, hoping that the strayed cattle might have returned and given

them sustenance. They got to the rude door of the hut, they pushed it open and found there the Dutchman holding in his hand an arm which he was devouring. With difficulty the arm was wrenched from the man, and his story extracted. He said that Donner had died, and Mrs. Donner also. But from her frozen body no signs of natural death could be found, and the worst is feared for her in one sense, and for him, who alone survived, in another. And now here we stand at this Donner Lake, by which a rail passes, where in summer and winter people live, and inns are open, and find it prettily situated mid high rocks, fir-bound, and stocked with many trout.

On the Friday following this Sunday, we pressed back to the summit station that overlooks the lake, where there is not a bad inn, which stands almost *in* one of the snow-sheds. We obtained some extensive views over the forests, and became aware that up in these mountains various valleys lie, abundant in grass and spring and summer fodder for cattle; to which valleys herds are driven, and stay there the snowless months. Strange to think that here on the Sierras winter reigns so inhospitable at an elevation of seven thousand feet, and yet that on the plains of Laramie, and about Cheyenne and Denver, which are at an even higher elevation, there should scarce be any winter, cattle being left out the year round.

Truckee was very much alive on Sunday night—hammered gunpowder on anvils and produced a noise; on Monday morning exploded crackers, and produced another. It stuck fir-trees at its store doors, as we put flowers in our button-holes, and generally conducted itself with that degree of dash which was due to the commemoration of Independence. We were not the least annoyed!

There was an Independence ball given, at which, perhaps, we should have assisted, had we not read somewhere that gentlemen with a patch at the back of their—of their . . . . were adopted as ladies in the dance; and it was impossible for us to tell, after so long a tour, whether we might not have that distinctive mark. The fear was a purely nervous one, for there were quite sufficient ladies at Truckee to make the patch unnecessary.

Out of the thirty-seven stores that formed the street of the place, the fourteen that added, by means of drink and play, to conviviality did a good business that night; but the ball was at Campbell's, at the Station Hotel—in fact, at the station. I dodged on its outskirts, dived into the drawing-room, where a few ladies were seated, waiting patiently, and dropped on the wash-place where the gentlemen were giving a last touch to their hair. This it struck me they did very often, by the aid of a glass that stood over the four dirty basins by the dirty towel, in the dirty barber's shop that adjoined the bar, the latter divided from the dance-room by a door. They seemed to me to be always going in to conquer, but as the moment of attack came, a feeling of damp nervousness prostrated them, and they returned to re-do-up their locks and look for more courage. If they had only known how meek the ladies looked in the parlour! They ought, too, to have gained courage from the remarks of a black, who, like me, hung on the outskirts. He told a story "of a fella who come out too late prom a dance to get a good hat," "Yagh! yagh!" and imitated the gentlemen who take such pains to darken their skins at St. James's remarkably well. It was a night devoted to amusement, and adulterated with shyness. The dancing was slow measure, wherein the extremes of grown and ungrown people mingled.

"I come from a Sir," said a gentleman to me, as he good-naturedly entered into conversation, "and I think the English the greatest nation on earth." I fully agreed with him, and caused him, I believe, honest pleasure when I pointed out our patrician, and let him converse with him.

I have not the honour of the acquaintance of the Countess of Caledon or Marquess of Queensberry, but they will be happy to hear that they have friends at Truckee, if not blood relations.

The bed of the full-flowing Truckee River, up which we drove to get to Tahoe, was full of pine logs a little distance from the town, covered with pine shavings and sawdust at it. The lumber trade is attended with a certain amount of danger to the traveller. We will suppose us on a road which a high bank of pine lines on one side, a river the other; the lumberer goes up this bank, and forms a gutter of wood near to some tree or trees which he desires to cut down. Cut down, the tree is put into the gutter, and swish! down it goes over the road into the river. Now, if your carriage happens to be on the road at that moment and spot, it may be knocked into the river. And such a catastrophe, at least the horse was killed, had happened on the road (of fifteen miles) we took to Tahoe.

There was nothing particularly noteworthy in the drive. It was through a pretty forest, and led us to a comfortable hotel on the borders of the beautiful lake.

Lake Tahoe lies in two States and five counties, and owns a small "city," at the chief inn of which we stopped. Our host had been a chemist, and recorder for six years, and had invested 19,000 dollars (£4,000) on the purchase of the inn, on which its previous owner had expended 30,000 dollars. It was comfortably furnished, three-storied, and with a mag-

nificent view of the lake; there were three or four other wooden houses beside the inn, and that composed the whole.

We had intended leaving next day, but the great heat told on the Colonel. Fever and ague befell him, and we were only too glad that his mishap came where a chemist was host.

A very clean Chinaman was chambermaid, who told me he would go back to China when he had got a thousand dollars, and marry a wife with a little foot. "Why with a little foot, a little, deformed, crunched-up worthlessness?" I said. "Oh!" he said, "because my father and brother all marry ooman little foot, and they despise me if I don't." He told me any Chinaman could always learn his own future. He said that in forty years, less or more, the old dynasty of China would be restored, and he would be glad, because then he need no longer wear a pig-tail, but long hair like the Japanese. He said the Russians would never let us fight the Chinese, but he did not seem very confident about this.

A good deal has been said about Lake Tahoe, and a good deal more will be said as the means of access increase and hotels spring up. "The Innocent" went "Abroad" and saw some of the Swiss lakes; he had seen Tahoe, and he said what he thought. If I had his book, I would tell you, but I have not; I remember, however, that his remarks were complimentary to his own lake.

In the first place, it is "6,000 feet above the level of the sea;" it is "1,700 feet deep;" it is "1,500 feet deep;" it is "35 miles long and 15 broad;" it is "22 miles long and 10 broad;" it has "a superficial area of 240 square miles;" and lies, as we know, "in two States and five counties;" from it, by means of the Truckee River on its eastern side, "hundreds of millions of gallons of pure and immaculate water run off each day, and yet the lake is not diminished;"

and if "London and Paris and Vienna were to derive their whole supply of water from Tahoe"—which they are not likely to do—"neither in that case would the body of the lake be sensibly diminished."

This is satisfactory, because in this droughty country they want water, and the San Franciscans have already begun to test the capacity of the "water-shed of snowy mountains to refill it," by emptying it on their own account by means of extensive water-works.

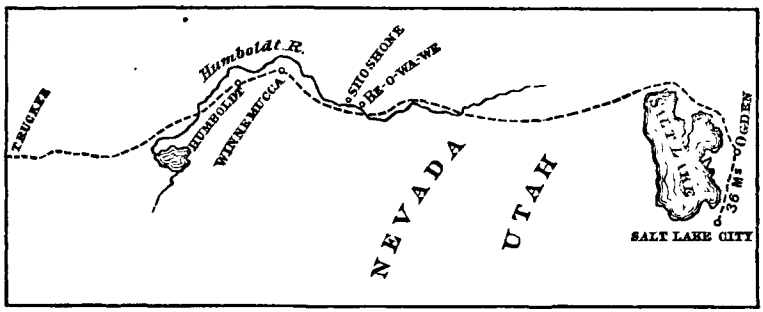
When the boatman had rowed us to the hot springs some twelve miles across the lake, where Mr. Campbell is building an hotel, which bids fair to put the nose of ours out of joint, we landed, and then had had two views of the lake.

Well, it is beautiful. It grows upon you. The line of snow-covered mountains that gird it may be a little too even, but when they and the clear atmosphere, no less than the brilliant pure water, are taken in at one glance, and are made to weigh in the *pro* and *con.* of Tahoe, the verdict must be, "Beautiful and enjoyable."

I am very glad I bathed in the lake, otherwise I should not have cared to quote as follows: "Good swimmers launch out, are startled at their lack of buoyancy, and find themselves floundering." It is quite true. A scientific person will explain to you the reason, and attribute the fact to the rarefaction of the atmosphere. "Pine logs float but a very short time and then sink; and far down through the crystal fluid quantities of logs are seen resting upon the bottom." Fish abound; and how the gentleman who has a pisciculture place half way between Tahoe and Donner can hope to make it pay, I don't know. It seems like carrying coals to Newcastle, to rear fish amid such abundance.

On Friday night, having paid six dollars each extra for a

sleeping-berth, we set off for Ogden, which we reached on Sunday morning, after a journey of six hundred and forty miles; and there had to pay four dollars each for the further journey of thirty-six miles to Salt Lake City, by "The Utah Central" Mormon line.



FROM TRUCKEE TO OGDEN, 640 MILES.

You will agree with me, that just as a Californian does not like to be mistaken for a Coloradon, so the Rocky Mountains cannot like to be considered the Sierra Nevadas, and *vice versâ*. I don't know which considers itself highest in the social scale of mountains, but was told that the loftiest peak in the Nevadas was Mount Whitney, 15,086 feet, the highest in the Rocky Mountains, Fremont's Peak, 13,470 feet. Some one once asked me what the distances were between the stations, but I was not prepared with an answer, nor am I now. By one table I perceive it says that San Francisco is 880 miles from Ogden, and that there are 93 stations between the two places, including both. This portion of the line is a fair criterion of the whole; you can divide 880 by 93. But if that does not please you, I can tell you that from Truckee to Boca is 10 miles, from Boca to Verdi is 15, and that seems to be about the proportion all the way to Promontory, where there is a long run of 52 miles to

Ogden. Seeing, however, that there are a great many more stations put down on the map than there are marked on the table of distances, I am not prepared to pledge myself to accuracy. Especially am I not, until you define what a station is.

It was not at a station that I woke when, stepping out into the clear moonlight on to the platform at the end of the car, I saw around me nothing but miles and miles and miles of sage-bush, tufts of it, close enough almost to make sward, growing out of sandy-looking soil. Was Humboldt a station, which I see I describe as *a* wood house in the desert, and where we stopped to breakfast? The note on that breakfast is a little confused, but I will give it in its simplicity. "Food bad. Tea good. Water superb. Paid six bits (seventy-five cents). Saw two Indians. White hats. Europe clothes. White blankets wrapped round the loins. Long, straight, course, black hair. Goggles, one. Faces painted with vermilion." The noble savage! Is he dangerous? Well, candidly, I should not like to be the bridge-watchers.

At every bridge there is a small hut, where a couple of men dwell, very much alone. The impulse with us shoulder to shoulder people is, if we are in danger, to cry out for help; but of what avail to cry for help when you are one on a plain as unpeopled as the ocean, and of like extent? No doubt there is for them a certain security. Their security exists in the fact that the Indians, as a rule, go about in bodies. Cavalry soldiers are quartered at most of the stations, and their duty is, to be the eyes and ears of the watchmen and railway generally. The Indians as yet have not interfered with the line. "Leslie's Illustrated" gave a picture and a vivid account of an attack by them on the train. This occurred before we crossed the place, and I tried to verify

the account, the picture (a very startling one, of rearing horses, shot Indians, intrepid guards, and a dashing train), and the facts. I can't positively swear that I did, but I am morally certain of it; and the daring outrage—it occurred in June of 1870—of the Indians was reduced to the unfortunate but simple circumstance, that the train "ran into a party of Indians" who were crossing the line at the moment, and "which" (alas, for our hearts!) "did not stop to see what damage was done."

My sympathies are not with the Indians. I believe that their manner of life precludes their continued existence. For their self-support, they require vast tracks of country. It is that which brings them into contact with civilisation and forces them to the wall. It is hardly in their nature to learn culture. The Pawnees have, but they are almost the exception that proves the rule; and unless Indians can learn to economize space, they, as a more intelligent population migrates westward, must succumb.

However, to revert to the stations. Is this one? For

CLOTHING. RESTAURANT. SISSON. RESTAURANT. ELDORADO.

here you have Winnemucca. Five or six wooden houses by the side of the line in a desert of sage-bush, not very unlike many other places where the train stops, and which are, therefore, I suppose, stations, and where (at Winnemucca) were a lot of idle Indians, probably Piutes, hanging about. I feel that an apology is due to this great line for thus hurrying you over it. But how can I give you a description of miles and

hundreds of miles of land full of interest. We move mid the poetry and matter of fact of Indians—Shoshones, Piutes, and others. We see, as on the plains of Hindostan, deer racing the train; we know that trappers, hunters, and big game are our neighbours, and that the indomitable miner searches fearlessly for hidden wealth. The train shall be my apology; and as it hurries me on, so must I you. We have got to Battle Mountain, and we have got to luncheon. Had we been in Pullman's cars we should have treated these places with supreme contempt, but grubless in the Silver Palace cars we courted them. We are pretty nigh in the centre of the State of Nevada. At Be-o-wa-we, our next station, we pass from the territory of the Piutes to that of the Shoshones, whilst Battle Mountain records by its name fights between Indians and settlers. A lot of the former, painted, inert, squalid, semi-civilised, are about, and the country to the right and to the left, before and behind, is of the same bare, plane, sage-bush (or sage-grass, for that gives a truer idea of it) nature, rolling at times into low hills. We pass Carlin, a railway depôt, where are more idle Indians, to whom a lift in the train is given free, so as to enable them to see the world and keep them friendly. There is a squaw amongst them with romance enough to have porcupine quills on as an ornament. We are at Elko for dinner, at an elevation of 5,092 ft. We are, it is true, 120 miles from the fine mining district of White Pine, but Mr. Philpotts, whose acquaintance we have made in the train, is not deterred by the distance from taking "the stage" there, looking to his revolver before he starts.

It is difficult to get anything to build houses with at Elko—lumber, stone, labour, all are scarce. But it and its 2,500 people need to live, if only to be the means of

communication with the rich mines lying amongst those far-off hills sprinkled with snow, one of which is the Eberhardt. For some time now we have been skirting a fine range of mountains, "The Ruby Range," on our right hand, the plain at the foot of which seems much better grassed than that we have been passing over; but the range, though believed to be highly auriferous, has not been explored on account of the Indians. As I was looking at this range I got into conversation with some one, who told me of an incident of a man to whom he had lent a little money, and who met him in a train, and renewing an acquaintance almost forgotten, not only repaid the lent money, but informed his friend that he and three others had struck a mine they had refused 4,000,000 dollars for. With this story dusk set over the plain; it, and Nevada, and the week fade out of my note-book, and Sunday wakes thus: "If it is possible to imagine anything more desolate and ugly than yesterday's drive—we have not seen a tree since we left Truckee—it is this morning's view. To-day dawns with dark clouds lowering on the plain, bare, salt, sandy earthed and sage-bushed. Corinne, a collection of wooden houses, lies in this paradise. Low hills are visible, and cattle graze. The Salt Lake comes in view just after leaving Corinne, and mountains are seen."

That is the note that passes us from the State of Nevada to the Territory of Utah. As the *Times* of Feb. 2nd, 1871, says: "Territory, 86,786; Salt Lake County, 18,337; Utah County, 12,243; Piute County, inhabitants driven out by Indians; Salt Lake City, 17,282, of which born in United States 10,214, in other countries 7,068." Into a territory which long ere this should have been a State, and among a people on whom the eyes of the civilised world have often been turned.

CHAPTER XV.

Salt Lake City—Difference of Opinion—Hepworth Dixon—Mormon Theology—Ogden—Line to Salt Lake City—Townsend House—Belief—Amasa Lyman—Wives—Walk to see the Town—The Cabby—The Tabernacle—The Men—The Women—The Singing—The Sacrament—Mr. Pratt's Sermon—Mr. Lyman's Chapel—Mr. Lyman's Sermon—Mr. Candland's Store—Wives—Morality—Conversation with Mr. Candland—The Why of Mormonism—Visit to Brigham Young—Museum—Brigham's Boy—Different Opinions—The Pastrycook.

HEU me miserum!

What do I say that for? Why, is it not natural that I should say it—is it not imperative? Are you not thinking what I thought of the Mormons? Don't you want my ideas properly condensed, like Thorley's Food for Cattle, or Liebig's Essence of Beef? Don't I know that I ought to make a point of Brigham? Don't I remember that four of us went into the Salt Lake City on Sunday, the 10th of July, 1870, and four of us came out of Salt Lake City on Tuesday, the 12th of July, 1870; and that of those four, two thought one way of the Mormons, and two thought the other?

That the optic nerve in A and B had conveyed to the cerebrum—or to those cerebra rather—an impression of people and place entirely different to what a similar nerve had to C and D—is not that enough to make me say, Ah! wretched me? Their nerves may have been right, and so I may convey a wrong impression; yet you won't be satisfied if I say Brigham Young has sixteen wives, and so leave the Salt Lake.

Perhaps I ought to avoid all reference to the theology of

the Mormons. Yet not to speak of that key-note of their existence is as though one, describing Raphael's Sposalizia, confined himself to a description of the frame. It must be done, therefore; but how? The Mormon books are before me—"The Voice of Joseph," "The Divine Authenticity of Mormonism." Shall I open them and transcribe? No; these books can be bought, and the curious can see for themselves. Shall I enter into the history of the Mormons? No; the tale of their rise has been already told, and in words behind which mine would halt in painful distance. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has sketched their rise, their exodus, and their settlement. What method is there left, then, for me, whereby to pass through Utah, not looking back, not prescient, but not blind? Even to tell you as much as possible of what I heard, as much as possible of what I saw, and as little as possible of what I thought.

To effect this it will be necessary for you to look at Ogden, where the short line branches off from the main one. You remember, it is the early Sunday morning of the 10th of July, and that we woke near to Corinne. We woke to see ourselves traversing a plain hedged in by high mountains; we woke to see that this plain, in addition to bearing the sterile appearance which so much of the land from the Sierras had borne, had added thereto an extra dash of sterility, by cause of the white, sandy, salt-looking land trending away from the borders of the desolate lake. We woke in the midst of an unproductive desert on the margin of fertility; and that fertilisation was the act of the Mormon.

In defiance of salt and sand, the valley began to laugh and sing. Hedges or railings, dividing "lots," came in view. Corn grew, wood houses nestled among peach-trees, and cattle browsed.

I have seen oases in Hindostan where peach-trees looked true jewels in a swine's snout, so ugly and barren was the surrounding land; but never before so extensively had I seen the power of man over the desert. "Sager than sage" should be the Mormon's motto. The Judge said that far more, and far more effectually, desert had been turned into garden in India. But I write as I thought; and when I thought that, so recently as 1847, a band of illiterate men had marched into Mexican country, and there, moneyless, had established themselves, I repeated to myself that the Mormons had done more in a short time, unaided, to fertilise barren land than any other people I knew of. True, that this land only panted for streams of water, and that those streams were easily available from off the mountains which enclosed the valley; yet those streams had to be got, and all honour to the Mormons who found and utilised them—all honour to that band of brothers who, by the sweat of their brow, made Deseret a garden; doubtless if to mere labour, capital, speculation, and mechanical appliances had been added, more would have been done.

Mormon pioneers, 293 in 1847, have increased to 125,000 in 1870. A population that responded to Brigham Young's call, and by teams and labour made the railway which is to bear us from Ogden to Salt Lake.

It was a Sunday morning, as we know, and Brigham was to preach at Ogden. Round the place there was, in consequence, a certain amount of expectation, a sort of feeling as when the Queen passes through a provincial town; men talked about it, and the hour of the service was evidently looked forward to with interest. We had to breakfast at Ogden, and the first thing that struck me on entering the refreshment-room was an air of superior refinement. It was, to my old-

country notions, as though every one knew his place better here than farther west or east. The place was clean, the food was good; an attempt even was made, resisted by the newspaper-boy, to induce him to breakfast not actually with us. The proprietor, an elderly man, well dressed and civil, seemed like one who was performing a duty, with his thoughts far beyond and away from his occupation.

As we changed carriages, we had a little chaff with some of the porters and people at the station—one an old English soldier—who entered into it willingly enough, yet withal with a certain tone as though it was not altogether a matter for banter, whilst a certain anxiety of expression was noticeable among the leading Mormons generally.

There was nothing particularly noteworthy on the line between Ogden and Salt Lake. Perhaps a house or two, hid in trees, or a village was seen. Probably herds of cattle grazed, and cultivation existed; but not till we neared the town did the peculiarity of its low-roofed houses—each in a garden of peach-trees—its broad roads or streets, with shade-trees on either side, the ugly plain, uninteresting lake, and the snow-clad, rugged, magnificent Wahsatch Range, arrest the attention. A carriage waited to take our things and ourselves to the Townsend House, where we stopped during our stay—a well-conducted hotel, which our host owned in conjunction with three wives; and from whence we first went and had a bath at some natural hot sulphur-springs, a little way outside the town, and then to the tabernacle.

They are not all Mormons at Salt Lake; there is there a "Gentile" element, which the United States Government endeavours to foster and support. Neither are they all at Salt Lake believers in Brigham Young. Amasa Lyman is a dissenter from Brigham, and has a congregation of his own;

he is a believer in the plurality of wives, but not in Brigham. In fact, the true believers of the little city of Salt Lake dissent among themselves, as "true believers" do elsewhere.

Before we go to the tabernacle, I want you to take a walk with me. I want you to rest a moment under the broad shade of Mr. Townsend's verandah, and see the gay half-dozen Boston ladies that have come to see these queer creatures and to press westward. I want you to believe with me that this increasing crowd of sight-seers is destined to sap the faith (if it fills the pockets) of the true believers, born in persecution and reared in a desert.

I want you—leaving the verandah, and the lolling travellers—to pass that somewhat anxious-looking, quiet, unobtrusive, busy lady—we think Mr. Townsend's second wife—who sits down with him to sup; and then to go to the door of the kitchen, and see that taller lady come out therefrom—we think his first wife. I want you to hear that a Mormon got married the other day, for the first time, to two wives at the same time. I want you to hear the story, tacked probably to any three-holding-wife husband, that the second (say Mrs. Townsend) wife came to the first and said, "Do you hear that John is going to take a third wife?" To which the first merely responded quasi interrogatively. "Oh!" "I can't bear it," said the second, "it will break my heart." And then the first—"But you did not think of my heart when you came."

I want you to come along this broad street, with good houses, in which Mr. Townsend's house stands, to rise slightly, and to turn into this other wider and more bustling street, wherein is everything that is common in the shape of stores (shops). I want you, in the midst of the ordinary appearance of the street, to note one difference—"Holiness

to the Lord," an eye painted above, and "Co-operative Store" beneath.

I want you to see the whole town as it lies, on a slight rise, not very near to the Salt Lake, not very near to the Wahsatch Range, yet with those two natural marks its peculiar feature mid the general plain. I want you to see, as you near the range, that lower hill where sit the United States troops, watching, as a hawk does, not only over the Gentile people beneath, but over the non-infraction, by those strange people, of the general laws of the United States—non-infrac tion in other respect, at least, than that of having a score of wives an they please.

I want you to look along the one or two broad streets, in one of which stands the immense, ugly, parallelogramed, round-roofed, useful tabernacle, as though our Albert Hall were elongated—a tabernacle that can hold thirteen thousand people and seat eight thousand. I want you, before we join in that congregation, to listen to the Judge and the Colonel, and to the Patrician and me; for we are a house at variance. "Poor, down-trodden, unhappy beggars," say two; "Contented, poor, but comfortable settlers," the other two.

I think I would almost like you, before we go to the worship-house, to drive with us behind that youth from England. I think so because he is very natural. A Mormon, but not *impressed*—a sort of man like a cabby at home, who even said "devil," but he ought not. He had but one wife. But now to church.

It was a vast crowd that was assembled in the tabernacle on the morning of the 10th, and seats in the body of the hall and just before the platform were allotted to the Gentiles that assisted at the service. On the platform was a half-circle of elders, chiefly in black coats. There was a grand organ. Of

the men, many wore their hats long after entering the hall; and few, I think, offered up any private prayer. They were dressed and looked like respectable, earnest work-people. There was a good assemblage of women.

Now if a Mormon lady reads this, I wish to say that what I write is what struck me, and what certainly was not necessarily a true impression.

The female part of the congregation then struck me as being a lot of poor, plain, silly old women. Not to prove the rule by the exception, but to acknowledge that a poke bonnet, or a lack of crinoline, may have caused me to judge harshly, I remember one exception—a young and nice-looking girl, who stood on the right side of the singers. She may have been no man's wife (there are such things in Utah), or she may have been one of one man's many; but she was a comely lady, and led, oh! such exquisite singing. Never do I remember hearing such lovely music in church; there was a general and powerful harmony in it which in my experience was quite unequalled, and which may not be ousted from memory by the prayer which some one offered, the style and matter of which is forgotten. And then Mr. Austin Pratt preached. To his sermon, remembered but slightly, I will introduce you, as to him—a strongly marked featured, grizzly man. But first I would tell you that the sacrament was administered to all the congregation, large bread-baskets being handed round to a seated people, and each one taking a small piece.

Mr. Pratt's sermon began by saying that if he had looked for renown or riches, he would not have become a Mormon; and he, should he ever see this *résumé* of his address, will, I hope, make allowances. Then he justified himself for calling Mormonland a kingdom, having God as its King. He then

spoke of the revelation made to Smith; spoke of it *as a fact*, of which proof—the proof of attestation, the proof of witnesses, and the proof of faith—existed. He spoke of that revelation as containing a prophetic history of the American Republic, and when referring to the Bible, did so by calling it "that good old book." Both the new revelation and it came from God.

Mr. Pratt had taken his text from Malachi, but in the course of his sermon turned to the 107th Psalm, and asked if it could refer to any but the Mormons. The Jews, he said, were not (v. 3) "gathered out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south;" but the Mormons were. The Jews did find cities to dwell in, but the Mormons (v. 4) "wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in." Then, omitting other verses, Mr. Pratt turned to the thirty-fifth, and said God had for the Mormons turned "the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs;" as also (v. 38), "He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly, and suffereth not their cattle to decrease."

From this psalm we were carried to the fourth chapter of Isaiah. This remarkable chapter, to which it will be more convenient for me to refer you than to quote, was treated by Mr. Pratt something in this way: Presuming that the world was bad, and Mormonism good, he said, "there shall be desolation and men minished, because of the unbiblical law of one wife only; and the result will be that seven women . . . . as per the first verse in that chapter. The one man that these poor women, in their distress, importune will be a Mormon; and the result, as seen in the second verse, will be, that 'in *that* day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious,' &c., &c."; thus showing that God was well pleased with the act—an act his

approbation of which He will still further confirm by the glories conferred by Him in the fifth verse."

Mr. Pratt then turned generally to the Old Testament, and dilated on the fact that all the patriarchs and David were honoured by God in their plurality of wives. He spoke of the gates of the New Jerusalem, on whose portals were emblazoned the names of pluralists; and he drew a picture of monogamists wandering round, the gates closed against them. He vituperated laws that condemned sixty-one thousand girls in New York State, between the ages of fifteen and thirty, to remain single, because of the fact that one man might have but one wife, and that there were that number of females in excess of males; and then he concluded.

His address, though listened to with marked attention by the Mormons, yet seemed as though it were more a defence of polygamy delivered to the non-believers present than advice to believers; but his conclusion was to the Mormons only: "Not because of the teaching of the Bible, though there we find our justification, are we pluralists, but because of *revelation;* and if Congress condemns us to suffer for our faith, can we not suffer? Nay, should we be condemned to die in support of the truth, can we not die? I think we can. Amen."

There was a distinct grandeur about that peroration. It was delivered quickly. There was a slight pause after the word "suffer," and a slight murmur of approval; but he went on rapidly to the end, pausing yet again at the word "die," answering his own question mid a rising murmur of assent, and confirming the same mid a roll in unison from many thousand voices—"Amen."

He had struck a key-note in our common humanity: he suggested persecution, and woke approval; he spoke of faith, and his hearers solved all difficulties by death.

Suffer the intervening hours between morn and evening to pass over, and come with us to Mr. Amasa Lyman's chapel. Alas! my notes of the words of this erst "Prophet of the Silver Tongue" are more few and vague than even were those of Mr. Pratt's discourse. I told you that Mr. Lyman had seceded from the church of the Mormons, at least from the government of Brigham Young, but had carried with him a fundamental doctrine of that church in his approval of polygamy. He disbelieved in revelation. His secession was a bitter wound. His very name testifies his loss to them—"The Prophet of the Silver Tongue"—and he carried with him a flock.

At the tabernacle there was little outward reverence, and at Mr. Lyman's chapel less. The chapel was only small. As at the tabernacle, and as with us at religious meetings, there was more than one officiate, and all the officials were collected on a platform at the end of the building, Mr. Lyman, who came in rather late, in the middle of the group. He did not offer up the prayer, which seemed heartless; at any rate, whether it be in a Scotch or a Mormon church, prayer that is delivered to a congregation lacking the form of supplication, is wanting in the appearance of devotion.

You must, then, understand that a prayer (I am not sure if a portion of the Bible was read or not), a hymn, to a tune sounding like a rapid "Beautiful Star," has been sung, and Mr. Lyman (his burly form and years anything over twenty-five and not over forty) stands up at his place in the centre of the officials to speak. The gist of his discourse is *truth*, but not one of us four, when we come out, can tell what that is. We could tell what Mr. Lyman thought was not true, but we could not tell what was. It may have been our fault, and it may have been his; it may have been that he only

sought to free an age from an error, and not to explain truth; for he said, "An age is but a point; but free one age from one error, and you pave the way for future complete truth." However, I will run through my few notes.

The preacher opened with a general desire for peace, and passed on to ask whether sects produced it. "No, far from it," he said. "Sects beget war by man on man. This has happened ever since the idea of sacrifice to appease the Almighty took root with men. What is the proof of the truth of this (sacrifice) idea? Only the opinion of all Christendom; and to those who deny the truth of the idea Christianity is denied. Does the antiquity of the belief attest its truth?" And to these queries Mr. Lyman answered, "No." "A day of peace must come, but by or through blood?" "No." "It must be preceded by the washing out of all error." And then the preacher spoke of an age as a point, as I have said. "Those who speak in reason, in truth, and in the fear of God, are one with Him," he continued; "but those who found truth on the sufferings of Christ are wrong." Mr. Lyman—and here I presume was his doctrinal difficulty with the church from which he had seceded—said he did not want, for himself or for those whom he would influence, revelation, but that he and they might be made susceptible to see the truth "which is all around us." "With peace will come the extermination of sin; but the idea of sin expunged in blood must be forsworn, or truth cannot be arrived at." "As a result of belief in the necessity and efficacy of the sacrifice of the atonement has come the persecution of sect by sect."

Mr. Lyman closed his address by saying, "that truth has no restraint, but is always pointing onward;" by "glorying

in being an apostate;" and by saying that "he would go to heaven with the record of 'good man' writ on his tablet."

I remember, as we turned out of the chapel, being struck by the glorious canopy of stars spread overhead, looking up, and—*wondering*.

But we have not done with the Salt Lake yet. Monday has to dawn, and we are, amongst other things, to visit Mr. David Candland's store.

MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, SHOWING MR. CANDLAND'S STORE.

This store was the best in the place for the purchase of those things that come under the head of hosiery. The owner courteously waited on us, and was a short, active, dark, I should say shrewd, man of the world. In his shop there were many assistants, and amongst them one, if not more, son, a pleasant, ingenuous youth. They were strict Mormons, and the conversation drifted out of the hosiery into the theological line. Mr. Candland had I forget (three, I think, and eighteen children) how many wives, but only a few. My own private opinion is, that the shrewdest Mormons do not burden themselves with too many. It is

almost incumbent on them to have more than one, but the most worldly-wise stop as near two as they conveniently can, always providing an opening for use cannot be found in an extra one.

There is no very great laxity in this view either, for though an article of the Mormon faith is to populate the earth, another is to work; and if you can't find work for them, you had better not burden yourself with too many wives.

Perhaps we drove our questions rather home, but when the answers were positively startling, we asked permission to give name as well as belief, and were granted it.

Mr. Candland's son was present at some part of the conversation; but why should he not? He was being bred up a Mormon, and was fulfilling then the common custom of the place—a filial, industrious, moral, youthdom, and an early prospect of a dual marriage.

The morality of the youths was spoken of as a fact. Those of the better sort I had the opportunity of speaking to seemed civil and well taught; whilst the lower classes, and the very young, appeared to be burdened with no weight of creed or eccentricity of character. There is little immorality, little drunkenness, little blasphemy, amongst the Mormons, so 'tis said.

And now for the conversation, which I preface by saying, that in the report of it I have not let myself fall into any exaggeration. It was between two people who, for the ordinary purposes of life, were like any other two million. Let us disabuse our minds of the idea that Mormons are at all different to other men. Stories of murders, of the wilful detention of women, of the mysterious disappearance of apostates, have thrown over them a sort of weird ogreism, false

and exaggerated. In the actions of every-day life they are like other folk; but listen to what they can say.

"Bachelors and maids in heaven," said Mr. Candland—and he was not joking—"will act as servants to married people, I think."

He spoke of the Conception in a way I may not repeat, and said that "the Almighty had parts, and passions, can hate, can love." When we asked him to conform such statement with "God is a Spirit," he could not make the two assertions agree without blending them by words as lax as those that are made, amongst ourselves, to bind in one two apparently diametrically opposite assertions. And he ended by repeating, "If God has not parts, how can He see or hear?"

Here have we swept round the world; have seen the loathsome, tangled, white-daubed, black, naked Fakeer stretching heavenward by propitiations of the grossest sensuality, commingled with severe bodily hardship; have judged of the ignorance of the aborigines of Australia; have witnessed the lighter faith of the Japanese; and have found the painted eye of the Chinese junk meet on a common level with the creed of the most advanced "saints" in the most advanced country in the world: "No got eye how can see? No can see how can walkey?"

I do not recognise in the exodus of the Mormons, in their establishment, or their prosperity, anything but the common sequence of cause and effect. The ball was set rolling by fanaticism, and its attendant persecution has continued its natural progress even to now. Its end is dissolution. Until it can be proved that it is a natural law that one man is to be the husband of an indefinite number of women, Mormonism must remain a spot, an excrescence on the polity of the

Christian world. It has vitality, but it is a vitality which is bound to be absorbed by contact with the overwhelming civilisation of a kindred nature, but of a different belief, by which it is being surrounded.

In Mr. Brigham Young, and in Mr. Brigham Young's form of government, there is reason for the success he has gained. Setting aside faith—so strong, so indispensable a lever with him—the custom which he has fostered of trade and barter is that of all others most likely to bind together a flock of poor and illiterate people in a desolate and lonely country, under a patriarchal government, of which his is the firm ("All h—ll can't turn him when his mind is one 't sot"), clear head. Mr. Young may, or may not, believe in his own belief, but his actions have been those which, joined to the implements he had to work with, would have commanded success without belief.

Mr. Townsend procured for his guests the favour of an interview, and we were ushered into the President's parlour, an ordinary comfortably furnished room, in, for Salt Lake, a good house, adjoining which was another where a number of his wives lived.

His reception, his manner, his mien, were pleasing. There was no affectation. He seemed remarkably healthy, and much younger than he was, viz. seventy. There was not a grey hair visible, and he was what you would call a clean, neat, well-shaven man. Mr. Young's tone of voice and expression of face were amiable and gentle; but, perhaps, beneath this gentle mien there lurked a something tell-tale of the reverse. It struck me that our visit was a bore, and we soon left, after a short and uninteresting conversation with himself and Mr. Smith.

We then went down to a museum and zoological garden in

one, and there found a little boy, a bee-hive cactus from these parts, rare, and two live wolverine, rarer, and said not to be even in the Regent's Park. The little boy was a common little child in corduroys, and seemed to be running about for fun, and was one out of the hundred or the thousand of Brigham's children.

Here we four separated, and went prowling about on our own hooks for gossip and amusement. Two of us stumbled on a newspaper man, and were impressed with the poverty and wretchedness of the people. The other two did not come to such conclusion; though a Yorkshireman did, with another, speak despondingly of the financial state of the Saints, the illiberality of the Government, and the inexpediency of having two wives. But perhaps our favourable opinion was influenced by seeing a country cart, with three or four ordinary labourers in it, drive up to a pastrycook's, and get served with enormous plates of iced cream and sponge cakes.

"What," said we, "do Mormon labourers live on ice cream and sponge cakes?"

"You see," was the reply, "they draw our ice in the winter, and eat out their draw in cream ices and sponge cakes in the summer."

Was not this trade and barter with a vengeance! The pastrycook seemed an earnest, simple believer. He told us he "had left at a moment's warning, and gone as missionary for two years, leaving a wife and business." He had but one wife, and from her manner it struck me he would easier get leave to go on another journey than take another wife. Let us hope that in the matter of these second wives the United States Government will remember that what is done cannot be undone, and bend its energies rather to the improvement of the future than the punishment of the past.

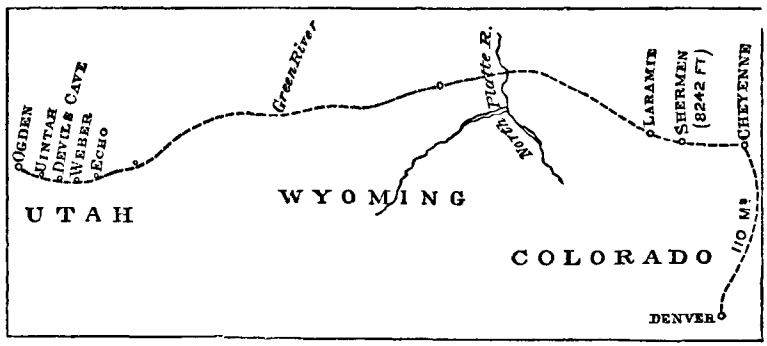
CHAPTER XVI.

Why the Wives submit—Leave Salt Lake—Distances and Elevations—Where are we?—Weber—Devil's Gate—The Second Cañon—Echo—Wahsatch—Echo Cañon and Difference of Opinion—The One Thousand Mile Tree—Wahsatch—Prairie—Bear River—The Shoshones—Carter—Bryan—Arid Prairie—Green River—How to Fertilise it—To Bed—Romance and Reality—Look-out Station—Backbone of Continent—The Night's Journey—Wake on Laramie—Three Sorts of Plain—The Air of Laramie—Contrast between it and Omaha—The Wealth of Laramie—Breakfast—The Murder—Cavalry Encampment—Branch Line to Denver—New Settlements.

OUR time is up, the train to Ogden is ready, one word and we are on the main line again. Do the women of the Mormon faith like a share only in one husband? I think not. Possibly half a loaf is better than no bread, but I question if there is one wife among the many that may owe allegiance to the same lord but what flatters herself that had the law of plurality not existed, she would have been that one that would have wrested from the male the loneliness of his celibate life. The comfort of the share of the loaf is given to the others, the misfortune of the law that has deprived her of the whole is bemoaned by herself. The hold which the Mormon male has over those of his faith, of the other sex, is in "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." If the first wife, suppliant, urges her longing for the whole of her bread, her wail is gently stayed. "Be still; hereafter thy self-abnegation shall meet its reward; and thou, yielding on earth thy selfish wish for absolute possession, shalt in heaven find the glory that awaits those who comply with a Divine command."

I propose that we spend to-day (Tuesday) looking out of

the window of our note-book. We have a drive of a little over five hundred miles before us to Cheyenne, from whence it is another hundred by a branch line to Denver. We settle



FROM OGDEN TO CHEYENNE.
DISTANCE, ABOUT 516 MILES. GENERAL ELEVATION, 6,000 TO 7,000 FEET.

ourselves in our Silver Palace car, and first think where we are. We are in Utah Territory; from Corinne to Echo have been, and are, moving among Mormons, whose allegiance is first due to Young, then to their territory, and then to the United States. Next we think of our elevation, and find that we are about four thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea; are nearly as low as we have been since we commenced to climb the Sierras, and will not be so low again till we have left Cheyenne behind us and are nearing Omaha, the elevation of which is only nine hundred and sixty-five feet. Then we look at the map and wonder if it is likely we shall get out of Utah Territory to-day; see that we shall, and get into Wyoming, where we shall remain, except for a run down into Colorado, at Denver, till on our return to the main route we push eastward into Nebraska. Finally, we try to learn what it is that we are ascending, and come to the conclusion that it is the Wahsatch Range of the Rocky Mountains.

The first part of our journey after leaving Ogden leads us by the fine flowing Weber River, and through a district carefully cultivated by Mormons. By the time we have got to Uintah, nine miles from Ogden, sage-bush has begun to reappear, and we are on the threshold of one of the fine cañon's (pronounced canyon), or gorges, of the line. The Devil's Gate admits us, and we pass through walls of irregular and broken rocks towering many hundred feet above us. The station at Weber reveals to us a torrent of green water and a few log huts; and then we pass on through a wide mountainous valley, where rolling bosoms of grass mountains footstool the rock eminences standing high above them. Everywhere there is grass, sometimes a few firs, but hardly any cultivation. As we turn and look back towards Weber, which we are leaving, sitting in the open car, which the officials thoughtfully put on at the end of the train the better to see their splendid cañons from, the dust almost blinds us. Still from out it we see the broad bed of the river coursing along mid willows, and poplars, and osiers, and rushes, and sunflowers. We see a village or two lying at the base of the lower hills, that, o'ertopped by higher ranges of fir and granite mountains, close in the view; and then we pass on into another still more remarkable gorge than that we have left. The rocks have shaped themselves now into a giant lumberslide, now into a giant castle of red-looking stone, and the cañon walls frown over us as we pass through the narrow way. Then we open out into another valley somewhat similar, but less remarkable than the last, and are at the Mormons' boundary, Echo. We cannot bid them farewell without a word of praise. Their strange faith has clothed them with a poetic imagery which the prosaic facts of their existence hardly justify. The romance of the Mormon is

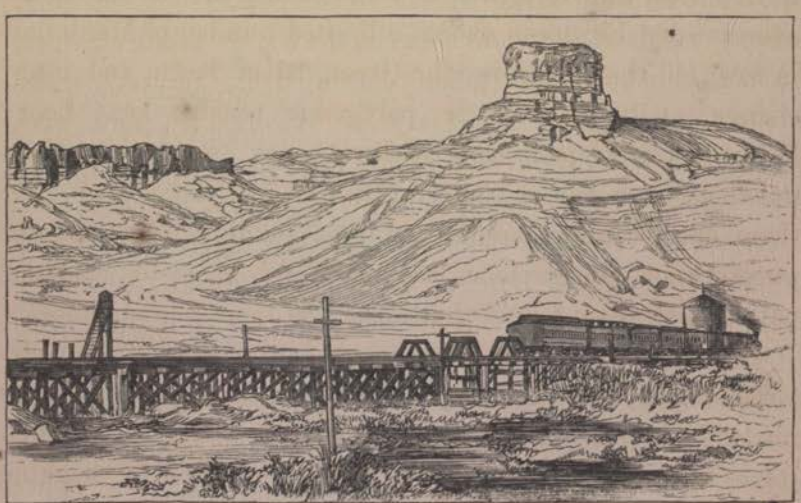
past .Already "the company's extensive machine shops" here for division repairs" wake an echo which says that the work-a-day world will absorb the Mormon fancies, leaving the fact of the Mormons' deeds to remain to their honour. Driven by stupid and illegitimate persecution from homestead and home, they carried their zeal to the desert; and by making the heretofore barren land fruitful, have earned the thanks alike of those who cry for bread and of those who strive to appease that cry.

About noon we had reached Wahsatch, perched some six thousand eight hundred and nineteen feet above the level of the sea, and had passed through another cañon. I must be true to my notes. "I did not think much of Echo Cañon; its sides were neither beautiful nor grand." Surely there must be some mistake. I must have gone to sleep, for my Guide says, "The beauties of Echo Cañon are so many, so majestic, so awe-inspiring, that there is little use calling the traveller's attention to them." Perhaps that was just it; I must have read about the "little use" of calling attention to the place, and acted on the advice. Otherwise how account for our difference of opinion? Certainly we were going up the cañon, and the book was, "with a snort and a roar plunging down the defile." But that ought to have given me more time to note the "grand and awful chasm," or "the conglomerate formation spanning a cleft," but I did not, and it is no use making believe now that I did. No doubt it was fine, but somehow or another I never can get up the right emotion at the right time. It is a perverse eccentricity, leads me into all sorts of puerilities, and makes me skip the sublime in a most torturing way. For instance, I have omitted all reference to the "one thousand mile tree," "a thrifty branching pine," whose sublime stem has a sign-board

attached to it, by means of which "the western traveller learns he has got a thousand miles from Omaha." By reversing this reading and doing a little arithmetic it follows that we ought to have noticed the spot "where the lurking savage and the wild beast claimed supremacy, and each in turn reposed in the shade of its waving arms," a few miles back: but we did not. Dear "thrifty" old pine, I apologise.

Wahsatch (to me) was a few wood houses on a slope of poorish grass, where, beside houses, were supplementary tents, wood being no doubt dear in this treeless country. Between Wahsatch and Evanstown we passed a coal mine, and then opened on to boundless prairie of bare, rolling, low hills of sage-bush, or indifferent grass. Now we saw the Bear River, and then reached Aspen, where was better grass, at an elevation of seven thousand four hundred and sixty-three feet. As we went along we saw some Indians out shooting, and one on horseback; and between the last place and Bridger, the next but one, an Indian encampment—probably Shoshones, under the chieftainship of Washkey. Some were out fighting or hunting, but others, semi-Europeanised, lolled about the wretched tents, mid a good number of horses. There were a few more trees visible at Bridger, which takes its name from an old hunter. It looked more like a hunting district; and owned, about eleven miles away in the uninhabited waste, a United States fort and some soldiers. Carter I see noted as "a place absolutely alone in the prairie, with a United States soldier, in blue trousers and a peaked cap like a Frenchman's, kicking his Mexican spurs about, and a man selling agates found in the neighbourhood." We got some wretched food, between five and six o'clock, at Bryan, having run along a river called Black's Ford, and over a bare prairie whose red sand soil scarce would rear even

sage-bush, unless near water; and then we came into the neighbourhood of Green River City. The scenery about here was most striking. It reminded me of pictures I had seen of the Holy Land, with that glow of evening sun thrown over the barrenest of sand; but that was only the general effect, the particular view could be seen at Green River, and Green River only. The water, appropriately named, flowed on in a fairly wide stream, by scenery of such kind that it was difficult to say whether it was more inviting from its unique peculiarity, or forbidding from its inhospitable bareness. The quaintest and most fantastic shapes had been taken by detached bits of the sand mountains that prevailed everywhere. A tower, a buttress now, and again a huge piece of sandstone rock, its base grey, its top red, for which no comparison in formed objects can be found, but which cut



A VIEW AT GREEN RIVER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

the clear sky and arrested the attention with a sort of lonely attraction. Green River City, too, has a history—a history

short, sharp, but we hope not decisive. Made in 1868, marred in 1869. In July of the first year, by the enterprise of Messrs. Hook and Moore of Cheyenne, adobe buildings were built, and in September of the same year housed two thousand people; but the Green River was bridged, the rail stretched westward, and the city was deserted. No doubt much money must have been lost by so unfortunate a speculation, but it is to be hoped that the enterprising men who made the city hold the land, for "geographical indications point to the fact that this station must become an important one in time, however deserted it may now be."

Besides, surely that strong flowing river needs only another persecution and migration to make the valley it courses through laugh and sing. Could not "Mrs. B.," could not the energetic supporters of the rights of women, arouse a polyandrical spirit among that forlorn sex, and, drifting the she's from the overcrowded European shores, a limited number of Mantalinis in tow, bid them fertilise the Green River basin, and interchange visits with their polygamic cousins next door? Why should we men have it always our own way? Have not those deprived of their rights almost a precedent? Let them cut off their bosoms and hoe, taking with them, for purposes for which science has not as yet suggested an alternative, a score or two of the "Ana" of their acquaintance.

The moon has risen, and thrown over the still, wide-stretching prairie the exquisite and dreamy softness of its unrivalled light. Deploring the weakness of a nature that forces us to sleep, and that will not be refreshed by drinking in the million unformed thoughts which that light begets, shining as it now does over an untrodden prairie, to our conceptions, almost as vast as the vault overhead, there is nothing left for us but to—go to bed. We have finished one day on

the prairies of America. We have spent hours among the Rocky Mountains. We have passed the Humboldt, have been by the Bear, have the Platte River before us. Oh, what garlands of mysterious delight hast thou, imagination, not woven round those far-off places, and now !—

We lie down, aware that we have passed through, that we are among, and that we have to look forward to being among, the homes of bear, and of deer, of wild cattle, and buffalo; but we know that a hunter, bedecked with unknown charms in years past, is now reduced to unwashed humanity plodding wearily and eating with his knife. We have been, and are, and still will be, among the homes of the Indian, the Choshone, the Piute, whose wild war-cry and noble traits once rung in the ears of our fancy; but we know now that the man can scarce claim the distinction even of "savage," but that painted gipsy brings him nearer to the truth, whose crowning act of scalping ranks with garrotting. As the safe but unpoetic train bears us steadily on, we appreciate the truth of Dickens's saying, that "the exhilaration of solitude comes when you feel that you can compass the bounds of your solitude." We have been exhilarated as we have stood on the outside of our car, looked over the never-ending country, and realised that those lands, ay, those very lands, now alkali plain, now sage prairie, now rolling hills, now mountains of fir and rock, now arid, now threaded by river, are the homes of chief and squaw, of game and hunter; but then we "could compass the bounds of our solitude," for we were moving quickly on. We were not day by day making inches of progress over those hundreds of square miles of prairie; now our beast giving way; now our food failing us; now health, now hope dying as we note the sea-plain lying still unended around us. But—bu—b—

We must have fallen asleep, at least we woke, appropriately, on Wednesday morning, at Look-out station, 7,163 feet above sea-level. What have we missed during the night? We have passed by the neighbourhood of the Sweetwater Mines, where the Sioux and Cheyennes still probably contest possession with the rough, sturdy, pushing, little thanked, and little caring, miner. We have passed Black Buttes, and Bitter Creek, Wash-a-Kie, and been to Creston. We have been therefore on the "summit of the great backbone of the continent, the Rocky Mountains." We have been where, "if a spring should arise from a sage-bush knoll, its waters would divide, and the different portions eventually mingle with the two oceans which wash the opposite shores." We have been, "according to General Dodge, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea;" and though at Sherman we have to reach an altitude of 8,235 feet, yet have we crossed "the backbone of North America." Do you remember, when Peter and you and I were, with our wet feet, and the patient sheep, and the sickened Pathan, struggling over the Himalayas, on the top of the Stakfield Pass, 12,900 feet above sea-level, we saw the undecided waters, now pausing, regretting their decision, almost re-choosing, and eventually departing down either valley? So, too, here, I suppose, had we been awake, we might have seen the Pacific and Atlantic waters parting, to rejoin—where?

Near to Benton we have gone over the Hog's Back—no dreams of Aldershott arousing us—and have struck the north fork of the Platte River. Elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, and mountain lions have prowled harmless round our car, as fish (trout) have sported in the creeks—Pass Creek, to wit—that feed the Platte. The lone Elk Mountain, and Percy station, so named to commemorate the

death by Indians of Colonel Percy, have been passed; the Medicine Bow River, noted for treaties between red and pale brothers, crossed or skirted,—and then we wake. We wake on the borders of the magnificent Laramie Plains; we wake to realise that we are amid vast herds of antelope, and actually to see them coursing the train; and we rub our eyes, and clear our intellects, as we wake, for we are, we believe, in a region the most enjoyable in the world for climate. We have still miles and miles of prairie before us, but we have now seen the three kinds of vast natural meadows with which nature has clothed this country—the sterile alkali plains, the bare sage-bush, and the rich grass prairie, over which we now roll. I have promised you not to quote much from the Trans-Continental Guide, and indeed its notes on Laramie (where we arrive to breakfast), its plains and resources, are too long; but I commend them to your notice.

Too soon, methinks, for the rare enjoyment of the unbounded solitude which the place possessed in 1870, will it be robbed by settlement. It is impossible but what those rich grazing lands, fresh as their crystal air, must soon be taken up and populated; but yet there is time; and were I to be moved to settle for health, or were I to decide on a season's hunting, there is no place in the world where I would sooner pitch my camp than here. For sport, no doubt, I should have to content myself with bear and deer and lesser quarry, and would miss the fiercer game of the sultry East. But then the climate! Ask the scientific if it is by reason of the elevation of these matchless plains, 7,123 feet, or by reason of their central position on land, far from sea or sea, that the air is so exhilaratingly clear—an exhilaration which culminates at Denver. Well do I remember the marked and most painful difference between a bright clear day at

Omaha and a bright clear day at Denver. Five hundred miles to the eastward, the two atmospheres—that at 965 feet and that at 6,000—could be compared only to flat and fresh soda-water. There was the same blue sky, the same hot sun, the same water, let us say, so as to keep to our comparison, but think of the difference! and the comparison is accurate.

Pine-girt, snow-capped mountains hem in the plains; mines of coal and gold probably lie waiting to be sought; game, that till now knew none but the red skin, and he but rarely, haunt the mountains; and pasture, erst the food of herd on herd of buffalo, crave for cattle. I hope I do not exaggerate, but I am in love with Laramie and Denver. Still, considering that there is a stretch of about a hundred and fifty miles between the two places, a difference of elevation, and probably a difference in many ways of what will make a place profitable or profitless, I may be charged with a want of preciseness. Be it so. What rational deduction is expected from a man in love? Let us get out and breakfast. We find it clean and good, and learn that Fort Saunders is hard by. If I had a covered waggon to sleep in at nights, if I had Pop and Go Miss here, if it was August or September instead of July, if I had not such nice companions, I would like to stop here and risk the Red Indians; but that horrid fellow is saying, "Now, then, all aboard there," and I nip in as the train is moving off for the Cache la Poudre river and Dale Creek Bridge.

And here let us borrow a story from our friend the Guide. Will it make you love the place less or more? It did not happen so long ago, it might happen again; and it is not taken from "a yallar-kivered novel, with a wishy-washy blood-and-thunder story" in it. Near to where we are, only so short a time ago as 1863, a station for

coaches, "Virginia Dale," was kept and coached by "Mr. Slade," "Mr. Jack Slade." About the same period, there lived "Mr. Jules," the same that gave his name to "Julesburg," some miles farther east. Mr. Slade had two things; he had a quarrel with Mr. Jules in 1861, and he had a friend, "Mr. Antoine Runnels," who, unfortunately for Mr. Jules, caught him (Jules), and tied him up to a post in a corral. Mr. Runnels had acquired the gentle title of "The Devil's Left Bower," and Mr. Slade his "Right," and the left sent word to the right of the happy capture. The place whereto Mr. Slade immediately repaired, in an extra coach, lay about fifty miles north of Cheyenne. He drove night and day, and arrived at Cold Spring Ranche early in the morning. Finding, on alighting, that Mr. Jules was utterly helpless, he shot him twenty-three times, taking care not to kill him, cursing all the time in the most fearful manner, and going to the house for a drink between shots. Whilst firing the twenty-two shots, he would tell Mr. Jules where he was going to hit him, and that he did not intend to kill him in a hurry. Seven of Mr. Slade's friends were witnesses; and when he was unable to provoke a cry of pain or a sign of fear from his victim, he thrust the pistol into his mouth and blew his head to pieces. He then cut off the ears of the corpse, put them in his pocket, and swaggered with them into the saloons at Denver, demanding unrefused drinks on the strength of the proof of his act. To the scorn of the people of Colorado Mr. Slade left them alive, but to the honour of those of Montana he did not. They hung him, in time, fortunately, to prevent his having the honour of being shot by his wife, who arrived just too late to save him from the ignominy of being hung.

Snow-fences along these prairies speak of snow; but though

we are now at Sherman, and more than eight thousand feet nearer the skies than we generally are, the maximum fall is only three inches, and the fences are only to prevent drifts.* An encampment of cavalry is at the station at Sherman, and "stables" sound as we pass. What a place for drill! Soldiers are wanted. The Utes are said to be on the war trail. The Sioux (pronounced soft, Siyou), the Cheyennes are about, and anecdotes of the murders of detached parties of miners are common and true. We are at the highest point on the line, the average gradient of which (so I was told) is eighty-eight feet in the mile, the steepest one hundred and sixteen. From Sherman we descend to Cheyenne, and at that collection of wooden houses take the branch-line to Denver, a hundred and ten miles off. We start about three o'clock, and reach, on the Platte River, the capital of Colorado, the county town of Ărrăpăhŏ, with its population of five thousand, about seven o'clock in the evening. The first part of the drive lies over a vast stretch of splendid grass prairie, bored with marmots, or prairie dogs, as they are called, but much smaller little fellows than those we saw on the plains of Deosai.

* The accounts that have reached England of the heavy snow-storms of 1871–2, induce me in corroboration of what is stated above, to give the following rather lengthy note taken from the Great Trans-Continental Railroad Guide:—

"SHERMAN.—The presence of snow fences induced us (the compilers of the Guide Book) to inquire of a gentleman who has resided here for some time regarding the storms, snows, weather, and the character of the winter here in general. He showed us a table where he had recorded the weather during 1868–9. From this we learned that the deepest snow which fell at this one point, at one time, or that lay on the ground at any one time during the winter and spring, was but three inches, and that fell in May. It is not the depth of snow that causes any inconvenience to the working of the road, but it is the drifting of it into the cuts during the heavy winds. For the purpose of preventthis, the fences are erected along and parallel with the roads a few rods away from the banks of the cuts. Their height causes an eddy or current of air which piles the snow along in hugh drifts, keeping it, in a great measure, from the track. The cold rains and deepest snows come with an east wind; the worst storms from the south-west. The coldest day of the season (1868–9) the thermometer marked 8° below zero. This occurred on the 29th January. On the warmest day recorded in January the mercury stood at 22° above zero at noon, and at 5 P.M. 20°."

I am afraid these prairie dogs are another blow to poetry, and, by showing themselves as little, unintellectual—more like to—squirrels, sitting inquiringly on their tails, take off from themselves that dear doggy coat with which in earlier days one had been wont to clothe them. Our carriage is full of Irish, who are expatiating on the deloights of a free foight in New York 'twixt the Orange and t'other boys. Grass, grass, grass; but now, as we near this one wooden house, where we water, we near the Cache la Poudre river; we near Horace Greeley's energy, and, we hope, his soon developed new town and settlement. The nucleus of it—in wood houses, mid cotton-wood trees, and drains for artificial irrigation—already exists, and we wish it well. Johnson is farther on, and pleasantly relieves the unending grass with cattle, the Platte and Poudre rivers, shaking aspen, cotton-wood, and poplar-trees.

A place is made as Mr. Greeley hopes to make his. A bit of land is bought, and then settlers are tempted, by means of capital expended in irrigation, or what not, to settle where profit seems more sure, and the promoter is rewarded by the town which rises and gradually increases the value of the land.

CHAPTER XVII.

Denver—Waiters—Singing Saloons—Danger at Denver—The Colonel's Decision—Buffaloes—Telegraphic News—Cheyenne—Chicago and Sunday—The "Mob"—Antelope Plains—Sydney and Food—Officials arm—Prairie on Fire—Night—Pawnee Station—Grand Island—Dread of Sights—Centre of the United States—Fremont—Sioux City and Two Lines.

IT is not the four grey horses that spank up to the station in the hotel 'bus, or the one or two other carriages that meet the arrival of the train at Denver;—it is not the sight of the Rocky Mountains, grand and rugged as they are, lining the prospect to our right hand;—it is not the view of the one or two straight streets, houses and pavement chiefly of wood, that compose the town;—it is not the fact that half Colorado has been disputing to-day in favour of being a State, and the other half demonstrating the advisability of remaining a Territory;—it can't be, that because the hotel is so full we are likely to be doubled up if not turned out;—it can't be that that unfortunate patch may, later on in the evening, cause us to be caught in the arms of some stalwart miner, and whirled round in the mazy dance: it can't be this, or any of these things, that makes us feel so exhilarated. Then what is it? It is the air, the clear, pure, bright, crisp, cloudless, bracing air of Denver, and three cheers for it!

But we are in a dangerous town. Rattle-snakes might be in our beds, under the omnibus lining, in the barber's bath opposite the inn (the only one in the whole place), or in our supper, which we are plaguey long in getting, as it is after

meal-times; and life and limb are reckoned cheap luxuries here. Yes; we are in Denver, and we have *read* that Denver is dangerous. We are in Denver at night, and night is the hour of darkness! It speaks volumes, therefore, for our pluck, that we not only by night priced a pair of buckskin breeches (from eight to twenty dollars the pair), but went to the singing and dancing saloons. Syrens, judging of life more from the point of view adopted in Thibet than Utah, assisted at each saloon, whose duty was, first, to cozen you into drinking, and then to assist you to do it. There may have been a certain risk (I doubt that even) in our prowling about at night in these places, but a peaceable citizen may live as safely now at Denver as at Durham, and we went safely to bed.

The next morning there befell me the misfortune of finding that I had too much of a good thing. The fact was that on that Thursday morning the Colonel went back to Cheyenne, and induced us to agree to follow him the next day, though I wanted to be off into the Rocky Mountains to see the scenes Beerstadt so glowingly paints, and to attach myself to some hunter, and with him track beaver or hunt bear. The Indians were said to be on the war trail, but I would have risked my scalp, hoping to be able in a difficulty to keep my head, if only I could have had a gallop after buffalo. I knew that Sir E. Sullivan likened the same to a chase after a plethoric milch-cow, and the hunter's risk to the dairyman's; but then I had not had the gallop, and despised the danger. I was free to go. I *fain* would have left, but I could not leave so *fair* a party; and so the Judge and I grumbled. No one could prevent us doing that, and he was of my mind. The Colonel, fearing to be over-persuaded, went back to Cheyenne, and we spent another day at Denver. His was not a

bootless visit; for when we got back to the main line we found him with some magnificent elk-horns. He had paid a visit to an encampment of American cavalry near to Cheyenne, and had been presented with these horns.

But buffaloes—buffaloes! Though the Judge and I could give up scenes in the Rocky Mountains, could even waive the privilege of being scalped in deference to the Colonel's ague, we could not give up buffalo. We might yield their chase, but not their sight. Did any one know where we could find them? Yes. If we would take the stage to "Phil Sheridan"—where it then met the unfinished Kansas and Pacific Railway—"and run down the line, we would run into buffalo, and might get out and run after them. We might certainly get in a ruck of Arapahoes, Cheyennes, or Pawnees; but if our horse did not put its foot in a rut, if we kept well in view of some outlying American fort and cavalry detachment, we might come back with a 'robe' and unscalped. We should find the prairie covered with buffalo—square yards upon square yards, square miles upon square miles of them, and the Indians after them. No doubt there was danger. The buffalo were the Indian's all, his bread and his butter too; and failing boards to caution trespassers, he scalped whom he could, as a warning to those whom he could not. Still we might light on outlying buffalo without Indians."

Now we had seen buffalo in cages at the "Zoo," we had seen buffalo milked in Hindostan; but we wanted to see the real Simon Pure on the American prairie. We wanted to see that bold front of his lowered, and *then* the attenuated slope of his hind-quarters. Could any one show us buffalo? We got into a carriage. We drove on towards the Rocky Mountains—on towards that splendid line of sky-piercing rocks, the foremost rank of which is grassed up to its summit, but

over which same there rises, in peaks and broken masses, a line of bare rock and snow. On over those rich prairies of grass, six thousand feet above sea-level, where snow in winter lies rarely, and cattle can be out all the year round; on past "Golden City," a small place of brick and wood houses, whose trade is made by the mines beyond; on, out of city, over vast stretches of prairie, to where a solitary wooden house stands, like a speck on the ocean.

A lady, once from Grantham, comes out. "Yes, there are buffalo—there, away over there somewhere;" and we strain our eyes over there, away over there somewhere. Why can't we see them? There is nothing to impede the view; could we see far enough, we could look over six hundred miles of plain, even to the waters of the Missouri. Is the space too great, and are the specks of cattle-life too small? So it must be, and we push on still farther over the grass prairie, on "over there somewhere," to find the buffalo. At last we see them. We descend from the carriage; we run over intervening plain; we try, not only to baffle the gentle breeze that plays on us, but to keep a slight rise between us and the buffalo which we know are beyond; we rise the hill, we round it, and we succeed. There are the buffalo—close, close to us. More astonished than us, they stare and snort and paw the ground; and we wonder whether the expectant look means a charge or a retreat. Suppose the first, what can we do? The prairie is before us, and behind us, and on each side of us; and though two out of the three might escape if the buffaloes kindly made a butt of one, which of the three has to be that one? and what is to be the result of that butt? Those, you will admit, were natural thoughts, appropriate to the occasion; and such as to warrant a retrograde movement on our part, under cover of the feeling of astonishment

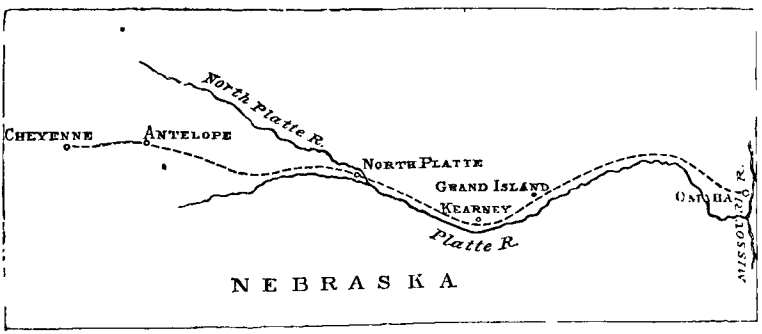
of the buffalo, followed by forgetfulness, when once more we got the hill between us and them.

After this, need I say more of Denver, its many stages and two rail lines, water-works, schools and churches, branch mint and board of trade, doing business, per year, up to and over seven million dollars in grain and lumber, manufactured goods and precious ores? Is the love which I have expressed for the whole district not enough to condone for the comparatively little I have said of the actual view of the Rocky Mountains—a view (the distinctive feature of the place) splendid, and that grows on us as we sorrowfully follow the Colonel at 6 A.M. on Friday morning, reaching Cheyenne at eleven. We have a crumb of comfort; we have seen buffalo, he has not.

A girl gently tends her blind sister in the car, and the loss of sight seems more touching here, where to us the horizon is unbounded. A gentleman tells us he has paid sixty thousand dollars for three-fourths of eighteen feet of a silver mine; and we read in the *Daily Denver Rocky Mountain News*, before 8 A.M. on the 15th, what happened in Paris at 6 P.M. on the 14th. Two thousand two hundred miles to New York, over three thousand one hundred miles farther to the coast of France, and how many more from there to Paris you shall decide for yourself.

Cheyenne is the largest town between Omaha and Corinne, and it contained the largest and the finest buffalo-robe I saw in America. It was a splendid, what the young salesman called, "silk" robe, and was worth the money asked—forty dollars, though you can buy ordinary robes for eleven. "The largest town" is, as you I dare say expect, a collection (in 1867 one house) of low wooden buildings, standing on the open prairie. It has lager beer, and newspapers, swimming-

bath, theatre, museum, and church; banks and hotels, stage line and jewellery, covered waggons and schools; and there clings still about its three thousand people some of the dare-devilness of past times, and approval of Lynch law.



FROM CHEYENNE TO OMAHA.
DISTANCE, 516 MILES. ELEVATION SINKING FROM 6,041 TO 966 FEET AT OMAHA.

We have got a thousand and ten miles between us and Chicago, where we think we are going. We don't; we only go five hundred and sixteen, to Omaha; and I will give you six guesses, and bet you don't tell me why we stay there. Do you give it up?—Because Chicago won't let trains go out on Sunday!

It requires seven days, within a few hours, to get from San Francisco to New York. Now suppose every town along the line were to adopt the principle of Chicago, where would the trains be? The ill-natured say that she, to play fair, should not let any trains go in on Sunday either; and hint that she has been heard to say, "Make money, honestly if you can; but by all means make money." At any rate, Omaha has been canny enough to endeavour to prevent any plethora of inn profits in the former city, by stopping the through-train at her place on Saturday evening, and starting it on Sunday. So you see *you* know that we are only going as far as Omaha,

and I don't. Neither does the Colonel, and when he does, he, besides the extra heat of Omaha, has to bear the fire of our reproaches for not stopping at Denver.

The first note in the note-book after Cheyenne is Pine Bluffs, and there there is recorded, "Grass, grass, grass; just the same scenery; soldiers at every station." "You have an army," said a corporal of that same army to me, "ours is a mob." The "mob" get 16 dollars a month, and rations; and, if they don't get tired of it, ought to spend a few years pleasantly enough on the prairies. We had a "mob" with us in the carriage who had a prairie-dog with him, tame and pleasant enough, but shy withal, boasting of a guinea-pig or grey rabbit appearance, and short tail.

The next note is, "Seven hundred by two hundred miles of 'Antelope.'" No, not the animal, but perhaps the most splendid grazing country in the world, grass growing from nine to twelve inches high. There is water. There was an ox gross enough to weigh "two thousand pounds," but whether it was the particular old ox that, having "wheeled its freight-waggon a matter of two thousand five hundred miles during the summer, rolled in fat the following spring after a winter's run out here," I know not.

We are going down. Perhaps our elevation is now under five thousand feet; but it is still splendid air, splendid grass, an enjoyable present, and surely a magnificent future. We have got twenty-five minutes allowed us at Sydney to eat, and it does seem hard that we may not have as good a feed as the beasts; but it is all hurry-skurry, little plates one on top of the other, and ourselves stuffed with unchewed oxen long before we need be "all aboard." Our cud is not at all sweet. Almost a hurricane is blowing over the sea of plain that surrounds Sydney, raising dust instead of billows.

Soldiers still at every station. It is growing dark. All the officials of the train are armed, and "only a short time since, General Carr surprised a war-party of red fiends, and slew fifty-two of them." We were told so, at least. The news-boy says he shot an Indian the other night! Perhaps he is mistaken. I stand outside; and, as when escorting the Queen one dark evening, wish a bullet would just hit, but not hurt very much. It would have been so nice, then, to have been made, say a Knight of the Thigh, "Sir Vaux Hall of Bridge," and now to have been able to recount an adventure. But I was not made Sir Vaux, neither did a malevolent redskin wing me as I stood on the for'ard platform. The prairie got on fire though, if that will do as well. Now all the world and his wife knows that a prairie on fire is the grandest sight in—in—destruction—it can't be creation. And here we are, with the prairie on fire under our very noses—and the train? Oh! the train is flying before it! But that is the misfortune. It is not; it is continuing a very peaceful course alongside of it. But there it is, and Comanches, Arapahoes, and turkey-buzzards ought to be also flying before it, or being engulfed in its fiery vortex. As for us, we are approaching the "very long, substantial, trestle bridge" of the North Platte,* where you may remember I told you I had my feet hanging over the river; and as the fire cannot get over the water, I may as well tell you what I thought of it. I was disappointed. It may not have been a big fire, yet I fancy it was an ordinary one. At any rate it did not look imposing, stretching in a long line at right angles to the train.

By the glare of that fire we will guardedly feel our foot's way on the ledge of the lower berth, and then—one, two—give a spring and nip into the upper. Wait one moment, till

* See page 200.

the black servant has reduced the general light in the car to a fit, sleepy proportion, and then (notwithstanding the tell-tale chink at the top of our curtain) disarrange our toilette at pleasure, re-arranging it before we get to Grand Island.

We have slept through a dozen stations, though we had a peep at the rail company's workshops at the decayed city of North Platte before we went to sleep. Perhaps in 1867 it might not have been as pleasant to go to sleep here as in 1870, for then the "Scallawags" were about. Somebody has "laid them out" now, however, and they "have went dead again," "hung to the first projection high and strong enough to sustain" their blaspheming, highwaymen, card-sharping, robbing bodies. The Guide says most of that, and apologises (which I don't) for "incidentally wandering" from his subject, "as the man said when he became separated from his wife." Don't you feel it getting warmer? You may wake and drink some water. We are out of Wyoming; there is no fear of the ice catastrophe, for we are well in the centre of Nebraska.

Don't you feel getting smothered with civilisation, too, as we get lower. Pawnee Station may sound Indianic, but you have no faith in a Pawnee. You meet him at Saratoga doing the Indian, a mixture of moccasins and churched squaws. Pfew! there are "farms" about Pawnee Station, "luxuriant with wheat, and oats, and corn." "There are fish and wild fowl in the streams, and the adjacent country abounds in game, deer, antelope," but "turkeys," too, "chickens," and, bah! "rabbits." Is it not tame!

Yet this green grass prairie, these trees, do not look like homesteads. They are homesteads, though. That rare, rare luxury—perhaps existing in Russia, scarce in India, met with in Australia, more abundant in America—solitude in a train,

is over. It flickers still. Great gaps between it and its final extinction exist, but the depression of a sea-level and our fellow-beings is upon us, and no wonder we grumble at our dollar's worth of abominable food—junks of beef, hot bread, and weak tea—at Grand Island.

Perhaps it is the beef, or the hot bread, I don't know, but I feel that the glory of our voyage is over. Mine is not the hand to write, nor yours, I hope, the ears to hear, of "sights" —I hate sights—and "sights," amid civilisation, empale a tourist.

We ought not to go into towns, without we enter into the law courts, plead for or against the amendments in United States Constitution, warn American citizens from demanding too few rights in foreign states, or contend about eight hours. We ought to be precise on judiciary and supreme, district and terms courts, notaries public and notabilities private. Members of the Executive Department, Congressional Representatives, Members of Legislation, Senate, and Assembly, ought to be classed. Area and population, newspapers and miscellaneous officers, resources and railroads, stamp duties and Congressional apportionment, nomenclature and chronological history, should be tabulated, not mixed up in our head, as Abernethy's aldermanic feast was in the bowl. In cities we ought to see all the sights, and judge of the moral, mental, statistical, legal, theological progression or retrogression of the place. Oh! dear, dear! fancy having to give a summary of the labour question, or a digest on Chinese emigration.

But what are we to do? We can't stop here. We are still a thousand feet above the sea, and a hundred miles from Omaha; and, though civilisation is closing in around us, we might starve if we lighted on what yet seems to be thousands of acres of untaken-up land. Besides, we have some grand

sights still before us. Some! Have we not Niagara, and must we not write our mite on those much-suffering falls.

We are now, they say, in the centre of the United States, and where, according to Mr. George Francis Train, the capital should be. "The Guide" says "*when* George is elected President, we shall behold the Capitol of the Union located in the centre of the public domain," possibly however he is "sarcastical." At present the future capital consists of a few scattered wood houses, some cultivated fields, and a few trees.

At Fremont we stop for dinner about one o'clock, and bid good-bye to the Platte River, the north and south forks of which have united many miles west of us now, and which here leaves us for the Missouri; it is nearly three-quarters of a mile in breadth, and six inches in depth. We are yet in Nebraska, at the capital of Dodge County, and the names sound strange and afar off; but two lines, the Sioux City and our own, forbid us to think ourselves any longer alone, and force us to submit to be drawn, as a fly into a spider's web, among our fellow-men.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Omaha—The Barber—Church—Council Bluffs—Post Office—Off the Line—Cozzen's Hotel—Missouri—The Chicago and North-Western Line—Boone—Ordinary Car—Scenery—Cedar Rapids—Mississippi—Another Prairie—Tuesday—Chicago Hotel—At Home and there—Heat—Restaurant—Exchange—Town of Chicago—Pig-killing—Lake Michigan—Grain Stores—Lincoln Park.

"SHALL I clean this head out, sir?" said the barber to me at Omaha.

And the note of that remark almost takes my breath away. Suppose I had inadvertently said Yes,—the residuum of what was not cleanable would have been so small there positively would have been nothing left. Nor would there have been redress, for, as we know, when once you submit yourself to an American barber, your head is no longer your own.

When "finished off" we went to church, and so were able to shelter a little from the blazing sun and insufferable heat out of doors. It was a pleasant church, small, with a congregation of well-to-do gentlefolk. They seemed to be of one mind in that church—sheep, let us say—but there were wolves without. And the clergyman thundered forth anathemas against some one or ones out of the flock for disparaging the good feeling which existed in it, and which showed itself in the kind assistance of a voluntary choir. I don't know whose was the vulpine flock. Not Mr. Betts's; for his iron church was on wheels, and all Mr. Gaspin would have had to do, if the bays came from there, would have been to wheel it away, say to the "Summit Siding," and let it fall

over. Whoever opposed the sheep, we did not, but came out of church the better for going in, and impressed with a feeling favourable to the clergyman and complimentary to the congregation.

Omaha is not a peculiarly inviting town. It is chiefly made of wood, and stands on each side of the Missouri River. Gracious powers! what have I said? Council Bluffs is on the other side—the landing side going east—of the Missouri, and Council Bluffs and Omaha don't speak.

Omaha has a population of from twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants; Council Bluffs about eleven thousand. At the former place the Union Pacific Railway begins; at the latter a network of railways stretches eastward. Our good-natured companion (the Guide-Book) leaves us at Omaha, but tells us before doing so that the ground of the Union Pacific Railway was formally broken on the 3rd of November, 1865, that time to finish it was given till July, 1876, and that it really did join the Central Pacific at Promontory Point, Utah Territory, on May 10th, 1869, "the last five hundred and thirty-four miles having been built in a little more than fifteen months, being an average of one and one-fifth miles per day." He makes game of Mr. Jones's hat before he leaves us, and says in 1854 Mr. Jones used to put all the letters for Omaha in his hat, and if, peradventure, he went out for a day or two, away from the few squatters, and forgot to give them their letters, they either had to wait till he came back, or go after him. But, he adds, Mr. Jones is now a "solid man," and the post-office is a "solid body, employing six clerks."

And now, hold tight, we are going off the line of events. I have not a word to say against most of the manners and customs of other people, though I know that our insular pre-

judice (which melts by contact) is fond of saying, and fonde still of thinking, that ours are the best.

There is many an estimable lady in England whose charity would hardly stand the test of seeing her friend walking in the street, or sitting on her door-step, without her bonnet. Yet they do these things at Saratoga and Niagara. "Train up a child in the way it should go," &c. And there are a number of highly respectable people in England, who would think it their "duty" to condemn those who let their boys and girls spend their holidays at a watering-place, lounging by day and dancing by night. But possibly Americans are capable of bringing up their own children in their own way.

The Beauties of our island, if untravelled, would not, could not, understand a gentleman being a gentleman if he lit a cigar in their face. And if, immediately after breakfast, he puffed Havannah in a cloud over the tea-urn, they would rise (a great motion in offended beauty) if they did not fall in a faint. Yet they do these things in other countries. There is not the least objection to Sylphine and Rosa, Hermione and Jezebel, Plutarch and Pisistratus, Diogenes and Tom forming a compact at 11 P.M. to bathe together at 11 A.M. the next day. It is inelegant, for they are clothed; but they submit to that at Newport. The Japanese, undressed, tub together. In that they are unique; yet it is a question whether their custom is not preferable to that that exists across the Atlantic, where, failing the sea, you have literally to hunt for a bath.

Here are we at Omaha, with a thermometer long, long past perspiration-point. Yet all we can attain to is that the "steward" of the best inn there "knew of a barber who had a bath." I got into my india-rubber, but my less fortunate companions, having discovered the barber, or the other hotel

that had baths, or where or who ever it was, picked up their soap, and started for—a place underground, that was so steaming hot, that wet you were when you went in, wet you were when you were in, and wet you remained when you came out, for you could not possibly dry yourself. And that is literally true. Then I remember the hotel at Caldwell, on Lake George, the Fort William Henry Hotel; an hotel in a lovely situation, equal to the reception of twelve hundred guests; a splendid palace of an hotel, with luxurious rooms, a band that played to you in the verandah, whilst waiters ran about with ices and coffee for nothing; a hall almost as big as the Lowther Arcade, and more amusing, for as at the latter place your attention might be diverted by many stalls, so at the former it was concentrated on one, full of photographs, bonbons, and toys, room for the last of which was made on the tesselated floor, and they instigated to velocipede about among the ladies' ankles. And yet listen. About seven o'clock you awake and proceed to dress. To effect this, you have to wash; and, as that wash means a bath, you have to sally out in semi-toilette to find it. You first light on the gentlemen's walk—a charming retreat of some dozen seclusions, generally guarded by a he, though I have met a she under similar circumstances, the white walls presenting a magnificent field for crayon-drawings, in which art the American nation rivals our own. Then you have another promenade of yards of passage to the barber's shop and the barber. (As I write I am keeping Fort William Henry Hotel chiefly in view, but the description holds good in general with hotels in America.) Him you importune for a bath. His reply is a demand for half a dollar, and by his brusquoiese of manner you feel there surely is something wrong, and can only conclude that if, instead of bathing your

body, you had allowed him to cosmetic your head, you would be more in favour and fashion. Possibly, however, the manner is merely a concentrated essence of equality proof manner, and it does not hurt. When you have payed for your bath, got "through" bathing, and "pulled out the plug," you may dry yourself as well as you can on the dwarf towels or giant napkins allowed you.

Now the American nation has selected the hours of between 6 and 7 A.M. for breakfast; and you, whilst out on the bath prowl, attended by your sponges, have the privilege of finding all the United States ready dressed in black coats, velvet collars, and tight trousers, or in short dresses, long boots, or high-heeled shoes. You wince under their look of surprise, not unmingled with a "that's bad form" thought in it; but hug yourself, as you shuffle along, with an "Ah! but you have only washed your face." I know that in India you are obliged to run about after your bath; but the ceremony is quite different to that in America. Independent of your having there not a bath merely, but all but a swim, you may arrive at that luxury with nothing on but pyjamas and jacket. Your most severe cousin, she of prim lips, rigid morality, undefined years, and an absolute ignorance of slang even down to the word jolly, would not scream if she met you so undressed; and even if she saw that nature, in forming the male, had forgotten his stockings, she would not do more than not see it. But in America it is quite different. I will do the ladies there the justice of saying, that they would not be a bit more shocked than the English, if they accidentally came upon a gentleman in his dressing-gown; but the guardians of propriety would. You are expressly warned against going to the bath as if you meant it.

Now I protest I am not making much ado about nothing.

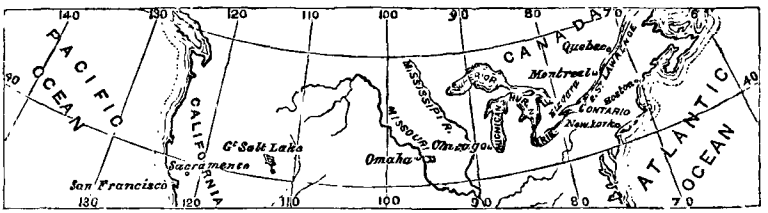
I am not pulling out a mote with a beam blinding me. We have a mote; and until every person in Great Britain, who expects the distinction of esquire to be tacked on to his letters, who would be offended if his friend wrote to him as *Mr.* Wash Body, and, if charitable, would heap coals of fire on his correspondent by writing back Footpan Saturday, *Esq.* —I say, till every such person has in his own house, and expects in his hotel, a bath just as much as a basin, we keep our mote, and cannot see clearly, for we are dirty eyes. But it is worse abroad. I declare there are not twenty out of every hundred Christian men and women who are not shamed by the Hindoo's chattey!

However, I agree with you that it is out of place to speak about little water when we are now on the Missouri; so we'll say no more. There is no fault to be found with Cozzen's Hotel at Omaha; it is much the same as most American hotels. "The de'il tak the hinmost." That is to say, if you will keep in the ruck of feeding times, and don't want to splash, you will get on very well; but if you get out of the course of events—submitted to, it always seemed to me, most strangely and patiently by so impatient a nation—it is highly probable you will come more in the way of the "de'il," and less in the way of delicate attention, than you wish.

Perhaps I am prompted to say this because Mr. Cozzen gave no breakfast on Monday morning, and I had to fast till two o'clock. At least, it was not breaking fast to eat the broken remains of a few cakes wrapped up in a bit of brown paper, which a Samaritan waitress half gave, but also sold, me at Dunlap. We were behind the feast there, and that was my portion,—one not calculated to make me feel "well fixed," or likely to make me "bust up" suddenly.

The Missouri is very muddy at Omaha, and though the

morning at 5.30 was cloudy, the day, as yesterday, betokened great heat. As we descended from the omnibus that ran us down to the ferry steamer, we saw the great ugly



NORTH AMERICA.

JAPAN TO SAN FRANCISCO,	4,764	MILES.
SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK, ABOUT	3,500	,,
NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL, ,,	3,100	,,

St. Louis boat lying by the ugly banks of the river. Yet what a glorious country are we not in! where any morning, if we wake up frozen with cold, we have nothing to do but to get into rail or boat and away where cold and frost is not known —no passports, no sea, no foreign tongues. Our friend, the Guide, has good naturedly accompanied us across in the ferry, to where, at the opposite side of the river, the several trains wait to move on eastward. He tells us we are now in Iowa, and at the county town of Pottawattomie County. He tells us that Council Bluffs and Omaha will be one when the railroad bridge, now building by the U. P. R. Co., is finished. There is a certain amount of bother in the change from 'bus to boat, and from boat to train, and we are glad when we are seated in a car of the Chicago and North Western line, and are off through a State of which the capital is Des Moines as that of Nebraska is Lincoln. We have got about four hundred and ninety miles between us and Chicago, and the first note that appears is—"What a different country on this side of the river! Trees—people—cultivation—Indian corn

—wooden towns—low hills that confine the view—grass up to the belly—corn being cut, and the country looking green and fresh." In each car there is water, so I wash down my Dunlap *débris*, and look out of the window. We pass through a fine forest of oak, cotton-wood, &c. We come to the junction for Des Moines, cross the Des Moines River, and arrive at Boone about two o'clock, where, no doubt being a little cross, I remark, "Fed in the usual nasty way."

We have passed from wood town to wood town in quick succession, in much heat; have sped by much cultivation, by wood, but not through very interesting scenery, if children with bare feet, and the large brick building of the State Agricultural College, be exempted from the uninteresting catalogue. I was not philosophical in that car—an ordinary one—one that America began life with; not a sleeping-one, but of the common herd, into which the man and the master are pushed together. I was annoyed at the drinking-water being brought round in a pail; at there being somewhat of a scramble even to get at that, and its little tin cup, as a lad hawked it round, or stood at the end of the car waiting for the thirsty; I was annoyed because those who did not drink all threw the remainder on the floor, washed their mouths out, and spat; I was annoyed if ice was filched out of the can with the finger and thumb. It is a pity to permit oneself to be put out by a pail of water, when the carefully tilled and abundant country continues to invite us to think how many empty stomachs it helps to fill—a pity, particularly when rolling on in the somewhat same repetition of small wooden towns, occasional forest and water, pervading culture, and low hills, we shall soon get to eight o'clock, supper, Cedar Rapids, and a sleeping-car.

It is one o'clock A.M. We have seen the Ganges and

Indus, Murray, Brisbane, and Tamar, Mahawellé and Yang-tse-Kiang, Platte and Missouri, and now we are to see the Mississippi.

We have got to Clinton, and before we get to Fulton, the first town in Illinois as the other was the last in Iowa, we have a mile of river to cross on a bridge constructed in three different ways. The moon shines down on a wide sheet of glassy water, and the bridge rests on two sets of islands large enough to contain houses and gardens. Seen for the first, and perhaps the last, time by the light of the moon, from the platform of a rail car carried too rapidly across, the recollection of this mighty river is somewhat vague; but there is left a pleasant remembrance of grandeur and fertility. The Mississippi, as I recall it, is spread out in an immense stream of still flowing water; there is about the banks, about the islands, and about Fulton, a luxuriance of vegetation; a forest surrounds the latter place, whilst the islands of the river live in my memory rich in gardens. The bridge of three sorts of engineering skill—"to try which is best," I was told—seems, as I strive to form something of a clear conception from that moonlight peep at it, to be very fine, and to form another proof of the impotence of mountain or river to impede the onward steps of man. Its nature I do not remember; all I feel justified in saying is, that it is not a boat bridge, nor a drawbridge, nor a tubular bridge, nor a suspension bridge—but there, I may be wrong, perhaps one of the three bits is suspended. After leaving Fulton and its forest, we struck on to the new prairie. Prairie once, no doubt, barren as that we have left, but now alive with food—grain in the foreground, grain in the middle distance, and grain in the far off horizon, mid which we fall asleep.

Tuesday, five o'clock A.M.—As we look out and see the

country dotted with houses, large and small, and mapped out in different fields of grain, studded with trees, we acknowledge, sorrowfully, that we have done travelling, and are touring. The country seems absolutely and positively settled, an accomplished fact, on which we need remark no more. We even pass an Indian settlement—they said Chippewas—where, in growing wheat, these redskins either prove, by being an exception, the rule that as a body they cannot be civilised, or the possibility, granted time and forbearance, of their being so. At eight o'clock we are in Chicago.

Now at home, arrived at a town, the first thing is to get the luggage on the top of a cab, and drive to an hotel; then probably two or three men run to receive ME; the same ME is then, with a fair amount of individual and personal consideration, got into a room, where, in company with luggage never lost sight of, ME prepares to meet the excitement of the coffee-room, full of two other speechless ME'S beside me. There may be a larger amount of proof of individual worthlessness allowed ME if the arrival is at one of our large hotels —Charing Cross to wit; but to get the full benefit of a humility lesson, let ME arrive at any large American hotel, say the Sherman House, Chicago. It is not that there is the smallest incivility, but it is that you find yourself one of so very many that you are absolutely obliged to ignore yourself. Long before your arrival you have given up all claim to your luggage, which arrives generally tolerably promptly, when the routine of transfer tickets and luggage carts allows it—perhaps an hour after you get to your inn, probably less. You reach, therefore, the door of the inn without any of the prestige of penates—a sort of standard of respectability at an English or Continental inn. It is not the least matter; for the moment you step within the door of the

hotel, you find yourself in a hall so vast, it is like, not only from its size, but from the bustle of people that is in it, an exchange at home. One among many, talking, walking, sitting, you hesitate for a moment what to do; then, judging that a large slice of the hall behind a counter—a place with a sort of bank appearance; a place with clerks, where keys hang, pigeon-holed for letters, and where one chief business of the officials is to do bills—is connected with your welfare, you advance to the counter, and get hold of the key of a room, the door of which, unlike Blue Beard's, you may unlock. Presuming that you hit on the right clerk—not by any means a necessary presumption—you will likely find that he knows all about his thousand lodgers, at least whether they are in or out. Does he not keep the keys, and their names? Is he not guardian of the book of record? When you have got your key you may go to your room; but to go to your room without your effects is to go to a desert destined to bloom as a garden when your portmanteau comes; so you think you will stay in the hall. You may go into the reading or writing rooms, seek out the bar, or play a game at billiards. You may fill up the spare minutes in the eating-saloon, or you may do nothing. "You care for nobody," at least "nobody cares for you," and so stare at the giant head-porter who is marshalling his satellites, for ever on the move with somebody's luggage. You hear him cry out a train, and you know that the clerk of the keys has given the cue to all that movement of luggage. You know that your turn will have to come when you will give up your key for the last time, and intimate your train. Then that porter with the head and shoulders higher than the others will claim your portmanteau. You may go or not as you like, but it will. It is a very fine system, but almost too perfect. Besides, it is

odd that Americans should approve of themselves being labelled as a body, when individually they like to be so very free. They are "told off" both on their railways and in their hotels, and the result is that as they have agreed among themselves to have everything done for them as a body, when anything goes wrong with the individual it is no use his complaining. That is one of the reasons of their having bad dinners. By this time, a fresh importation of luggage has got heaped round one side of the clerk's counter, waiting to be distributed in the rooms; we see ours is there, watch it, and follow it when it moves.

May I beg of you not to forget that the thermometer is at 98°, and that a most terrible heat pervades—a heat that threatens us, who have swept round the world without sunstroke, with it; a heat that drives us, who ought to be feeding our eyes on Chicagan sights, to cower for shelter from the blazing sun anywhere where shelter may be found. Such is found at a restaurant in one of the many bustling streets, lined with telegraph posts and many wires. Our feeder held an establishment like to many score others elsewhere—one that, beginning near the door with buns and peppermint, ended farther in with small table-cloths, broth, and bills of fare. Opposite to the host's door was a handsome building—town-hall, newsroom, exchange. We penetrated it, nervously believing that the fate of all such explorations, whether in London, Paris, or Chicago, was that which befalls a "Welsher;" however, we were armed with an introduction, and climbed out of harm's way as soon as possible into a gallery overlooking the hall. There was Chicago male, crying, bawling, struggling about stocks, but it was not a specially exciting moment.

Chicago is in Cook's County. Chicago has 300,000 in-

habitants, and perhaps 25,000 blacks. Chicago has "a good deal of poverty." Chicago has fine streets and fine buildings,

STREET IN CHICAGO IN 1870, DESTROYED BY FIRE 1872.

most of wood, but some of brick. Chicago has pleasant villa suburbs, with shade-trees.

Chicago kills pigs. Unfortunately, she only employs herself so in the winter, and therefore we had to regret that we did not see sixteen hundred killed, cut up, and salted (for all I know) in one day, at Mr. ——'s establishment. We heard that that was his number, and visited his huge pig-warehouse, where we realised the pigs in the yard, then in the hoist, then under the knife, then boiled, then hatcheted, then brined; and nearly all done by machinery so perfect, that it is a happy stroke of business for the individual pig if he is not a living witness of his own pickling. It struck me that this was another perfect system, in the carrying out of which particles of pork were not considered.

Chicago stands by the borders of Lake Michigan, and I congratulate the rising generation of the place on, when they have seen Michigan, having seen the sea. The mind refuses

to believe that that unending horizon of water, those rippling waves, that sandy shore, is not sea, on which lie the grain-ships that can and do go to Liverpool.

If there is right on the side of the Illinois boar or Wisconsin pig, when it utters its protesting squeal, no grain of wheat may complain at the arrangements made to lift, warehouse, and ship it. Mr. Buckingham let us see the ripe tons of golden grain as they ran under his depôt in train or shiploads, and were at once carried up to the top story of a lofty building, weighed, and deposited in bins. Instantly (for every move was by machinery), if needed, the same ship or truck load could be transferred to the hold of another vessel, bound, perchance for England, and lying at another quay, shot from the top of the store to the bottom of the loading vessel's hold in a perpetual stream of grain.

Chicago is also great in lumber, and when she has had good feast of grain, and pigs, and wood, feels comfortable.

The town owns a large German population. Is Mr. Gambrinus Halle a German? We saw his name as we drove to the Lincoln Park, which, strangely enough, begins with a cemetery. There is something more odd in the idea than in the reality (for the graves are nearly hid in low wood) of driving through an unenclosed graveyard, the commencement of a large and beautiful park. A park gay with carriages in the evening, in the centre of which you can have ices, and improve your mind with beasts and an aquarium.

We had to pay a visit to an agent, for at agents, and not at the booking-office, do you buy your rail-tickets in America; and that was our last act.

Chicago! if I have wronged you, I humble myself in your own sad ashes. You have fallen. You will rise. If the halls of the Sherman House have crumbled, the hands that built it

live and will rebuild. As a dog shakes itself free from the clinging drops of water, so will you rise from your woe. As rolls from off the swan globelets of water, and she, more beautiful, preens herself exulting, so from you will fall the bitter drops of your present distress, and fairer and faster than before will you rise to dazzle and bewitch the world.

Chicago is burnt; but you are not burnt, Chicago. The king is dead. Long live the king!

CHAPTER XIX.

Fare to Niagara—Pullman's Car—Distance to Niagara—Michigan City—Detroit—Comparison—America and Canada—Canadian Prints—London—Great Western—Paris—Ontario—The Canal.

A TRAVELLER'S Official Guide of the Railways and Steam Navigation Lines in the United States and Canada," is now to be our companion. A Guide much behind our friend who left us at Omaha, one bristling with maps and facts, but yet withal lacking, and having no nice little bits of information to steal. Somewhat doubting my own note, "Fare to Niagara eighteen dollars fifty cents" (six dollars extra sleeping-car), I turn to page 189 of the Guide, "Michigan Central Railroad," and am surprised, and of course delighted, to find that "Mr. A. S. Sweet, Jun., is master mechanic of that railroad," and that "the schedule in effect is June 12, 1870;" but pained that there is neither confirmation nor refutation of the statement that the fare is eighteen dollars fifty cents. That, perhaps, is left to the agents to settle; at any rate, all lack of proof forbids my being too positive.

The heat and bustle at the railway station, where the brass fixtures are given out and the portmanteaus given in, is great; and we are glad to take refuge in one of Mr. Pullman's cars, on the Michigan Central, bound for Niagara, though part of the train goes to New York. We have not a special car to eat in, but our food is given us in our own, on a little table by our sofa, and consists of mutton chops, pota-

toes, and wine. It is five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of July, when we start, 1 P.M. on the following Thursday when we get to Niagara, and we have accomplished about five hundred miles.

We have about fifty-six miles of a run between Chicago and Michigan City, by the borders of the splendid Lake, through low woods, and green fields, sometimes like to Australia—land thoroughly brought into cultivation, but still with stumps of trees here and there visible in the carefully tilled and comparatively small enclosures. Michigan City seems a pleasant place, joint commercial and watering, but with the inconvenience of sand hills. There we have to go to sleep, for we can see no more.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when we got to Detroit, an hour at which one is loth to stir one's self; but you and I did do so, the others did not. Otherwise how could we have said *au revoir* to America from our very own notes.

At Detroit we left America, at Windsor we entered Canada. There is an *entente cordiale* between the two places, and there was no need for us to get up, for our car was run on to a ferry, ferried across, and run off again on Canadian soil on the other side of the Detroit River. Had we not got up though, how should we have known that the American town has ninety thousand inhabitants, the Canadian two thousand five hundred? How should we have known that notwithstanding such comparison, odious to Windsor, our informant stated his belief that after all, Detroit, having such a navigable river, was only "a one-horse town." Alas! then, what is Windsor? One ass is too grand. If Detroit does too little with its advantages, surely Windsor does too least.

It is disagreeable (alas! it's true) to trace an affinity between the writer and the Right Honourable Monk's (Mr.

Anthony Trollope's friend and Phineas Phin's evil genius) apology for having only a "maid of all work." He (I, the writer) dislikes people who put other people to rights, and does not see how the affairs of a whole nation can be rearranged because of an hour's drive through it. He desires his own little mental maid to do all the work of his writing; and yet is not quite satisfied at not borrowing a few powdered footmen (*i.e.* other people's ideas), and dressing them up as though his own on state occasions, for the sake of effect. Now this present moment is a state occasion, a very particularly state occasion; for we are not only passing from one state to another, but from one state of government to another—from a republic to a monarchy, from an independent country in form to a dependent country in form.

Most Americans are more than satisfied that they are such, and most Canadians would rather be under the nominal rule of Britain than under the actual one of America. What is is best. As an Englishman I am proud that we are the recognised head of Canada, of Australia, of New Zealand, and of India. As to the handling by our statesmen of those jewels in the imperial crown, we will not speak; but the question now is, shall we step over into Canada, and say only that our introduction is to small fields, green and pretty, enclosed in palings, or shall we again say Windsor has only two thousand five hundred inhabitants, but is an agricultural town, Detroit ninety thousand, and is a commercial? On commerce alone nations do not live. The most showy speech is not the deepest, nor is the light that dazzles the best. The showy prosperity of America and the substantial comfort of Canada seem in opposition, and are in unison. Nothing were easier than to place the glittering progress of the United States, bound now, by bond of rail, from coast to coast,

in apposition with the scarce yet welded elements of the Canadian kingdom—elements the undeveloped resources of which are most seen when the mind grasps Nova Scotia and British Columbia together, and unites them by such bond as the late Wolsley expedition into our mid-distance-west warrants: nothing were easier than to make such comparison altogether in favour of the United States. But would it be fair? I believe not. In judging of the welfare of mankind, the first thing to be considered is the individual weal. The Canadians individually are prosperous. Those, and they are many, who deem that that can exist only with progress, forget that progress is in antagonism to the *vis inertiæ* of life, and yet that that force fills up the greater or a great portion of life. Why not, then, in the life of the world? Canada supereminently has the *vis inertiæ*, of progress, if you like, of stability, of wealth, of means equal to the need, of comfort. I contend for the fitness of things, and in self-support will try and remember the plaint of a Canadian, heard as we travelled back from his country to his neighbour's. There may be illogic at the bottom of his remarks, but there is sound common and Canadian sense at the top. He seemed to be well to do, was very much in favour of leaving well alone, and considered Canada was well. He said that what he objected to in Americans was that in which they take their greatest boast, viz. doing things "right away." "If we," he said, "want anything done, we go about it steadily; we take time, we do it thoroughly; we benefit others whilst accomplishing the work, and ourselves when it is accomplished. We gain two objects, and our country prospers." In judging of Canada and America, we must never forget the difference of climate in the two countries. The climate of the United States was made for rapid and effective progress.

Judged of by climate joined with area of acres she stands absolutely unrivalled in the world. She can afford to be showy, and effective, and progressive. Canada must be comfortable. Is she? The large Irish importation would say no. But are you to ground your belief on their dictum? I have spent several years in their country, and I like them; but they have been so mismanaged by us, in later years as well as years ago—being treated as (instead of one with us, by all the ties of common sense and human fellowship) an added part of us—that their book-worm, sentimental, recollected, reflected from times past, sense of injury has been deepened, and they have been shipped off to colonise, bound to revenge. Their opinion cannot be taken, for there are not people under the sun so ready to cut off the nose to spite the face as are some of the Irish people. The smaller shopkeepers of the larger cities of Canada say they would be richer if they were united to the United States, and there is something to be said in favour of their view; but they do not make up Canada, which is generally and materially comfortable, though far behind the United States in enterprise, quick progress, and showy, telling success.

When your shoe pinches you blame your bootmaker, not your bunion; therefore, it may have been really the ice machine of the pastrycook at Montreal, full play for whose powers, owing to the high American customs he (the pastrycook) could not get, that hurt him; but he said it was the priests—that priests were having too much to say in government.

Perhaps I may refer to this gentleman again; but at present we have been long enough out of London. Before reaching which place we shall pass through a forest of trees, each so anxious to grow quickly that none can robustly; and then

cross some swampy-looking land. As we go we shall hear a farmer extolling the land about London, and comparing, to the disparagement of over the border, the Canadian roads, down which, without team destruction, he can get his farm produce to market; and he had farmed in both countries. The train stopped to breakfast at London, but, as we had breakfasted in the train, we took a stroll through the town. The first thing that struck us with exultant delight was a royal barber, with right royal arms! Would that time had been allowed to get shaved and revel in the joy of knowing that we were below some people, and not *every man's equal;* but it was not. We looked down this nice street of shade-trees, then up at that stone bank, across at some good churches, and so back to the train. We are now on the Great Western Railway of Canada, but our Guide gives us little information, and just names "The Guelph Branch."

You may blame me for carrying you on too rapidly; but it is not my fault, if, after a short run through forest picturesquely varied and very green, and by numerous pretty villages, we arrive at Paris. It is about forty miles from London to Paris, which latter place is smaller than the former, but pleasantly situated on a creek and in forest. Dundas and Hamilton adjoin, and stand in a fine valley, the slopes of which are covered with forest of beech, elm, maple, and oak. Manufactories and oil-refining places abound.

We pass by Burlington Bay, and are at St. Catherine's, on Lake Ontario. We have been carrying the feeding reservoirs of Niagara with us—Michigan, Erie—and we touch now the lake which is fed. We are by the canal which man has cut between the lakes—thereby not conquering but ignoring the useless but mighty flow of Niagara—and which seems scarce large enough to carry the ships of the tonnage (over two

hundred) it does. We had noticed many small changes on the line. It was inclosed within palings; the engine whistled; you were warned before the train started; and now we were informed that we had arrived at the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, and might betake ourselves in a carriage to the Clifton House Hotel.

CHAPTER XX.

Niagara—Brock's Monument and View—American and Canadian Sides of Niagara—Under the Falls—Customs—Bridges—The *Maid of the Mist*—Home-spun Cloth—Mr. Green's Garden—Résumé—Cross Ontario—Toronto—Fare.

I AM obliged to you for telling me that I am the nine hundred and ninety-ninth million mortal that has written about Niagara, and reply that though I have not written yet I mean to notwithstanding.

Lake Ontario is fed from Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, by means of the Niagara river, thirty-six miles in length, and varying in breadth from several hundred yards to three miles. Twenty-two miles from the commencement of the river at Lake Erie occur the Falls: the American nine hundred feet wide, one hundred and sixty-four feet high; the Canadian two thousand feet wide, one hundred and fifty-eight feet high, with twenty feet of depth of water at the crest of the fall. The total descent from Erie to Ontario is three hundred and thirty-four feet. The origin of the name Niagara is uncertain—supposed to be Iroquois, and to signify "Thunder of Waters." The Falls were first discovered to the white man in 1678, by Father Hennepin, a French Jesuit missionary.

Hitherto, at least often, I have held you as my very trusty liege friend in travel, and have treated you as one with me under the title of "we;" but I intend to drop you here. I do not wish to involve you in the confusion of face that should suffuse those who are not silent before such grandeur

as Niagara. I choose to be myself there, to speak or to be silent as I list, but I wish to involve no one.

Niagara requires two things. It requires the visitor to expect to be disappointed, *and to be so.* Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid it is that it is able to remain grand and beautiful, notwithstanding all that has been written to prove it so. It has the strange peculiarity of being able to afford you numberless totally different views of the same thing; for by no means is its beauty dependent entirely on the Falls, though entirely on the water.

On the bosom of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, calm, heedless of its strength, this water floats in a happy existence of almost boundless limit,—toys with nature, rests in each lake, sleeps in unruffled calm, or playing with the winds, tosses up its waves, reckless of ill, and mindful only of its own enjoyment. By-and-by there creeps over it a feeling of tameness. "It is always the same," it cries, and longs for new venture. Sulkily lying on the broad surface of Erie, lo! a narrow opening is espied, and it wends toward it. Slowly and warily it essays its new course, but soon finds that it were better not to have entered on a fresh career than to attempt to check its progress.

At first this new sensation of being obliged, when the obligation is not unpleasant, has its charms, and it finds itself increasing in speed with a feeling of buoyancy and pleasure. Soon an undefined dread comes over it. It would stop and dally as has been its wont in the lakes above, but it finds itself impelled onward by a new and unknown force. Escape is impossible, the inexorable guardian that hems it in on either side has narrowed to three-quarters of a mile. Dread increases to horror. It is sure, it knows not why, there is something fearful before it, and in anguish it lashes itself into

huge waves of impotent power. It clings to an island wildly, and eddies round it seeking to be held back. It boils up in vain foam mountains. It would tear down its walls or up its floor, but it finds itself mocked by the quiet sneer of earth, that laughs at all this exhibition of powerless wrath, and jeering it in unuttered words, slips from beneath it and makes it come. Just before its trial culminates in its fall, a calmness of despair comes over it, and, staying its futile and frantic efforts at resistance, it lets itself be hurled onward, still, silent, swift. Over the rock with resistless weight it speeds, grinding it back a foot each year; and, beautiful, powerless to resist, in hue of green, a hundred million tons of water fall. It has met a power greater than its own, and has succumbed; but grand still in its great might and pride of not forgotten power, it shrouds its own fall in a white cloud-veil of spray, roaring wearily.

At first when it reaches its new base its whole frame quivers, but soon it swoons, and within a few score yards of the spot of its fall it lies, swiftly flowing onward it is true, but apparently perfectly still. An eddy, a swirl, shows there is life, otherwise the grassy, pale-green surface of its waters would almost lead to the conclusion that it was dead. But it is not so; for soon waking from this numb torpor, this stupefaction of despair and astonishment, it begins again to feel its own strength, and, far from humbled, lashes its proud crest into waves and billows and mountains of waters. Escaped, it defies, and leaping up wave upon wave, exulting, it dashes wildly on in its new course, till, worn out by its own waywardness, it gradually settles down to ordinary life, again offers itself for the use of man, and, bearing his freight, glides away to Ontario.

I invite you now to rejoin me, not that we may go together

as though we were guides to the Ferry House and Table Rock, Biddle's Stairs, the Three Sisters, and other points far too numerous to mention; but that we may recall to our memory one or two of them.

First, then, you remember the perfectly unrivalled flow of the Niagara River as it approaches the Falls. No doubt the Falls are *the* thing; but to my mind the view of the river above the Falls is even grander, or at any rate more peculiarly Niagara's own. In falls you know what to expect, but you do not expect in a perfectly calm, cloudless, hot day, to sit down before that three-quarters of a mile of troubled water and realise a storm. There was something, to me, particularly delightful in the view above the Falls, offering as it did all the grandeur of a storm on the sea-coast, without any of the disagreeables necessarily attending such view. You had to arouse yourself to understand why this hubbub of water when all about you was so calm and clear and still.

You remember how that the river approaching the Falls meets Iris or Goat Island, and, being turned in its course by it, falls in two separate cataracts—the American and the Horse-shoe. The latter, or Canadian Falls, are the finest; and as I look at them now I see that poor German, carried down by the stream, throw up his arms just as he gets on their crest (last witness to the consciousness of his fate), and an instant after sweep soul and body out of human ken. He had been all but saved, but a rope which had been got across to one of the numerous islands or rocks that are here and there in the river, broke, and he, amid a crowd of spectators, was borne down the stream, a living dead man.

The legend of the white canoe is pretty. It is told of the Seneca Indians, whose custom it was to offer to the spirit of the Falls a white canoe, full of ripe fruits and flowers, paddled

by the fairest girl of the tribe. The lot on one occasion fell on the only daughter of a widowed chief, and "as the moon arose and silvered the cloud of mist that rose from out the turmoil of Niagara, the white canoe glided from the bank and swept out into the dread rapid." It had all but reached the fatal ledge, when another canoe, guided by the powerful chief, flew like an arrow towards that that contained the offering to the great spirit. It overtook it: "the eyes of father and child met in one last gaze of love, and then they plunged together over the thundering cataract into eternity."

And now I propose that, leaving the direct consideration of the Falls, you come with me on a note-book excursion. I could, of course, copy very interesting matter from the Guide published by Nelson, of New York, where I read that story of the Seneca Indians; but I hardly think that is fair; at any rate, I prefer that we should refresh ourselves from our note-book rather than from his.

I know my idea of what Canada would be like was very different from what I found it. I know that that very extensive view from Brock's Monument has left with me the impression of beautiful park-like scenery; of a succession of pretty villages; of a country green with grass, and with the varied foliage of beech, and maple, and oak, and cotton-wood, and elm, schumac, and many other trees and bushes; of wide-stretching forests, it is true, but of great openings, where wheat, and barley, and oats, and corn, and hops, and vines intermingle with streams and lakes.

Brock's Monument stands on Queenstown Heights, some miles from Niagara, but where geologists say the waters used to fall, and overlooks the broad, quietly-flowing river as it debouches into the vast sheet of the Ontario Lake. It overlooks America on the other side of the river, and estates on

this (the Canadian side), five hundred acres of which might be bought for £2,000, or about £4 an acre, but may run up to £10 or £12.

I know that Canada has a nasty, long, changeable winter; still, if I were a man up in years, divided between my own comfort and the welfare of a growing heap of boys, I would go to Canada and settle in preference to places farther off, less beautiful, and less civilised. I must not forget though that Canadians call Ontario the Queen Province of their country.

You may remember we went to the Clifton House Hotel, on the Canada side, and by far the best hotel from which to see the Falls. Sir John Young (the Governor) and Lady Young were there, and a great number of Southern Americans. Everywhere at Niagara the superior energy of the Americans strikes you. You go over to America for your early news. With far worse sites, America has a town where Canada has only a village, and hotels that make up six hundred beds to Canada's two hundred. America builds a lift to let you down from the heights to the Falls, and you go over to America to church. But, thanks to the energy of —— Canadian Niagara possesses a museum! American does not. I regret now I did not take a bath in Niagara—on the American side, of course—where the water has been made to turn in, and constrained to buffet you with a vengeance; but two of us did go under the American Falls, and that was marvellous. Nothing, I think, can describe the effect of being under those Falls, and I shall not attempt it.

Wet through (you have to dress in flannels), blinded by water, deafened by its roar, your foothold uncertain, you look through a mist curtain up to a snow-mountain of water. The consciousness of the water's immense might and your utter

weakness is tremendous; and yet you only go behind the tiniest little bit of the smallest Falls. I am not particularly given to going somewhere simply because somebody else has not been, and congratulated myself that I did not go one foot higher up Nanga Parbut than my friend Mr. Pope went, though he did go one higher than any one else; but I did go one foot nearer Niagara River than the Judge, clinging on to the slippery rocks at the base of the Falls, just to feel one was as near danger as possible without being in it—or perhaps, with pardonable exaggeration, as near death without being at it.

The Canadian Customs do not mind what you bring into their country, but the Americans are very chary as to what you bring into theirs; and if you have an uncanny article in your pocket as you cross over the beautiful bridge from one country to the other, the American man will take charge of it till you come back. The bridges that span the Niagara—one for rail traffic, the other "the longest in the world"—are both suspension. They are both beautiful, but that for the rail especially so; it looks like a spider's thread at a little distance, yet is a thread of twelve thousand four hundred tons, and cost £100,000. The débris of one bridge, actually carried away by a wind-storm, we saw still farther down; but as we looked at it not a breath stirred the blue vault of heaven overhead, or the green glassy water beneath.

Presented, as we have been, to Niagara as to a living thing, we have been able to trace it. We have seen its wild waves before it comes close to the Falls; then its certain calm, then its dread leap clothed in a shroud of mist that moistens the country and carries the sound of the roar of the waters far inland; then the pool—the lake—of troubled water at the base of the Fall; then the motionless, still, glassy stream farther on; then the renewed wave-mountains of the now

frantic river; and then its gradual subsidence as it flows, past Queenstown, into Ontario. The grandest waves are met with after the river has recovered from what I choose to call its swoon, and are such as to make it magnificently useless. The wild, white-topped waves rush on with broken and gigantic force. The sight is grand, navigation impossible; yet the *Maid of the Mist* navigated it. She did it—on board of her J. R. Robinson and two assistants—and it may be her crew would do the like again; but, judging from the appearance of the torrent down which her foolhardy track led her, the success of her cruise was simply a toss-up. She did survive; but that her safety is the smallest guarantee for the safety of any other vessel that might emulate her feat I can't think. She must have been as a cork on those waters; and whether she was carried over them or through them, whether keel down or bottom up, whether whole or broken, must have been (so appearances would suggest, and without disparagement to Mr. Robinson's steering) mere chance. No wonder the three could not get any insurance office to insure their lives.

In our *pros* for Canada, to set against the *cons* which American higher vigour obliges us to give, we forgot Canadian home-spun cloth! Eight yards for four dollars, bought on our way to Mr. Green's beautiful pleasure-grounds—grounds which, intersected by the Niagara River above the Falls, would attract every tourist in Europe, were it not for that more than "strip of silver sea" which divides them from us. In that excursion, too, we visited the burning spring—a curious spectacle. Burning water; not always lit, but always lightable. Sulphuretted hydrogen, I read.

We have but glanced at Niagara; not even mentioned the Three Sisters' Islands, past which the stream tears furiously;

nor Mr. Porter's Island of Iris, nor the Cave of the Winds; nor a quarter of the eighty odd specialities which a guide would note, and we noted when we were there. Our inn-windows rattle, as though shaken by an earthquake, from the vibration of the Falls' roar; and as sleep creeps over us, we mingle up a lively dance, just quitted, with a settlement of "Tuscarora" Indians, which we saw in our drives; pretty feather fans get confused with the American Customs officials; beautiful lanes and hedges get interwoven with a pleasant yeoman, happy in the prosperity of his country; and the two hundred beds of our inn, at the only spot from whence the Falls are visible, get confusedly intermingled with the "International" and "Cataract's" six hundred beds on the American side, wherefrom the Falls are invisible. We begin to explain to ourselves why, and lose ourselves in the land of Nodd.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ontario—Toronto—Bomonville—Port Hope—The Spires—Cobourg—Berths—Kingston 3 A.M.—Lake of the Thousand Isles—Prescott—Ogdensburgh—The Rapids—Distance, Prescott to Montreal—Long Sault—Cornwall—Second Rapid—La Chine Rapid—Tubular Bridge—Montreal—Victoria Bridge—Protestant Cathedral—River Boats—Quebec—Montmorency—Leave Montreal.

ON Monday we take the train again, and wend our way for about twelve miles through a lovely country of trees, villages, and small fields, to Niagara Fort.

Here we are on the shores of Lake Ontario. We find a good hotel, and, let us hope, a good fort, for the American one opposite is, at least, bigger than the Canadian.

We take the *City of Toronto* steamer, and cross to the city of Toronto—a sail of about forty miles, where we lose sight of land during some part of the three hours it occupies. At Toronto we change our steamer amidst a scene of indescribable bustle, and take the *Abyssinia* for our farther water trip of three hundred and sixty miles to Montreal, having booked at Niagara for Saratoga, *via* Montreal, for twenty-three dollars fifty cents each.

The steamer, magnificent, of course, is *very* full. How many souls we have on board it is impossible to say, but, from the feeling, at least one for each island we are soon to see, and there are eighteen hundred of them. There does not seem room to sit, much less to walk and to lie, and you want to do both, besides eating and drinking, during twenty-eight hours. The notebook says, "The steam down from Toronto to Montreal

was decidedly disagreeable, as the boat was too small for the number of passengers." However, it is some alleviation to reflect that we are a Britisher, a Britisher on Lake Ontario, hugging our coast, the coast of Canada. There lies the great lake on our right side—starboard, I mean, and forequarter—with a huge raft of wood tugged by a steamer floating on it. Do you know how many billion buckets of water there is in it? or how many square yards of carpet it would take to cover it (it is one hundred and eighty miles long by forty broad), if it were run dry, and the water, like that at Tahoe, told off for the washing of the Capitol? Are you impressed with the fact you may be sea (lake) sick? A storm may arise, quite equal to the malady of "mother," as the French say, or even to sending you to the shades of your grandmother. It is very still now, very, very large, and very attractive; but don't trust yourself upon it in winter, at least these boats don't—these boats, one of which has but just now (with us on board) left the crowded quay, and steamed away for Darlington. We did not see anything of Toronto but the general view, but it seemed a thriving, prosperous place, with increasing trade energies, good churches and streets, a population of sixty thousand, and a lunatic asylum, and was described as being very English. As we stood out to lake the coast-line curtailed any distant prospect; but farther on, the line of hills lowering, the attractive scenery of Canada was revealed in greater mass. Forests with extensive clearings stretching far inland, beautiful wood, careful culture. Our first halt was at the village or town of Bomonville, that lay comfortably around its church in the midst of forest and well-cultivated land. Our next Port Hope. Ivy-grown houses are at Port Hope. Port Hope rises up a hill gracefully wooded. Ships, and lumber, and a railway lie near to Port Hope's small quay,

whereon to greet the steamer was a bevy of such pretty girls, that, as they were accompanied by quite passable men, it was a source of gratification to see that Port Hope had spires. Ay, and these spires have such a sheen withal; such a glitter of expectation and of good things. They are covered with tin, and the sun shines upon them, and bids them flash and glance in his rays, with a glory equal to and beyond that which he gets from the golden roof of the Maharajah of Cashmere's poor Hindoo temple at Sreenugger. We find five thousand inhabitants where next we stop, but Cobourg does not seem so pretty as Port Hope, though its houses do seem chiefly of brick or stone. Cobourg, and after Cobourg, darkness. We had taken our tickets at Niagara, and when mid all the bustle at Toronto we had seen a long string of patient waiters longing for the open sesame of some closed official's window, we had pitied them and congratulated ourselves. Poor donkeys, we! this string of two score and more were also ticketed like ourselves, but were suppliants for berths. It so happened, therefore, that we came off only two score and more best, and were put down in a lower cabin, where were many berths, but few basins.

If there is one thing more wicked than another, it is to imbue the youthful mind with false statements. Now I, for the last ever so long, have been rising early, and yet am only healthy and wise. Healthy *and* wise. But where is the wealthy? Perhaps the omission arises from not having risen early often enough; so let me make another attempt at 3 A.M. on Tuesday, at Kingston. The result was this ☾ * * It is in the note-book, is not difficult to draw, and means, "This to remind me of the lovely scene of the moon at its last quarter, and two stars (brilliant), shining over the harbour, with a house standing in the water of the bay."

May the fair city of Kingston forgive the writer for being so minute and accurate! And yet not accurate either, for the note goes on, "The house seems a martello tower." The Guide does not help. He (the Guide) says the place was called "Cataracqui;" "that it has a population of fifteen thousand, and is one of the most important military posts in Canada." "Military posts!" Then why does he not explain the mystery of the moon and two stars, and throw light on the martello tower? I remember that morning well; how the most of the boat's passengers lay wrapt in blissful unconsciousness; how our huge steamer swung up to some quay or pier, and another, noiselessly cleaving the still water, fastened herself close to us. I can see myself, as I sat on some barrel, dreamily watching an interchange of passengers; and then can faintly recall something of Kingston as, loosened from our mooring, we stood out towards Grand Island, and for the St. Lawrence River. There seemed to be some fine buildings, one in particular, to which she could lay claim; and the place, as it lay cut against the clear cloudless sky, was pleasant to look at.

We have left Ontario, and are in the St. Lawrence, or, more strictly speaking, in the Lake of the Thousand Isles. Lake, for here the river is ten miles broad, and is studded with innumerable islands, large and small. Myriad fish, much fowl, many islets. It is one of the sights of America, one of the sights of the world; but most of the passengers were in bed. We glided in amongst them, the water still and motionless as the Mirror Lake. We were going east, and as the sun gently rose, it bathed the whole scene in a witchery unique and lovely. It is a strange and feeble necessity which forces us, in speaking of scenery, to describe it backwards, and speak of it as a picture; yet the whole prospect

was a lovely picture. A still, slight, transparent mist of golden light pervaded all. The low and wooded islands were not more real than their shadows, which were cut on the crystal water as with a knife. The softest commingling of light and shade existed, and we sailed in a fairy scene. This is my recollection of the early early day mid the Thousand Isles; for when my companions came up, the glory of that golden light was in great part gone, and the islands themselves were pronounced "somewhat tame." To pass mid eighteen hundred islands—round which wild duck swim, and where fish are so numerous it is weariness to catch them—some a few yards square, some miles in length, some American, some Canadian, some cultivated and some not—requires time; but in the course of it we reached Prescott, 9 A.M.; and here, at its pleasant town of four thousand Canadians, closely opposite to which lies the increasing American town of Ogdensburgh, we changed our steamer, and took the *Banshee* for our farther course now down the rapids.

THE RAPIDS.—I turn over the Guide accidentally, and pick him up at page 63, where the eye is riveted by the words "instantly capsized and submerged;" and staring at me—no, as I look again out over and above me into the mazy distance, above those dreadful words, "capsized and submerged," is "Batiste." He has an anxious face, earrings, a large brooch, streaming hair, two feathers, and a skull cap. He is holding hard on to the wheel, and is (a picture of) "an Indian Pilot, steering a steamer down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence." If, beside "Batiste," the Guide has thought it necessary to give no less than eight different representations of the Rapids, some with the steamer lying hard a-port, others hard a-starboard, again hard astern, or hard a-bow (I presume these are proper nautical terms to denote a steamer when she has allowed the

water to knock her off her bottom), I know that we ought to be "thrilled." Perhaps, as a friend of mine used to say, we are a little "blazed;" perhaps we have seen too many things lately that "no words can express;" at any rate, the morbid philosophy of the belief, that if the boat went down safely on Monday it is likely to do so on Tuesday, has seized us, and we can neither accelerate the beat of our heart nor stop it altogether. The distance from Prescott to Montreal by rail is 112 miles, by river perhaps 140, but by no means all the way through rapids. These occur only at intervals, and are the Long Sault (a rapid of nine miles), the Cedars, and La Chine. To enable the steamers that are borne down stream to return, canals alongside the Rapids have been cut, and thus they can retrace their steps. It was about noon when we entered the Long Sault, and the note is, "I was disappointed; for though the waves did rise and shake the vessel, lashing round its sides, the distance in which these large waves existed was too short, and the force of the main portion of the current was not very observable." I read, however, that a raft would run "the nine miles in forty minutes, by force of a current rushing along at a rate of twenty miles an hour." When we had got through we reached Cornwall, and had Canada on both sides of the river. French was now the common tongue. Some of the steerage folk sang a Canadian boat song; and the park-like wood of Ontario gave place to fir and the foliage incident to severe winter. At three P.M. we got to Cedar Rapids, where "tamer than the last" is written in the note-book; but "very exciting" in the Guide, "a person unacquainted with the navigation of these rapids will almost involuntary hold his breath." Three years ago, the *Grecian* steamer, full of soldiers, struck on these rapids, and we saw the wreck standing out in mid stream.

The sight lessened rather than heightened the effect of danger, for the soldiers were saved. Nine miles from Montreal we got to the La Chine Rapids. The waves here were not the largest, but the current was very strong; and as our danger, in the shape of a narrow passage between two rocks was obliging enough to be visible, there is left the recollection of some pleasurable excitement. The idea of danger, too, is heightened by the number of men engaged in steering. Captain Bailey, four men, and two auxiliaries, with Mc—— somebody, a French Canadian, as pilot, "a tiller being placed astern to the rudder itself, so that the tiller can be manned as well as the wheel." However, it is six o'clock, and we have got to where the enormously long, but not so high as that over the Tyne, tubular Victoria Bridge, binds the north and south sides of the mighty river together.

Montreal—how sad to see it a nice town of 170,000 inhabitants, after dreaming of it as a place where one man and his wife lived, he going to Quebec for beef on snow-shoes, she scourged, scalped, and gorged by untamed Iroquois before he got back. But facts are facts, so we went to the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, and took four out of its five hundred beds. What can one say about a town that is not realised unread. Handsome stone banks, good shops, good hotels, pretty villas, good quays, a handsome market "de Bonsecours," town-hall, fair streets, churches, a "Champ de Mars," and a cemetery in a beautiful park. Prince Arthur lived in Montreal, where he won the hearts and heads of the people by the unaffected excellence of his own. Of course it was pointed out to us where he lived, and it was in a villa. Besides a prince, Montreal has a geographical position, an island thirty miles long, ten broad, made by the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and a history, beginning with Jacques

Cartier in 1535, who found an Indian village there, Hochelaga by name. The early inhabitants were troubled by the Iroquois. In 1758 the place and its four thousand souls belonged to the French; in 1763, to the English. The island on which the town stands is very fertile, and thickly studded with houses.

There occur two things at Montreal. Ships of three thousand tons burden can get up to its three miles of river frontage; and trains starting over the one mile and one quarter of the Victoria Bridge, can go one thousand three hundred ninety-eight and three-quarters more if they are so minded. They could not have done this if my friend Louis Rudd Stevenson had not helped to place the piers there, which are calculated to resist the pressure of seventy thousand tons of ice, and to have swollen the total cost of the bill for the bridge to seven million dollars, a dollar for every ton and 00 added.

We visited a new and handsome Protestant cathedral, amid whose Gothic arches a mother had placed a font—memorial gift to her son. Also the Catholic cathedral of Notre Dame, which we did not admire, but saw its peculiar sloping floor, and read that it could hold ten thousand people.

Mr. Henderson sells furs; but forty dollars a skin for good sable does not seem cheap. Mr. Notman excellent photographs. The Jesuit church and the Museum are both worth visiting; so is the cemetery; and altogether Montreal is a pleasant and prosperous place. No doubt, however, our Detroit friend would call it a "oneh-orse place;" but nowhere in Canada is the air impregnated with that "get rich, get rich" feeling with which almost all United States atmosphere, except and not except Boston, is.

Quebec is a hundred and eighty miles from Montreal, and

to get there and back in one of the magnificent steamers—capable of holding four hundred passengers—of the Richelieu Company, you pay seven dollars. We paid seven dollars, and starting at seven P.M. on Wednesday, got back at six A.M. on Saturday. By this arrangement we economised nights' rest, but wasted sight-seeing. We only saw the two ends of our journey; they told us, however, the middle was indifferent. We went in the *Quebec*, and came back in the *Montreal;* and, observe, our Penny Hungerford Bridge steamers do *not* represent these splendid Transatlantic river boats, and, what is worse, I cannot describe them. Can you make anything out of these notes? "This boat is far finer than any I have seen yet. Beautifully fitted up. The main saloon divided into two and runs the entire length of the ship. Very lofty; so much so that it contains two sets of cabins, the higher ones led up to by a staircase, with a gallery running round and overlooking the saloon. Our cabins are nice enough, with clean beds and looking-glasses; but a peep into the captain's cabin reveals quite a picture of mirrors, ornaments, and crimson curtain. It is not in this saloon where we have our grub, but farther away somewhere, altogether in another part of the vessel, down some stairs, perhaps where the hold ought to be, but which, if a person was afflicted with shyness, or an impediment in his speech, he might never find, for it certainly is not visible." Now are you any wiser for that description? And, beside all this grandeur, there is the humbler place—where I can't say, or how to find it I can't tell you; but I know it is there, for about eleven P.M., at Sorel, I find this further note. "Leather, hides, barrels of apples, sacks, luggage, cattle, sheep, a blood horse, French Canadians shouting, crates of cabbages, farming implements. The sheep will get in among the legs of the horse, and it is all he can

do to resist turning the sheep into mutton with one kick. The 'Habitans' songs, I thought, were warranted pretty; but really the sound these fellows are sending forth from their throats is wonderfully like that the little fat lady, with her finger in her ear, sent forth at the child's wedding in Bombay—plenty of shakes, shouts sometimes, but no melody, it strikes me. Up-stairs at the piano, amongst our lot, it sounds rather better." I think our ally, the Guide, must have gone through this trip at night, too, for he does not say much about it. I make out that we are now on Lake St. Peter, twenty-five miles long and nine broad, quite shallow except in a narrow channel, then we come to Three Rivers, and lastly to our goal. The Guide is so stupid that I suggest our waking at five A.M. on Thursday morning, and looking for ourselves.

Oblige me now by remembering that we are approaching Quebec, and were we endowed with a proper sense of the beautiful—were we a certain Scotch authoress—we should first "faint," then "burst into a flood of tears," and end by breaking out into a hurricane of poetry, of which—

> Hitherto, oh Abram!
> Have I seen Edinbro';
> But no longer
> Quebec, Quebec, on thee I ponder!

is but a poor copy. As it is our misfortune, however, not to be an authoress of renown, we must be content to read prosaically from the note-book. "The shores that greet us on rising are not very pretty, but thickly populated, well treed, and cultivated. As we near Quebec the banks on either side rise somewhat, and shut in the view; then the river widens out into a sort of bay, with highish banks covered with fir-trees. Quebec is still far in the distance. As we approach it, the sight becomes very lovely. The grand sweep of the

St. Lawrence River, its many ships, the height of the fort, the graceful situation of the many villages, all contribute to make the general whole beautiful. A view peculiarly its own, and that all but combines the two elements of rugged grandeur and gentle beauty in one."

That is what we read, saw, and thought; but we neither cried, fainted, nor compared it to Edinburgh. What Edinburgh has got to do with Quebec it is difficult to say; for, unless the Castle is moved down to Granton, there is not the smallest resemblance, and then there would not be much. The lumber trade is the great trade here, and the river-bank is heaped up with wood, to bear which away the water is dotted with vessels. Thirty miles from Quebec the water is salt, between four and five hundred miles farther lies the sea; and at the town the flow of the tide raises the river some seventeen feet.

The town of Quebec, as seen from the river, is very picturesque. Climbing, or having climbed, up the rocky grass-grown hill, it stands a mixture of streets and large blocks of houses in stone and brick, the architecture of which is not less varied than the age. The fort proudly overlooks the town, and the whole place, alive with a past history, is—is—well, is perhaps just a little dead with a present. Had we anchored lower down the river, we should have been unfortunate in two respects; we should not have got near enough to Quebec to go to the St. Louis Hotel, and we should have done what we should not, for there was a notice put up, "that we must not anchor, because of the submarine telegraph." The submarine telegraph lying at the feet of Montcalm! The acts of Paris, heedless of the frowning fort, flashed past it in the twinkling of an eye! Shall we, from the very name, draw a homily, and wonder whether the wolf

of progress is to be all-devouring? or what ratio in the world's progress this sleepy, narrow-streeted, patois-speaking place—the very ghost of progress, though once the cynosure of the eyes of the world—bears? Quebec, Hobarton, Trincomalee, with great natural advantages, sleep; of them *mene*, as far as trade is concerned, may be said; but round Quebec, different to the other two, there rallies the military heart of the Canadians. This their Gibraltar. Here their first guard, and here their last stand. Fortunately, however, the world goes on in great measure without war, and its strides are made by the enterprise of trade, though, unfortunately, the same is not an unfailing recipe against fighting.

Thus it is that, as we get out at the old-fashioned hotel, half American, half European, in the more old-fashioned narrow-climbing street, we doubt not but that Canada, culminating in sleepiness at Quebec, is performing her rôle in life, when she joins to material prosperity, solid and showless, the power to resist invasion, rather than were she to emulate the giant strides with which America leaps on as a warning or a guide.

There are ten Protestant churches in Quebec, an Hôtel Dieu, a general hospital, an Ursuline convent, a university, a court-house, and gaol, music-hall, and a lunatic asylum. Beside these, there are the churches of Notre Dame des Victoires, St. Roch, St. Patrick, and a cathedral; there is a citadel, esplanade, Place d'Armes, and public gardens; and all began from the Indian village Stadacona, which Charlevoix commenced to alter into Quebec in 1608, and Wolfe, 1759, wrested from the French; it, its one hundred and seventy-four streets, and (possibly then, at any rate now) fifty thousand inhabitants.

Not surfeited with the noble falls of the Yosemité and Niagara, our first drive was to Montmorency, some few

miles away, to reach which we had to pass through the lower town, then out over a well-cultivated and villaed country, and past the pretty church at Beauport. These falls in winter are a great source of fun to the people of Quebec, who sleigh out to them, and toboggin (that is, slide down on pieces of wood) down the congealed spray rising in a cone some eighty feet. As we saw them, they fell into, we were told, a bottomless pool from a height of two hundred and fifty-four feet, and with a breadth of fifty. Falling like white spun glass over dark-brown rock into dark-brown water, and illumined by the rays of the sun, they were worth seeing.

QUEBEC FROM CHURCH AT BEAUPORT.

During our stay we visited the Ursuline Convent Chapel and the Lavall College. We saw a good picture, said to be by Raphael. We looked from Durham Terrace over to Levis. We drove out over the Plains of Abraham, which are very disappointing, either as regards size or effect, and historical events do not grow on plains, even though of Abraham. We drove to a beautiful cemetery. We priced furs, still dear. We noted the narrow, tortuous streets, the once lanes of Stadacona, their wood pavement, and the tin-covered spires

of the churches. We climbed up three hundred and forty-five feet, and paid a visit on Colonel Bagot, 69th, and the fort at the same time; where we had detailed to us ye last fight—the Fenian raid—and where we had cause to and did blush (let us hope through misunderstanding the case) for the Home Government, which had, in total disregard of the request of the inhabitants, ordered home the very old lumber of cannon that armed the citadel. We failed to be able to admire Bellona in bronze, though erected by Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, 1855, to commemorate the fierce struggle of the 28th of April, 1760; and then we returned to Montreal, and started for Plattsburg on Saturday, reaching there that evening, and staying there on Sunday.

If Canada complained of anything in our presence, it was of the high protective duties of America, which crippled the export of Canadian commerce, and of her undeveloped mines; undeveloped, because of the lack of enterprise of her people. "Commerce might be improved," some said; "but as far as our institutions go, we are more free and independent than the Americans themselves, and if they try to annex us by force, we will fight."

I do not believe the Americans have the smallest intention of fighting. I believe they look on Canada as a poor deluded country that does not know its own interest, but that when it does will annex herself to America. I believe the common sense and bulk of the mind and wealth of Canada says, in return for such American thought, "Thank you for nothing," and, "We are quite willing to leave well alone." As regards the Fenians, the opinion held of them by Americans and Canadians is summed up in their button, on which is engraved, I. R. A., "Irish Republican Army," but which is read, "I ran away."

Our passage across the St. Lawrence was made in a ferry-train, from Lachine to Caughnawaga. From here we pressed on past a village of Iroquois, through Canadian bush, with stumps and clearings of grass, and over the border, where very slight trouble was given us by the American Customs officials. Altogether our journey, from Montreal to Plattsburg, was about sixty miles.

I said I might refer to my friend the pastrycook at Montreal; but we have left Canada, and the opportunity does not seem to have presented itself. His plaint was, that the priests were having too much say in Canadian government. If true, nothing can be worse; but in these days of rebellion against the house of Rome, surely it is not left to fear her counsels in Canada, and to see once more a priesthood forget the injunctions of their Master.

CHAPTER XXII.

Expense—Fouquet's—Plattsburg—American Victories—The *Adirondark*—Size of Lake Burlington—Westport—The Yeoman—Fort Henry—Dinner—The Division of the Party—Drive from Lake Champlain to Lake George—Lake George—Workpeople—Fort William Henry Hotel—Bad Food—Saratoga—Daily Occupation—Tame Indians—Cardiff Giant—Gaming Tables—Street—Newspaper.

AS I seem to have "taken stock" at Plattsburg, I venture to tell you that the cost of my journey from Calcutta here has been about £600.

Fouquet's Hotel is an American Loch Lomond Hotel. Fort William Henry, that we have already spoken about, at the bottom of Lake George, bears no kind of resemblance to an English inn, but Fouquet's does. It is reasonably small. You find, however, here the same sort of office that exists at Chicago, and wait to be told off to a key. You find that the eating-place is, in appearance, far from an English coffee-room, and is a small-tabled, uncarpeted, told-off-to-hours, women-waited-by apartment, bare, except for tables and table-cloths.

Plattsburg itself flourishes. It has five thousand inhabitants; it has a wharf for steamers, and a terminus for trains; it has water-mills; it has an Episcopal Church, with stained-glass windows, an excellent sermon, a cross over the altar, and a hymn read out as in a Scotch Church, "omitting the —— verse." The town is a little distance from the hotel, which is near Lake Champlain, and both situated in a district called the American Wilderness—why, I don't know; for the

kind of scenery is forest and mountain, in the former of which game abounds, in the latter, magnetic iron and other ores. The Saranac River runs up into Plattsburg, doing for it what the Dee did for the miller. It is in Clinton County of New York State. From it you look to the south-west on to the Au Sable, or, as they are otherwise called, "the Adirondack" Mountains; to the east, over Lake Champlain, into Vermont, and on to the Green Mountains, rising five thousand and odd feet. The spot near to where we are glows with American victories, and the water still shines with the British Downie's defeat, as the land does with Provost's, leaving the American Macdonough and his fleet, Macomb and his army, victorious. That was in 1814. Hurrah for the Yankees! The scenery is beautiful; but to see it, suppose we embark on the *Adirondack* at 8.30 A.M. on Monday. At 8.30! It is as well we were not there at 8.30 and a fraction; for just as the clock got to "0," Captain Flag touched a bell, and, obedient to its command, the boat steamed from the quay. I never remember such a perfect start; the captain was born to command. We agreed that the scenery was beautiful; but another and very apparently practical man, to whom beauty was use, said it was "hideous." Let us call in an umpire. First, you must remember that the lake is one hundred and twenty miles long and about thirteen broad, and that, on the western side at any rate, the land is so little populated that one man has recently bought two hundred and ten thousand acres. I hope the gentlemen who wish to cut up England into cabbage-gardens will think of this: two hundred and ten thousand acres bought in New York State by one man! The first place we stopped at was Burlington, in Vermont (lumber its trade), before and up to which the "hideous" country was still lovely; low hills, beautifully wooded, in

places partially cultivated, rolling up to the higher peaks of the Adirondack and Green Mountains. At the next halt in New York State, Essex County, there was a pleasant, small town of wood, brick, and stone. The "hideous" lake still continued very attractive; the shores beautifully diversified with clearings, themselves adorned with clumps of trees and wooded knolls; whilst the far-off view constantly opened out in vistas of a hazy panorama of irregular mountain peaks touching the freckled sky. After leaving Essex the lake narrowed, and Westford, the next halt, stood in a nest of wood. It was here we met a hearty American yeoman, who growled hard at the youth of his country all running to head, and despising hand-work; and laughed at, as he succumbed to, the necessity of letting his "helps" dine at his table, and at the need to keep them by every means from thinking they were "servants." Port Henry was an iron-smelting place, and at Crown Point the lake had almost narrowed to a river. The *Adirondack*—a splendid boat—dined at 12.30, downstairs somewhere, where good food, hurriedly eaten and badly served, was lighted up by oil-lamps, day not having access. We four split into two on Champlain, for the Colonel was ill with fever and ague, and made straight for Saratoga. We—the Patrician and I—disembarked at Ticonderoga, and took the "stage" to Lake George. It was four miles from lake to lake, and from amid the acacia-trees surrounding the inn, whence the six stages started, tree-grasshoppers chirped merrily. Lake George is thirty-six miles long and two broad, and the *Minehaha* steamer lay waiting for the stages. It had been a pretty drive, through forest scenery cleared in places and cultivated; and the beautiful lake lay before us like a little bouquet of water and island amid high, thickly-forested mountain sides.

Horicon (or the Silvery Waters) is Lake George's original and much prettier name; and, like Champlain, the silver waters of this Can-i-a-dĕri-oit, or tail of the lake, has been reddened with blood. It is beautiful from end to end. Narrow where we embarked, widening out towards the head of the lake, it is enclosed in rocky mountains densely clad in forest of evergreen, of fir, maple, chestnut, and oak. They say on its little bosom there lie as many islands as there are days in the year; they jewel the lake, and add much to its scenic effect. Lake George and Lake Champlain owe their "hideous" beauty entirely to their forests. Already, I believe, the lumberer has once cut them down, and if their practical worth is all that is to be considered, and they fall again to his axe, good-bye to the profits of Fort William Henry Hotel and the *Minehaha* steamer. As we approach

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

this splendid hotel, see the gay groups of people under its verandah, hear the band, and bump up against the wooden quay, we are inclined to think, with the yeoman, that there are no workpeople in America. Where are they on board this ship, for instance? Surely, these people in their Sunday clothes and rings cannot be common sailors? If perchance

over their shirt they have slipped a blouse, does not the fine cloth of their inexpressibles suggest the idea that their work is only play?

"Long live the juicy, juicy quid
I chews both night and day;
But I eschews hard work,
No matter what some folks say."

No! the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that, except a miner and a farmer or two, there is not a workman in America till you get (coming east) to Albany.

You may remember that at Omaha we alluded to where we stop this night of the 1st of August; so we need not again run across its splendid hall, or stand amid its black servants serving coffee and ices on the verandah as the band plays. Nor again need we go into its magnificent drawing-room, or be fed in the saloon—between six and eight for breakfast, one for dinner, and six to nine for supper—on nasty bits of meat and fish, cups of tea and milk, mush and biscuit.

A dime is ten cents. You may well say, What has that got to do here? Nothing; but it gets as near to the sound of a forbidden word as it can, is a fact, and comes in well between abuse of the food at Fort William Henry and Congress Hall Hotel at Saratoga. However, we ought not to complain. To give one thousand six hundred people anything is wonderful; and it is preferable, if you have to assist at an "institution," to select that where you are fed in groups, rather than that where you are cut up in batches like the pigs at Chicago.

Now Saratoga is an "institution;" * and an intensely stupid one also. I beg pardon if I unintentionally offend. Scarborough would be just as stupid if it was not for the sea and

* The word is untranslatable in English. Tamasha or corobary (see page 208, Vol. I.) perhaps might define its meaning, but such rendering is submitted with diffidence.

the cooler air. The place is a small town, very full of people, and the hotels are enormous. This Congress Hall Hotel, like the Union opposite, makes up fifteen hundred beds, and feeds six hundred bipeds at once. The stores, which are many, are indifferent, and not tasteful. The springs, the ostensible reason of Saratoga's being, are about half a dozen, and one salter than the other. Saratoga sits. It sits down to breakfast, rises, and sits down again. Where it sat at the first moment of its early appearance (at least, at Congress Hall, and *ex uno disce omnes*) was in the enormously large feeding-room, served by one hundred and thirty black waiters, at small

CONGRESS HALL HOTEL, SARATOGA.

tables capable of holding a dozen or more people each; and where it sits when the woffle has gone where the woffle ought to go, is in the drawing-room, or the verandah which runs all along the front of the hotel overlooking the street. In this latter place it smokes. The drawing-room has a feature of its own: it has no centre. Certainly no centre of gravity; for all the young women and all the young men, ay, and all the old ones too, sit round the room, and the centre is bare. Before long an enterprising musician, paid for the occasion, or an amateur with a voice, seizes the piano, and there results the necessary consequence. Thus pass the hours till midday,

when female, perhaps male, Saratoga retires to its own room, to reappear in a more bewitching costume, and then sit down to dinner. Finished, another flight is taken to the old seats, and Saratoga sits down once more to listen to the music of a band. Youth and high spirits may now induce the more daring to take the air, but it is not incumbent. If so, a seat in a carriage, and a drive to Lake Saratoga, is more than sufficient exercise; and then they can sit in a steamer, or a boat, or a chair, eat ices, and think that here one of "the fifteen decisive battles of the world" was fought, and poor England got its *coup de grâce* from her rebellious offspring. A pretty little sheet of water is this Saratoga Lake, and the drive thereto is enjoyable and dusty. The exertion of eating ices over, the energy of Saratoga returns, sits down to tea, and then *stands up*.

Yes, towards eight o'clock of the evening, Saratoga stands up and hops. Congress Hall and the Union both hop nightly, but sometimes they have a ball. The distinction is accurate, yet misty. The same music, floor, and people, hops and dances, but at the latter occupation—at the ball—the "gents" wear "fancy dress" (evening dress), and the ladies are "more elegant." A black waiter told me this, so it must be true. The hop is a very praiseworthy "institution," only I did not get one. In vain I wandered about the well-filled room, in vain looked dancing at the numbers of pretty well-dressed girls, in vain saw them dance with each other, in vain endeavoured, by a solemn and somewhat sad appearance, to show to our cousins the proper sensation at an English ball—all in vain. A lame duck in a thunder-storm, an owl in the desert, a pelican on a house-top, might I have been, for all the dancers cared, prancing about with one another, grown-up people and children—even a deformed one I saw—and

really enjoying themselves. At eleven they went to bed. Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday are the same at Saratoga, varied only by the different costumes of the guests. Little doubt but that those silver-heeled shoes are changed for gold; that that mother-of-pearl silk appears often enough only to dazzle, not to weary; that those enormous bows, dwarfing the Japanese, are not always blue. Perhaps even the chignon shifts with the beau; and were it not for watching the set of Medusa in black, and her rise in gold, Saratoga would find Saratoga dull.

There are Indians—tame ones—that have a camp to themselves, come from different parts, look like respectable gipsies, and sell baskets. They offer bows from whence, as far as the target goes, the arrows of our cousins "fall to earth I know not where;" and they are the presiding genii of "swing bowls," and of a circular railway, where, seated, Saratoga can go round. She collects curiosities, too, and we "assisted" at the representation of one. It was thousands of years old. It was as big as two. It was alive and was dead. It owned a master, and it earned his bread.

Now what was it?

"Go and see with your own eyes one of the noblest works of God and man (perhaps both).—Your sincere friend, Wm. A. Potter."

Now what was it? Quick.

"An antiquity as remote as the mythological deification of Hercules.—McGuier."

Do you give it up?

We paid an entrance fee, and being passed behind a red curtain, there lay—

"The Cardiff Giant, worth seeing.—R. Allen."

"Its anatomical outlines remarkably natural and life-like,

possessing great beauty and grace. — L. E. WHITING, M.D."

With these two latter gentlemen I agree; and with Mr. Potter, if he, in his "perhaps both," is dealing in tremendous sarcasm. For whether this "petrified man," "found at Cardiff, near Syracuse," was once really a living man, or whether it began life by being hewn from a block of lime-stone, neither the last-named gentleman nor your correspondent knows. If hewn, as a work of art it was well worth seeing; if once a living man, now turned to stone, wonderful. The figure was very large; and as it lay before us, a block of grey stone, nature or art, "perhaps both," claimed and gained the highest credit for either counterfeiting or revealing age, and perfect though gigantic proportions.

Beside salt-springs, Saratoga has gambling-tables, but more *piano*, more hid away (though gorgeous in themselves) than those at Homburg; possessing, however, alike with them, that oily seductiveness, that whispered earnestness, that entrancing duckey-duckey-duckey-come-and-be-fleeced-ness of gambling-tables generally.

Have we seen Saratoga? Have we seen that chief street teeming with life, replete with equipages (hired and private), grand in horse-flesh, glittering with silver, weak in servants and wheels? Do you see the open stores, and the belles wandering to shop (to store, I suppose, it ought to be) with nothing more on, save a parasol, than what they sat in in the drawing-room of the "Congress"? Have we dined, and do we now wish to tea, from tables covered with red cloth, and off blackberries and bits of tongue? If so, we shall be prepared —failing a partner at the dance—to read the programme, "Lanciers," "Grand du Dutchess Offenbach;" and then to

retire to the perusal of some of the daily papers, our eye transfixed by a murder—

THE EVENT!

. . . . . .

THE HOUR!

. . . . . .

THE BLOOD!

. . . . . .

CHAPTER XXIII.

Albany—Population—General Aspect—Lumber—Sail to New York—Distance—Hudson—Malden—Poughkeepsie—Professor Morse—Newburgh—West Point—Nyack—Yonkers—Palisades—New York—Apology—Aspect of Town—Broadway—Fifth Avenue—Mr. Steward's House and Store—Merchants—Honours—Fifth Avenue Hotel—Brevoort's—Squares—Streets—Washington Square—Central Park—New York by Night—Advertisements—Poorness of Places of Business—Unshuttered Stores—Gardens—Jim Fisk—Opera House—Booth's Theatre—Wood's Museum—Newspapers.

THIRTY miles from Saratoga is Albany, capital of New York State, possessor of ninety thousand inhabitants and the Delaware Hotel. The drive thereto was pretty; Troy, which we passed, very smoky. This state capital owns real workpeople, beggars, and strolling musicians. It has court-houses and senate-houses; and in having other houses covered with ivy, dull and rather dirty streets, and a somewhat grimy populace, smacks of the old country. There is much trade in lumber here, to store which many quays and canals exist, aiding the picturesque.

There was a nigger parody of *Faust* on the night of Wednesday, the third of July, 1870, whereat the "hits" were many, George F. Train, Ward Beecher, and Mrs. Stowe each receiving a share; and one man proclaimed, "I am a soldier, and waiting for England to come on." He must have waited, as his announcement fetched neither England nor the house.

On Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., we embarked on the *Daniel Drew*, at Albany; at 6 o'clock P.M. disembarked, one hundred and forty-four miles east, down the Hudson, at New

York. Hudson was the first place we stopped at, by which time rain, till then copious, had somewhat lessened. Up to this first stoppage the banks had been pretty. Trees, vineyards, orchards, cultivated fields, villages, separate houses, had relieved each other. The Catskill Mountains were hid in mist. At Malden, a bit of land, jutting out into the river, rising high, and overtopped by some building, was effective. Poughkeepsie, not alone for its neighbourhood of pretty villas embosomed in forest, but for the (then) possession of "Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph," was pointed out to us.

Before Newburgh lay a bay or lake of the river, two miles wide; and it, on the slope of a hill looking on to others thickly wooded, was pleasant to look at. Then the Hudson narrowed and flowed on almost in a pass, the banks high, wooded, rocky. A glimpse of a fine stone building, perched high above the river amongst wood, was all we got of West Point. Again the river widened, and showed at Nyack a rock something like to Quebec, villages, houses, small ships, big steamers. At Yonkers we had entered the Palisades. We were now nearing New York, a portion of the wealth of which we had already seen in the many beautiful villas studding the river-banks. We have not looked at Mr. Taintor's "Route Guide" as we have steamed along. We have noted what we saw, not what we should have seen; but if now we glance at his pages, we learn that the Palisades stretch in an unbroken wall of columnar trap rock for twenty miles. We read of fights between English and Americans; of Arnold's treachery to the Americans, and André's consequent death; that Yonkers is Dutch; and are instructed as to the ownership of the different houses.

But we are at New York; and how are we to get in and out of that great city, without treading on the corns

of some of her nine hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine people, increased ninety-four thousand three hundred and seventy in ten years? How, indeed! and here we are actually at the town, covered in mist, amongst this crowd of steamers of all shapes and sizes, and for all ports, and by this collection of useful but unornamental wooden quays. We land, and drive up to Brevoort's, on the way reflecting that if instead of to Brevoort's it had been to the Clarendon we were bound; if, instead of being an Englishman visiting New York, we had been an American visiting London; if, in that visit of seven days, we had not mapped out the place so as to "do" it first and then write of it afterwards, but had allowed ourselves to float wherever the whim of the moment guided;—we should probably have fallen into many wrong judgments of ye things and peoples, and so perchance shall we in speaking of them here.

It has been already said that New York had not thought itself out before it laid itself out; that it had run itself into a *cul de sac* there, at the end of its tongue of land close by the water, where the quays and the offices are, and where the market tumbles about among narrow streets and much crowding. No doubt, when it woke up to the consciousness of its overcrowding, it did build, and did so symmetrically, in avenues and broad streets and "blocks." But there is a wonderful confusion where the arteries lie, where commerce pulsates, where Wall Street is, where the scores and scores of 'buses run, can get no further, and come back again. Those omnibuses, founded on strict principles of the economy of labour, with only one man to drive the horses and take the money, and attend alike to the interest of his employer and the safety of his passengers through a little window at the

end of the 'bus under the box. Broadway is narrow, and reminded me of the Strand. It, the main line of communication from city to suburb, during all except about two hours

BROADWAY.

of the middle day has one side in shadow, no small luxury in summer. Fifth Avenue in part runs parallel with Broadway; and, in company with others, forms one of the many very handsome residential streets of the "upper ten." The houses, substantial, well built, three and four storied, are good. Long streets of these there are, and very high their rent. I heard that there are "quarters" in New York—the quarters of wealth and fashion, of learning and birth. Sites are of great price; therefore, when any house monopolises for itself an individuality, and is detached, more honour should be paid it, on account of its costly foundation. Supreme among such is Mr. Steward's marble palace; but high above it, in my estimation, is Mr. Steward's block of a store. A block is a section of a street cut across by other streets running at right angles, and generally contains many houses or stores. Mr. Steward's store occupies a whole block. Here, in general

haberdashery, he employs "two thousand three hundred people"—employs them in a grand building with magnificent centre hall, and galleries running round. From height to height you are borne in an "elevator," till your further soar is forbidden, and above you, you are told, Mr. Steward's craftspeople sew, and trim, and bind, and beautify the articles tempting the world lower down. The stories anent this gentleman's rise, perhaps, are many. The one I heard was to the effect that a Scotch youth landed at Manhattan to teach his cousins wisdom, little dreaming that, ere long, by having turned his own talents into gold, he would give so practical a proof of his ability so to do. His wealth was described as enormous; his use need not be hinted at when his employed thousands are remembered. I am a worshipper of success; nor do I think, as a rule, luck rises. I fall down and worship the golden calves that honest successful merchandise rears. Your Salts and Stewards, your Crawshays and Astors, are among the great ones of the earth. The honour that prestige and "all belonga ole cusom" confers on special branches of the world's great men is not worth much. Why does A., a civilian, who has served forty years in the East, return home plain Mr., whereas B., his equal only in country's use and service, retires General, if not Sir? Why is it that the world delighteth to honour Speak Beautiful, Esq., and he becomes Right Honourable, whereas Act Trenchantly dies unknown? No, Mr. Steward, if you will do me the honour to accept a compliment instead of a trumpery dollar, to handsel our visit at your huge store, I offer it here.

Brevoort's is our Claridge's; the Fifth Avenue Hotel the Langham; and may your shadow never grow less, Langham, for you are a long way smaller than the Fifth Avenue. This enormous New York Hotel is of white marble, and can make

up seven hundred beds. Its hall is made into a sort of West-end exchange, where our excitable cousins, not content with straining their nervous energy by speculating in gold during the daytime, meet and do a bit of business by gaslight. The eating, the drawing, the bed rooms, the barber's store, the mercer's, the tobacconist's, the reading-room, and the bar are all on the same style of magnificence—a magnificence seen only in America, and not always as comfortable as grand. Brevoort's combines the advantages of a better restaurant and a smaller house, but it gives in, liberally, the distinction of high charges.

With respect to squares and places, New York is distanced as compared with London, but I do not think London can boast, say half a dozen, as long, good, regular streets as New York can. Near to where Breevort's is, and in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there are two open places with trees. That near to the former hotel is Washington or University Square—the best in New York, but not very imposing. It serves to collect a certain number of people who sit about under the trees, and "keep off the" (little bit that there is of) "grass." There is a weak fountain in the middle; the University, a small stone building, with others, at one end; and houses, dull-looking, red brick, but some with a prestige of antiquity and descent attached to them, round the other three sides.

The open space in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is large, but the trees small. There is also an open place where the City Buildings are, and there may be others which I do not remember; but the amount of land is too small to admit of a lavish expenditure of space. The Central Park, however, is very pretty, large—seven hundred acres, with nine miles of drives—and reminded me somewhat of that at Liverpool.

Here the people may go on the grass, do, and play at base-ball instead of cricket.

You may remember that we have just arrived and have reached Brevoort's, where by the time we had got dinner New York had lit up, and showed us that she owed not a little of her illumination to the adventurous spirit of advertisers that had burst out in gas.

One got almost bored with the exceeding energy of Yankee notices. The mind got bewildered with numbers, and with the astute wisdom that left you helplessly maundering to yourself, What in the name of the divine Proserpine means a huge flare of gas and the magic XL? Is it an indication of the millennium, or has it a smack of Bass, or Bavaria? Whereas a dazzling stream of lime-light playing upon "To Let," "Sea Moss Farine," "Nervous Antidote," "Office of the Medium, 956, Broadway," left you wondering what was to let, the medium, the antidote, or the sea moss farine?

But notwithstanding the nonsense of these advertisements, there is an earnestness about them which means work, and in this respect New York is more like to London than Paris. Her very places of business speak so great a press of business that they cannot spare time to smarten them up, but leave them with an "Oh, it will do!" look about them. Wall Street, the merchants' offices, the wooden quays, all say this. They did for the fathers, so they will do for the sons. Besides, Americans are not so fond of repairing an old coat as of making a new. I called upon two gentlemen at their offices, two among the first people of the city, one a General, and found them in precincts that certainly had no better qualification than "Oh, it will do!"

However, let us ignore the advertisements—a difficult task, seeing that the stores are unshuttered and lit up behind their

iron bars—and look about. The restaurants are open late, and there are many "gardens." We enter one, the "finest and coolest in all America," "Twenty-five beautiful ladies in attendance," and find it a singing and drinking saloon whose only connection with a garden lies in the bouquets sold at the door, and where a "Melodion Mammoth Entertainment" may take place.

Then we stroll to a grand block of white marble, which contains opera-house below, offices of the Erie Railway above—a splendid house that can hold two thousand people, where we pay one dollar fifty cents (two in the season) for the best seats, and sit in much comfort and coolness.* Then on to Booth's Theatre, where Jefferson was acting *Rip Van Winkle;* also a fine, handsome, cool, comfortable house, and where the drop-scene was exceedingly pretty. "Who is that Zouave?" said I. "Oh! he is a militiaman," replied my informant; "the colonels mostly dress 'em as they like; Jim Fisk gave his regiment, each man, a dress which cost him a million dollars."

And, lastly, there is Wood's Museum to visit—a place which, did it represent the æsthetic taste of Americans, would not speak to their credit. It does not; nevertheless, in some measure it does reflect a phase of American character, and that is a craving for the untrue, or the monstrous, or the exaggerated. In itself the museum is not worth mentioning. It is a gigantic collection of trash, with some redeeming

* This opera-house was part of the many spirited actions of the late Mr. Fisk, whose memory it has been the ignoble pleasure of his survivors to defame. Surely, if in Mr. Fisk's case the old saying *de mortuis* is to be reversed, the necessity that there exists to say so cries shame on the sayer. It reminds me of a small dog that, when a big one got a cat's head in its mouth, used to bite the unfortunate brute's tail. At least the murdered man was active; and a regiment, a line of steamers, an opera-house, if not a town, owe their existence to his pluck. "He is the working man's friend," said a working man to me of him who, dead, I bury.

qualifications. To note that you can pass in a step or two from a live calf with six legs to life-size wax figures of the Last Supper, is enough surely to disestablish any reputation for taste. In the barometer of virtues there comes first godliness, then cleanliness, then good taste. Surely, to say the least of it, it is bad taste to like a lie; and yet a news-boy runs past us crying, "Death of Napoleon; wildest excitement in Paris." We give five cents for the paper, and hand it over to an apple-stall man. "Why do you care to read it?" we remark; "it is not true." "Guess it is not," says he, "but I want to see it anyhow." Now, is it or is it not a fact that half New York would buy that paper for that announcement, all but disbelieving it, and the other half would buy it quite disbelieving it? The press panders to the public excitement, and the public excitement pays for the press. "They" (the journalists) "must live," said a gentleman to me in defence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Union Club—Servants—Music Hall—Clams—Egg-Nogg—Sunday—Old Trinity—Blacks—New York Government—Market—Opinions—The Irish—Ferry Boats—Trams—Brooklyn Cemetery—Yacht Race—Steam to Newport—Introductions—Women—Society—Accent.

IT may puzzle you to know what evening we dined at the Union Club, but the particular day is a matter of indifference. We did do so, and hope that our kind hosts will give us the opportunity of returning their hospitality here, notwithstanding that it is the old country's privilege to be able to offer more of those nameless many things, which, in their entirety, make up a good club. The fact is, servants—forgive me, helps—do not know their place in America yet. Why, good gracious me, a servant—long may the name continue—holds every whit as truly honourable a position as his master if he does his duty. What, in the name of the seven stars, should I do if somebody did not make my boots? Is there anything more *infra dig.* in brushing them? No; not until mutual courtesy denotes the relation existing between master and servant will there be real comfort there or here. Mutual courtesy! Precious little of that there was—at least on the part of the flyman—when my host, with true politeness, told him to drive back from a music-hall another way, so as to let me see the town. See him, &c., first, and then he would not. That music-hall lying close to the Central Park was a very creditable amusement. Ladies went to it. There was good music, and at that time much German enthusiasm, and a

nightly "Watch on the Rhine." We could have had supper there—perhaps "clams and egg-nogg." Clams are mussels; egg-nogg, two eggs in a soda-water tumbler, a wine glassful and a half of spirit, two dessert spoons of sugar, fill your glass with milk, and a third of ice, shake it well, and then drink it —or rather, give it to me.

Sunday is well observed in America. Mistakenly so, we thought, at Chicago; markedly at that gay chemist's shop we are looking at now near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where "No soda-water sold on Sunday" is written up. There is a healthy vitality about the Episcopal Church in America which is very encouraging. At Old Trinity, a fine old cathedral church, Mr. Vinton preached admirably; though what some of our folk would have said to a service choral to the very end, right through the whole of the communion, I don't know.

The experience of days is worth little, but that little is given by us in favour of "the blacks;" and let us hope that they are not only able to hold their own, but to improve. From blacks to dust-tubs set out in the streets for refuse sweepings, and from these to their cause, is but a step, and brings us to say that the municipal government of the town is bad. Even our friend "give the people their heads" will acknowledge that; and certainly anything more dirty than some of the back streets of the town, more crowded and foully dirty than the market-place, it is difficult to imagine. To see a butcher lean up against his beef in one of the many stalls of that market of fruits, meat, and vegetables, is enough to make one relinquish oxen for ever.

"In ten years we shall have a religious war," said a policeman, as we strolled up a back street surfeited with Irish and garbage. "Nothing that a true believer can do

against an unbeliever but what he will receive absolution for," continued a North of Ireland man. "Four out of every six arrests I make are Irish," said a German policeman.

New York on the other side of the bay becomes New Jersey and other places, and by the enormous size of its ferry-boats, approaches as near as possible to bridging over the water. There were eleven waggons and horses in the steamer that took us across to the large suburb named, as many in another ferry that took us to Brooklyn. Here the somewhat untidy appearance of the streets of fair houses, as though the householders were not co-operative, and the beauty of the view from the water-works over the city, and Brooklyn Park adjoining, were the things most noticeable. A thermometer at 84° in the shade prevented a walk; so we took the tram and talked to the driver. He got fifteen dollars for a week of seven days, the conductor fourteen, and beguiled the way to the unrivalled—except by Boston—cemetery of Brooklyn. Nowhere have I seen cemeteries equal to those at Boston, New York, and Canada; those at Edinburgh are, in comparison, as a rushlight is to a wax candle. It seems a most laudable and graceful thing to have a beautiful burial-place. Bodies should be burnt, but as that is not in accordance with the usage of the day, then their resting-place should be beautiful. As such they act beneficially on the living, and should be placed under a committee of taste, individual whim being made subservient to general effect. What dreadful places we stuff our dead in. What ludicrous compositions disfigure their last home. Even at this cemetery at New York, truly beautiful as it is, the rude Vandalism of mounds has not been avoided. There are many monuments, however, beautiful in design, costly in execution, and touching in sentiment. One erected by a bereaved mother, "Be still,

and know that I am God;" another of three pillars surmounted by a dove, "Willie, Lilian, Stephen." It was not easy to tear one's self away from a place so well adapted to its purpose, in such good taste, and that afforded so lovely a view over bay and city; and when we left it was too late to go on to Staten Island, so we turned home.

This was the first year of Mr. Asprey's celebrated yacht beatings, and, through the courtesy of a gentleman residing in America, we got asked to see the great race from off a tug-steamer. The scene was very pretty. The day glorious, the sea encrusted with craft of every description, whilst twenty-two yachts started in the race of forty miles, won in four hours. The *Cambria*, which had led the Ocean race, won not again. Mr. Asprey was invincible, but his yacht was not. The *Dauntless* passed the *Idler*, but the *Magic* won, and great and vociferous was the cheering and firing when it was seen that our cousins kept their cup; great, and yet scarcely less so, when the *Cambria*, well in rear, came in. From tug to Mr. Fisk's magnificent steamer is indeed a long step, but we took it, and embarked at 5 P.M. First we passed Blackwell's Island, covered with fine buildings, gaols, &c.; then Ward's, where were splendid hospitals; and then, farther on down the East River, widening out almost into an inland sea, past pretty houses lying on undulating country, and past a fine fort. It was the *Providence* we were sailing in, and there enjoying all the luxuries of good table and easy couches until 2 A.M., when we reached Newport, and went to the Ocean House Hotel.

Newport is a pleasant place. A very pleasant place if you can afford one of the many pretty villas; but then they are tremendously expensive. It is on the sea; and here the best people of America assemble to bathe, to drive, to listen to

music, to entertain at each other's houses. Our Cousins say that, if an American comes over to England with a letter of introduction, he to whom it is delivered immediately calls, and in a fortnight or so asks the visitor to dinner; there "our acquaintance begins and ends." An Englishman ought the more to regret this, as his letters in America procure him a prompt and cordial reception.

I fear the American girls are prettier, and (when they don't over-dress) dress better than our own. Can nothing be done to alter this? In the matter of dress I know we are helpless; but looks!—will our mammas not interfere for the country's sake? They are not such fine women as ours, and perhaps do age sooner; but they have such charming little hands and feet, delicate complexions, and small waists, that really — really . . . It is said they spend too much on their dress, and perhaps at the "informal" morning party where we are now, and where we make our *début* in Newport Society, they may be a little over-dressed. But what a beautiful woman that is in pink silk. She allows us the honour of a presentation (is married, of course, they all are), and talks unaffectedly and *naturally;* and that is the worst of it. *They* say our more full, more round-toned, more drawling accent is disagreeable; but we don't like theirs. How well that lady in train of amber sings; an amateur, yet an artiste. But if this is an informal party, what is a formal one? for here the room is full of silks and lace, subdued conversation, ices, and singing; and the reception is held in one room of a house which combines the coziness of an English sea-side place with the luxury of an Italian villa.

CHAPTER XXV.

Massachusetts—Wenham Lake—Capitol—The Common—Different Localities—Comparison with New York—Drive to Mount Auburn—Mount Auburn—First-class Carriage—Good-bye to New York—Strikes—New London—Connecticut River—Yale College—Newhaven—*City of Brussels*—The Fare—The Start.

I RAN down to Boston, one day, from Newport, and was delighted with the visit. To a stranger it is a pleasanter place than New York. The run through Rhode Island and Massachusetts was interesting, if somewhat lacking in beauty. First we skirted the water, then, striking into the country, passed through what did not seem very rich or very well-cultivated land, sometimes stone cropping up through poor grass, and again low wood covering it; but through the whole course of the sixty-eight miles, village succeeded village, or town town—chiefly manufacturing ones. "All Massachusetts is taken up," said some one to me in the train, "but some estates are too large for good cultivation."

We left at 7.45 A.M. and arrived at 10.15 A.M. Wenham Lake is an old country feeling connected with Boston. "Where is it?" I asked of a group assembled with me at the top of the capitol, and taking a bird's-eye glance of the place. "Oh! there, some way," was the answer; and knowing how disagreeable it is at home to be driven into an ignorance corner (say, the date of Rochester Cathedral) by the pertinacious inquiries of an enthusiastic traveller, I desisted from further search. We had passed up a flight of

steps leading to the hall of the capitol, then into the hall itself. It was fine and lofty, containing—opposite the door, and enshrined in flags—a full-length statue of Washington; whilst in alcoves round it were smaller busts (also partially hid by flags) of Charles Sumner, Abram Lincoln, and Samuel Adams, one alcove being empty. Different State Government offices utilised the building, which was surmounted by a cupola, from which a splendid view over the remarkably pretty town was got. Immediately beneath the capitol lay "The Common," a park of beautiful old elms situated in mid-town, and very attractive. Farther away in the distance the eye sought the Charles and Mystic rivers, dividing what to the outside world is one place into Boston, Cambridge, Somerville, Charles Town, and still farther off rested on the harbour, studded with islands. Interspersed among the numerous streets, not remarkable either for taste of store or breadth, but full of life, were many fine buildings—hotels, &c.; and Boston appeared to blend more of the characteristics of work and thought, to possess more grace, but less show, than its sister New York.

It was given us to have only a few hours in Boston, and on the cupola to decide whether to expend those few in the public garden, public library, museum, new and handsome studio buildings; or, taking a rail omnibus, to run out past old Cambridge, with its Gore University and Divinity Halls —the original gift of Harvard—past the famous elm where Washington first unsheathed his sword—along a broad road, beautifully shaded with trees, towards wooded hills shrouding prettily situated gentlemen's houses (among which the once head-quarters of Washington, and now the home of Longfellow) to the cemetery of Mount Auburn. We chose the latter.

Amid lakes and hillocks commanding graceful and exten-

sive views, amid fine trees and beautiful flowers, carefully kept, their past sojourn with us attested by costly and chaste monuments, and their actual spot of rest not disfigured by mounds hideously reminding the living spirit of a dead body, but sprinkled with flowers, guarded by tasteful rails, or richly grand in architectural display, lie the happy dead of Auburn. Ah! to think of our charnel rubbish-heaps and this! To think of that home of the dead in that matchless country of the living, the cemetery at Geneva, and then to think of Mount Auburn!

If I had paid fifty cents extra I could have got back to Newport in a first-class carriage. The equality of man is disallowed at Boston. Think of my being able to prove superiority over my fellow-flesh at a cost of fifty cents! And I wish I had, for a companion of mine in the lower class combined in his own person the three different ways of spitting so tersely described by a Frenchman, and added to raucing belching.

And now it comes to be very near the time when we must bid good-bye not only to Newport, but to America.

It was on a Wednesday, the seventeenth day of the eighth month of the year A.D. 1870, that we took the steamer from Newport as far as Greenwich, and from there the Boston and New York South Shore Railway. My hat blew off into the sea. It was a new one, but that is not the reason why I record the fact. It was bought at New York, but neither is that perhaps warrant for occupying your time. But —and here is a matter of political economy—it was a Christie's billy-cock! They were nearly all Christie's at New York; even the very straw hats were ours! And the question here is, how long shall we continue to import into America? How long, oh, ye strikes! shall we be able to claim that pre-

eminence in manufactured articles that gives us our butter? It is not a matter of "billy-cocks" alone, but has wider ramifications and a serious lean on iron, and it behoves our workpeople to remember that every time they "strike" a higher price on a manufactured article, they go a certain distance towards knocking the trade out of the country altogether. We *possess*, no doubt; and in commerce, interwoven so much as it is with a costly outlay of capital, possession is nine points of the law of the preservation of it. Nevertheless, the cheapness of our labour market is the chief cause of the extent of our commerce, and if the masters lose their butter, the men will lose their bread.

At New London we crossed the Thames, the whole train being launched on a ferry. On the landing side another train was waiting to go somewhere else; the engine positively and actually right in amongst the cabs, looking like a big monkey in "a happy family" cage.

The Connecticut, a fine stream of water, was next crossed, and we sped on mid the woods and marshes, the corn, and towns of New England. Yale College and Newhaven, "a place of great refinement," came next; and they would do well to "refine" their station, for, as it is, it is of tunnel nature, dark and damp. In a drive of one hundred and seventy miles we were on three different companies' lines, but the three carried us safely past several pleasant towns, Bridgeport and others, past separate houses, and to the widely extending suburbs of New York.

The fare, eighty-eight dollars in currency, or seventy-five in gold (one hundred and thirty gold per Cunard) is paid; the thermometer ought, from the feel, to point to 1000°; and Inman's splendid *City of Brussels* grazes a bit of her side off as she starts, a band of music playing a cheerful farewell for

some reason best known to itself. Perhaps because a New Yorko-Irisho Republican is starting to regenerate his down-trodden country; and, ere we pass the French boat, steaming away to La Belle France, and separating us from our "Patrician," a noisy crowd in a boat cheers and sings whack-far-doodle-dady to the "delegate" on board with us. We carry a hundred mail-bags, and spin away from all rivals, as an express train would from a velocipede.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Log—Home—Queenstown—Holyhead—Liverpool—Adelphi—The Train—The Gallop.

IT was Saturday the 20th August when "we shipped ourselves all aboard of a ship an English country for to see;" Tuesday the 30th when we "see'd" it. This was the log: "Sunday, from Sandy Hook 268 miles, 300, 298, 310, 301, 301, 268, 240, 294, &c., in all 3,100 miles." The *City of Brussels* was as splendid a boat as money and skill could make it, Captain Kennedy a match for the *City of Brussels*, and I can't say more. But if only boats built like the Pacific ones could be used on the Atlantic, how much more comfortable they would be.

We bore back unsuccessful emigrants, poor people! Such return is frequent. One poor fellow died. We had not eight days in one week on the Atlantic, but each day, so fast is England, we had to put our watches on some twenty-five minutes. We had a heavy sea on Friday, but I was not sick; I had a heavy sea on a Monday (but that was in the horrid English Channel), and I was. What humiliation! to have been all the thousands of miles we have been together not sick, and then to be sick in the Straits.

"Heave away, heave ho!" What a pretty chorus they sing, and we are very near home now. "Heave away, heave ho!" The sun and the blue sky, and the tranquil ocean are calling to us; and there rises from out the calm sea a coast. One man says it is like to New Zealand; we, as the sun-shadows

play over the view, see a likeness to the bare mountains that gird Hong Kong. It must be fancy in either case, for it is home. Yes, those occasional lights, that not high yet bold, that sparsely populated Irish coast, is home.

Wake up, spirit immortal that dwells in man, his faint perception of that one Great Spirit that made all. Wake up to feel that if in the Divine ordering that body which bears you now, can only after months of weary voyage compass the bounds that permit comparison, yet that you, by the same ordering, can hie you back in thought, quicker than words can overtake, to the remotest regions of your journey. Yes, that coast, all foreign as it looks, is home, and by its very similarity to other places, thousands and thousands of miles off, welds into one heart the world.

One before the Creator am I and that unwashed Mussulman buried for months under the snows of Arendo; one with that gentle, and, to us, effeminate Cingalese, lost mid the cocoa-nut groves and palm-leaves of his dense forest; one with that ignorant, earth-daubed aborigine haunting the quays at King George's Sound; one with that self-satisfied Chinaman who goes to put "one more beautiful dress" on in the back alley at Shanghae; one with the courteous Japanese bidding us to tea at Meanoshta, graceful and gross; one with the great host in America—the black, the copper, the white man.

Ah, me! that the touch that makes us all one should be—not reverence, not love, not obedience to the will of a common Father, striving to let us all see how vastly more it lies in His power to give than what He has given, abundantly, if only in the teeming earth which we have but now girt—but disbelief, fear, and distaste. Yet is there a something deeper than even this which makes us all kin—a something, let us

hope, that when, in the Divine ordering, the time shall be ripe, will cause all people to kneel in gratitude before Him whom we worship, of whom one order was, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and which common unison of feeling now sleeps unheeded in the peoples of God's making.

We have been signalled now, we have seen an Irish village lying mid its mountains, like to many in the heart of the Himalayas; we have passed the solitary rock and lighthouse of the Fastnet. We are in Queenstown, but it is nine P.M., so its beautiful harbour is left uncompared.

And now it is noon, and we are steaming off Holyhead. The difference in the two coast lines is marked; the Irish rugged, bold, and barren; the English tame, but mapped out in fields of various grain, and dotted with towns. The sea is studded with buoys, on one a bell floats, and steamers and ships from all parts of the world are astir. We are at Liverpool. The lines of quay and warehouse, the forest of masts, the people dotting the sands, the clear, bright air and brilliant sun, all welcome us.

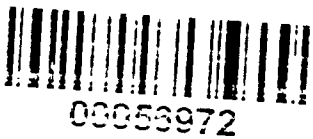
We are at the Adelphi. Smuts are about us; a cloud of the wealth-smoke of Great Britain shuts out the sun; beggars are abundant, the streets begrimed, the people small and ill-dressed; whilst a feeble, frail, and bad copy of an American hotel pervades our inn. We are in the train. What a garden of fields! How small! How pretty!

There was once a gallop written. All that Money could do for that gallop Money did. In its notes you saw the whole of a cavalry regiment; in them dashed into battle the colonel; the cornet's blast sounded in your ear; you trotted, and galloped, and charged; then you halted. But there was a flourish of music after the halt. "Very pretty," said I, "only it is wrong; for, after you have stopped your gallop,

you have no right to flourish." "Oh! that's for the harmony," was the answer. "Never mind the harmony," I continued, "we want facts. Take away the flourish, and put the halt in amongst the charge, as it would sound in reality; then you will have a perfect gallop." "Very well," was the obliging reply, and away went the flourish, and from out a chorus of notes in full charge there rang out the command, "Sound the halt!"

THE END.

VIRTUE AND CO., PRINTERS, CITY ROAD, LONDON.


00053972

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 January, 2019